

Collier's

SEPTEMBER 27, 1941 FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT On The Struggle For Liberalism



ARIEL
National Field Trial Champion

How to Train a Hunting Dog

Page 16

Sept. 27, 41

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THE GOOD NEIGHBOR WHO CALLS EVERY DAY ★ ★ ★ ★



OUR country's security is not alone dependent upon guns and ships and planes. It also depends on how we rate in friends.

The signs are encouraging. Our Latin neighbors to the south are getting to know us better. One reason is the men and ships of Pan American Airways.

To untold thousands of these Latin neighbors Pan American not only reflects Uncle Sam; it is Uncle Sam—the chief contact that many of them ever have with this nation. In the swift, clean lines of the Clippers, in the cut of the men who fly them, in the snap and efficiency of the service, they see something that they can understand and admire.

Mere idealism? Not at all. The good will that Pan American is building between the Americas is based upon solid, mutual benefits.

Daily the giant Clippers speed industrial, military and diplomatic couriers on vital missions. They carry a steady stream of business and tourist travelers, of mail, materials and merchandise in both directions. They link nearly 200 cities in the 20 Latin-American republics—bringing their peoples in closer, friendlier, more profitable contact with each other as well as with the U. S.

Hurdling Latin America's ancient barriers of time, distance and primitive transportation, Pan American has done one thing more. It has turned back the challenge of competing Axis airlines there; has made thousands of miles of air routes safe for the democratic principles represented by the Stars and Stripes.



Travel **PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS SYSTEM**



In leather-neck language

"**LISTERINE HAS LANDED**

and the situation is well in hand!"

Tested treatment attacks infection. 76% of test cases noted marked improvement in symptoms. Easy, quick, delightful. No mess, no grease.

ITCHY SCALP and inflammation, tell-tale flakes and scales are plenty of trouble for anybody, even for a husky Marine who takes trouble as it comes!

These are symptoms that shouldn't be neglected, for dandruff is often infectious. And these symptoms may mean that *you* have the infectious type of dandruff... that millions of germs are at work on your scalp.

Now, the sensible way to fight an infectious condition is with antiseptic action which attacks large numbers of the germs that accompany the infection *and quickly kills them.*

When Listerine Antiseptic is massaged onto your

scalp, it's the finish of literally millions of germs associated with infectious dandruff! Even the strange and stubborn "bottle bacillus" is killed in vast numbers! This is the same "bottle bacillus"—Pityrosporum ovale—that many leading authorities brand as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Listerine gives scalp and hair a cool, invigorating antiseptic bath. Ugly, loosened dandruff scales begin to disappear. Itching and irritation are relieved. Your scalp feels better, your hair looks cleaner.

Scientific tests showed amazing results. In one series of clinical tests,

under exacting conditions, 76% of the dandruff sufferers who used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day showed complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms within a month.

In addition to this, men and women all over America have written enthusiastic letters, telling how delighted they are with the results of the Listerine Antiseptic home treatment.

If you have this troublesome scalp condition, don't delay treatment. Neglect may aggravate the symptoms. Start *today* with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. Give Listerine a chance to do for you what it has done for so many others.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY

St. Louis, Missouri

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine on the scalp morning and night.

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a gargle.

Listerine for infectious dandruff—the tested treatment

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SEPTEMBER 27, 1941

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COVER

W. EUGENE SMITH

ANY WEEK



ARIEL, the beautiful white and liver pointer on the cover of this week's Collier's, is undisputed top dog in any pointer company. He's the planned result of long, careful breeding, and the scion of 5 successive generations of champions. His sire was Air Pilot's Sam, his dam the equally great Lulaby, and in him are combined the four greatest pointer blood lines. To hunters Ariel is more than National Field Trial Champion. He is, in their words, "really something"; a handsome dog, a hunter's hunter, a classic stylist on point, an unexcelled courser with an incredible bird-sense.

A full-color reproduction of the cover photograph of Ariel, suitable for framing, may be procured by sending 10¢ to Collier's Dog Editor.

AND from a colored member of the Firemen's Association of the District of Columbia we bought a ticket to that organization's benefit show for the British Fire Fighters. Something in the fireman's manner disturbed us. There was no enthusiasm in his approach nor did he seem any too overjoyed by our purchase. "Thank you," said we. "Hope to see you there." "You will not," said he. "It's being held in Constitution Hall—the place they wouldn't let Marian Anderson sing. I'll be there when they invite her, too."

IT WAS during one of the political campaigns that we heard the late but still Honorable Magnus Johnson of Minnesota hold forth about "justice and decency." Mr. Johnson said that those two qualities might get a fellow elected once but that "I ain't ever seen it happen that it kept him elected." But Mr. Johnson was a bitter man. Younger and equipped with more modern ideas is another Magnus Johnson whose home is in Los Angeles, California, but who is now safe in the Army. We've just had a letter from him. We think it should have been addressed to the War Department.

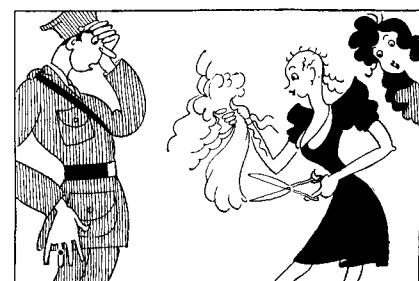
"These war games we have aren't what they ought to be," writes Mr. Johnson. "There are Americans on both sides and there's no incentive to put any punch in it. Nobody listens to me but I have an idea. Let Britain send us a couple divisions of German prisoners. Let them represent the army that's trying for some unknown reason to conquer Tennessee. Of course I don't know about arming them but anyway it would put some ginger into the maneuvers and give the Germans something useful to do."

AMONG others who read this magazine and remember every word is Lord Halifax, the British ambassador. Of course we took this for granted, not bothering to verify it. And now we don't have to seek proof. Mr. Bob Sibley of Boston, Massachusetts, has done it for us. Mr. Sibley sends us a clipping reporting his Lordship's speech to the Lockheed Airplane employees at Burbank, California, on July seventeenth. Lord Halifax told them what a R.A.F. pilot said to him after a flight in an American bomber over Nazified France. We quote his Lordship: "'Hell,' the pilot said to me, 'it (the machine) was shot to pieces. Pretty nearly everything was shot to pieces. . . . But the old kite brought us home 350 miles on one lung. . . .'" Mr. Sibley asks us to reread Quentin Reynolds' piece—Eagles Over England—in Collier's for January 25, 1941. And there we found what the pilot said, word for word, just as his Lordship told it—and as Mr. Reynolds did six months before.

AS YOU very well know we are not among those who look darkly into the future. Particularly about our new Army. Having been a peculiarly typical member of an American Army far worse in many respects than this one, we insist that we're something of an authority. That the current American land forces are improving rapidly, especially on the humor side, is easily demonstrable. Evidence piles up on this desk. For example, we've just received a letter from Mr. John Wallace of Houston, Texas. Recently Mr. Wallace's friend, Colonel John R. McQuigg, United States Army Engineers, was ordered to recruit a company or two of engineers in Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Wallace, conducted by the colonel, had a look at the result a few days later. As they entered the recruiting depot a brand-new rookie came out. His hat was on the back of his head. His blouse was unbuttoned and flapping. A large cud of store-bought tobacco ballooned the left side of his face. But he recognized the colonel's collar ornaments as those of an officer. Without losing a stride, he made a sweeping, spread-finger "9-to-3 salute," spat to windward and bellowed: "H're ya,

Cap?" The colonel reproduced the salute perfectly, spat to leeward and roared back: "H're ya, kid?" And then the colonel explained to Mr. Wallace: "Far be it from me to let any thus-and-so, blue-bellied young upstart of a rookie outdo me in military courtesy."

INCIDENTALLY, we are requested by the United States Army to repeat their frequent protest that they are not purchasing human hair. In cold desperation, the General Staff informs us that not only does it not desire the lovely hair of devoted American women, blond, brunet or mouse, but that it never has wanted any and hasn't any ambitions ever to have any. We never said that it did. But some weeks ago the newspapers advised their readers that the Army wanted blond hair in the manufacture of what the Army communiqué calls "certain instruments." Since then tons of the stuff have been offered by American womanhood, hundreds of pounds of samples having accompanied the thousands of letters the General Staff have received. The good ladies are pretty indignant too—the brunettes demanding to know why they're being discriminated against in favor of blondes and the blondes, receiving curt refusals, writing to their congressmen complaining that Colonel So-and-so has insulted them. They have inferred from the refusal that the colonel thinks their blondness chemical. Our investigator reports there are even more serious complications—that members of the General Staff and their subordinates arrive home with strands of the samples clinging to their clothing. It all adds to the evidence that the life of a soldier is not easy and we shall exert our influence upon all the women we know. Particularly the hairy ones.



WE HADN'T intended to impart such a martial air to this column but there didn't seem to be much we could do about it. Like Señor Gravilla Soirez of Lima, Peru, we are trying merely to be helpful. Señor Soirez writes as follows: "When comes to attention of you, Señor, that I am unwilling it is a false lie. I, the simple man, stand here ready to defend Democracy with some help."

SO LET'S be firm. . . .

W. D.

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nd a merry old
Soul was he ...



WE HATE TO DISAGREE WITH MOTHER GOOSE

OUR "MOTHER GOOSE" BOOKS usually picture Old King Cole as a *fat* old soul.

Much as we hate to question these old favorites, it isn't very likely that anyone burdened with such excess poundage would actually live to be *old*.

Overweight and long life rarely go together.

A study of men accepted for life insurance recently revealed that those moderately overweight had a death rate 20% higher than men of average weight, and that the death rate of the obese was 70% higher. Circulatory and kidney diseases took a 60% higher toll from the overweight. Mortality from diabetes averaged 150% higher among the overweight.

After you are thirty, it becomes increasingly advisable to keep your weight down to normal, even to stay a little *underweight*. Overweight then tends to increase your susceptibility to many diseases, as well as to decrease your power to recover from illnesses.

By keeping your weight down, you can avoid the burden which obesity puts on your heart, kidneys, liver, and other organs.

Overweight is an insidious thing, usually creeping up on you by unnoticed ounces and inches. That is why it is so important to establish proper eating and exercising habits to control any such tendency. If you tend to put on weight, regular check-ups on your weight should be made as much a habit as bathing.

Your doctor is your best guide in helping you to establish sound weight control. He will determine what your weight should really be. He will explain the dangers of "overweight cures," of quick, drastic reducing methods—methods that frequently undermine health rather than improve it. And—unless some serious glandular or other condition requires special treatment—he will show you that in order to lose excess weight it is not necessary to go in for too strenuous exercises or too radical changes in your diet.

Metropolitan's free booklet, "Overweight

and Underweight," gives a number of helpful low-calorie menus and offers many safe and sane suggestions to help you control your weight, subject to your doctor's approval.

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 101-C, "Overweight and Underweight."

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An interesting 10-minute technicolor movie on food and health—"PROOF OF THE PUDDING"—has been produced by Metropolitan in co-operation with the United States Public Health Service. It is a contribution to national nutrition education. See it when it comes to your neighborhood.

THE BELL AIRACOBRA

*"Cannon on Wings"***CANNON**
belong in the
AIR


Rolling along every highway comes the lightning "blitz" of the invader—with only one fear. His armor plated engines of destruction make their own steel graves when hit by anti-tank cannon. The accurately fired anti-tank shells of the Airacobra can halt the advance of large land units. Because the Bell Airacobra is the *only* single-engine fighter plane with a 37 mm. anti-tank cannon, it is an important addition to America's other splendid fighting forces. Important in modern warfare is *speed*. And, the Airacobra's cannon can be flown from one place to another more than a thousand miles away, in a matter of hours. The Airacobra is the product of Aviation's men who build with foresight. It is a dramatic promise of Bell Aircraft's leadership in the years ahead.

Making Aviation History**BELL AIRCRAFT CORPORATION**

Bell Aircraft Ordnance Division BUFFALO AND NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

WING TALK

WILLIAM T. HOFF

Don't be surprised to see soldiers on the airliners. Many of them travel that way to save precious time on furloughs

THE question of space control on the airlines bobs up frequently these days. It already exists on Pan American Airways, because the State Department does not permit Americans to go flying off to belligerent areas without convincing proof that they have urgent business there. Too bad, if you just want to fly over to Lisbon to see how the old town looks these days.

The American defense effort being what it is now, our government people are relying more and more on the domestic airlines to get them to the industrial areas in a hurry and quite often they will turn up just before plane time with the plea that they just *have* to get out on that schedule. By and large the harassed air-traffic men have been able to meet the situation, first by scanning the list for other government passengers who might well go on a later trip. Then there are always the selectees, going on or returning from leave, to pick on. (You ask how \$21-a-month selectees can ride the airlines? Some didn't always earn that much. A surprising number fly—can get home quicker and stay there longer.)

Failing to find any government passengers already booked, an appeal is made to the plain citizens who hold seats, or the passenger list is turned over to the government people to make their own deals.

In Washington, where much of the government air travel originates, and in a hurry, reservations are cleared through a government central bureau which certifies to the airlines the order of their importance. For the present the situation is satisfactorily under control. The plain, ordinary citizens can still get their seats, only they should call up a little sooner.

PEOPLE who crowd the great airline terminals to see the planes come in never fail to find a few airliners sitting around idle, in spite of the published acute shortage of transports. Some reasons why they are there: the trips terminate at that airport; inspections and repairs are needed; there are federal

flight-time limitations on engines, propellers and planes and, above all, on pilots.

However, recognizing that conditions are getting no better as far as plentiful numbers of new airliners are concerned, there is a good deal of hangar flying going on to utilize some of these ships laying over to haul that overflow of passengers on another line. One example: A line terminating a schedule at one big airport lays a DC-3 over for six hours. During that layover it could make a round trip on a relatively short run on a route operated by another line. This probably could not be done with timetable regularity because of weather, need for adjustments in the ship and availability of pilots, to name but a few reasons.

Yet both sides agree that, with the rising demand for passenger seats and the decreasing supply of airplanes, a new viewpoint on domestic air transportation will need to be reached.

THERE is a new species of air traveler hanging around airport ticket counters now. In airline parlance, he is known as a "Go-Show." He's the fellow who, though told there's not a chance of getting out on Trip 11, says he'll come out to the airport anyway, just in case a reservation is canceled at the last moment. And the person who did cancel, or didn't show up, is known as a "No-Show."

A CUSTOMER service rivaling, if not surpassing, that of the automobile industry is offered civilian plane owners by the C.A.A., further to increase the safety of private flying. It works like this: Comes a telegram from Washington that a serious flutter condition has developed in the wing structure of the very type plane you own. The message cautions you against dives or operations at speeds above a certain point, else you might lose it some day.

Naturally you accept the advice, even though you have no reason to suspect your plane. Then comes the remedy

(Continued on page 75)

SCIENTIFIC TESTS SHOW HOW AMAZING NEW LIQUID FOR BRUSHING TEETH AVOIDS THIS INJURY

Millions Are Risking This
Injury To Their Teeth—
Be Safe! Brush Your Teeth
The Liquid Way!

*New Liquid Dentifrice Cannot Injure Teeth
—Contains Absolutely No Abrasives*

YES, literally millions of people are unknowingly causing serious damage to their teeth which Nature can never repair.

This injury is caused—not by the toothbrush itself—but by regular brushing with dentifrices containing abrasives.

Gradually, as the months go by, these abrasives cut cavities into the soft part of teeth along the gum line exposed by shrinking gums, where there is no hard, protective enamel.

In fact, among people who brush their teeth regularly, a very large percentage of all cavities along the gum line that require filling are probably the result of this injury. This was shown by a clinical study published in a leading dental journal.

Disclosed By Scientific Research

These startling facts—long known to many dentists—were recently confirmed by scientific research. Eminent independent scientists made laboratory tooth-brushing tests with a number of dentifrices containing abrasives. Every one cut cavities into the soft part of the teeth.

In the same manner, these scientists tested the new liquid dentifrice—Teel. In no case did Teel injure the teeth in any way, because Teel contains no abrasives of any kind.

How Teel Reveals Beauty Of Your Smile



*There's Beauty
in Every Drop!*

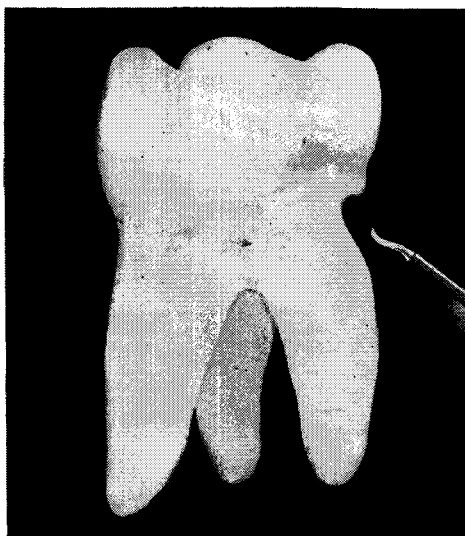
Teel doesn't depend on abrasives for cleansing. Instead, it uses a newly-discovered patented cleansing agent that's almost magic-like in the way it helps reveal natural whiteness and beauty of your teeth. It isn't soap, yet multiplies into thousands of tiny, cleansing bubbles in the mouth.

These active bubbles amazingly help to remove the daily accumulation of decaying food particles, and the dulling surface film that hides natural brilliance of teeth. Thus your teeth look so much whiter, more thrillingly beautiful.

With your first Teel brushing, you'll know something good and different has happened by the satin-smooth "feel" of your teeth—by the glorious freshness of your mouth. Teel helps sweeten bad breath. It's easy to use and economical. Only a few drops are required for each brushing.

**THIS PART OF A TOOTH IS SOFT—
NO HARD ENAMEL PROTECTS IT.
YOU CAN EASILY CUT CAVITIES LIKE THIS
BY REGULAR BRUSHING
WITH DENTIFRICES
CONTAINING ABRASIVES!**

Enlarged Photo of Actual Tooth



**Illustrating Injury When Soft Part
of Tooth is Exposed. 8 Out of 10 Adults
Examined Risk This Damage**

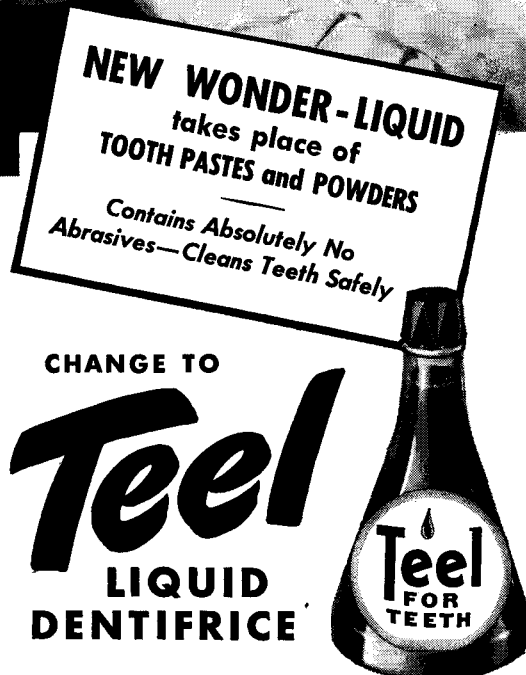
*Liquid Dentifrice—because it contains no abrasives—
cannot do this to your teeth*

Start This Safe Liquid Way Today

Naturally, you want to save your precious teeth from the injury pictured above. If, however, you feel that your teeth need an abrasive scouring, at least occasionally, we suggest that you follow the special directions given on the Teel package.

So today adopt this safe liquid way of cleansing your teeth. Use Teel twice a day and enjoy its amazing benefits. Get Teel at any drug, department or 10¢ store. And be sure to see your dentist regularly for his professional care. Procter & Gamble.

TO DENTISTS, DOCTORS, NURSES, AND TEACHERS: A booklet for professional people which contains an authoritative report of the scientific research summarized above will be sent to you on request, free of charge. Send your name and address to Teel, Box 687, Dept. SC, Cincinnati, Ohio.



NEW WONDER-LIQUID
takes place of
TOOTH PASTES and POWDERS
—
Contains Absolutely No
Abrasives—Cleans Teeth Safely

CHANGE TO

Teel
LIQUID
DENTIFRICE

BUY FLORSHEIM QUALITY
AMERICA'S STANDARD OF FINE SHOE VALUE



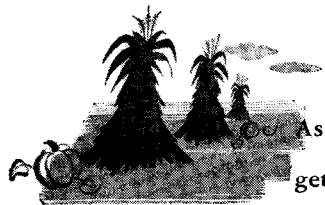
The WALL
\$10.50

The TROOPER
\$11

FLORSHEIM

Harvest Grain

PRIZE TANNAGE OF THE WORLD'S FINEST LEATHER



As the largest user of quality calfskins, Florsheim gets first choice of the finest. One such is Florsheim Harvest Grain—a rich, mellow Autumn leather as masculine as a champion's hand-shake, yet as soft as a puppy's ear. Carefully grained and stained, Florsheim Harvest Grain is tops for good looks, comfort, and traditional Florsheim quality.

THE *Florsheim* SHOE

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · MANUFACTURERS · CHICAGO · MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

One of the most dangerous sports known is played by the nitrate workers of Chile. Timed by a referee with a stop watch, the contestants try to outdo one another at holding, for the longest time, a stick of dynamite with a lighted fuse.

Tibet has a family whose only son is Alake Jamv Japa, the saintly Grand Living Buddha and head of the monastery of Lhabrang Gomba, while the daughter is the notorious Ab See, chief of the Ngolots, the country's largest gang of bandits. —By Beth Claypoole, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Glycerin or glycerol, one of the alcohols, has a wide and odd variety of uses. It is employed to moisten tobacco, adulterate wine and lubricate gas meters and as an ingredient in baker's cake, toilet soap and dynamite. Glycerin is also used to discover tuberculosis germs by saturating a potato in which the suspect bacilli have been implanted.

The number of skins required to make a size-16 38-inch fur coat differs considerably. A beaver garment usually takes about ten, a Persian lamb eighteen, a raccoon twenty, a mink sixty-five, a chinchilla one hundred and thirty and a mole at least three hundred.

Japan's industries and commercial enterprises are probably more monopolized than those in any other country. One family controls fifteen per cent of them, three families twenty-five per cent, eight families fifty per cent and fifteen families seventy per cent.

In a recent test to determine how quickly night blindness, caused by a deficiency of vitamin A, could be cured, the subject was fed concentrated doses for forty-eight days until his eyesight was perfect. Then he was deprived of all foods containing it for twenty-five days, until he required fifty times as much light to see an object in the dark. A single dose of halibut-liver oil restored his vision completely in two and a half hours.

An endurance swimming contest between a sea lion and one Otto Kemmerich took place in a pool in Berlin in 1928 as the result of a bet. After both had been swimming continuously for forty-two hours, the sea lion collapsed from fatigue, but Kemmerich swam for four more hours.

Without lease or compensation, private landowners in eastern Texas and Louisiana have lent the United States government more than 30,000 square miles for military maneuvers, and the area is now occupied by the Third Army.

Studies of the interaction of the sense organs reveal that color perception may be enhanced by the senses of touch, taste and smell. For instance, many people have better color vision while holding a warm object in their hands, while eating a piece of lump sugar or while smelling some substance such as bergamot oil.

One species of bog moss, *Sphagnum papillosum*, will absorb more than two hundred times its own weight in water. Because it is so soft and highly absorptive, this plant is sometimes used in place of absorbent cotton for surgical dressings.

A new synthetic chemical that makes water and other liquids wetter and greatly enhances their cleansing and penetrating power is now being used in the home as well as in many industries. A minute quantity not only overcomes the resistance of fabrics and oily surfaces to wetting by water, but also increases the permeating ability of dyes, insecticides, tobacco flavors and printing inks.

Brazil now prohibits the publication of magazines and newspapers in any language except Portuguese, its native tongue.

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What This Country Needs is More *BICYCLES "BUILT FOR TWO"*



IN ALL our hurly-burly let's not get too far away from the simple life—bicycles "built for two," wienie roasts, picnics, clam bakes, barn dances, family reunions. That's the life! And Goebel Beer fits in perfectly with every get-together.

The first time you taste Goebel you'll be as thrilled as the fellow who found the famous Kohinoor diamond—well, that's putting it a little strong, perhaps, but you *will* be delighted. It's really amazing how this one brand of beer is sweeping the country. The increase in the num-

ber of people who have switched from their favorites to Michigan's National Beer is almost unbelievable, especially when you stop to think of the many other fine beers you can get. The secret? That's easy. It's T-A-S-T-E.

We honestly expect you will like Goebel better than any beer you ever tasted. Try it today!

Great changes in popularity. In 1940, only one other brewery in America gained as much as Goebel; and the Goebel gain for the last 19 months exceeds 76 million bottles.

GOEBEL BREWING COMPANY • DETROIT, MICHIGAN

GOEBEL

MICHIGAN'S *National* BEER

RIGHT FROM THE CYPRESS CASKS OF GOEBEL



Drink Beer,
The Beverage
of Moderation

Goebel Beer in regular 12-ounce bottles and cans and the original Bantam bottle

Collier's for September 27, 1941

These Modern Phonograph Inventions are yours "Only in a PHILCO!"

Tilt-Front Cabinet

No lid to lift . . . no need to remove decorations, no awkward-looking, unhandy compartments. To play the phonograph you simply tilt the grille forward, place your records, and tilt it back again. Automatic light illuminates turntable. Simple . . . convenient . . . *only Philco has it!*

"Music on a Beam of Light"

The first basic improvement in record reproduction since the phonograph was invented! Instead of the pointed steel needle, a rounded jewel that never needs changing floats over the record and reflects the music on a beam of light from a tiny mirror to a photo-electric cell. This new principle releases new overtones of beauty long hidden in your records. Surface noise and record wear are reduced by 10 to 1. *Only Philco has it!*

Stroboscope Pitch and Tempo Control

For the first time, Philco engineers have applied the sensational Stroboscopic principle to the phonograph. Now you can hear your records with absolute fidelity of pitch, just as the artists recorded them in the studio. And, with the new Philco Automatic Record Changer, your valuable records are safe . . . nothing to chip or damage them. Operation is simpler, quicker, gentler and more reliable. *Only Philco has it!*

UNTIL you've heard your own records played on the new Philco Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph, you've really missed much of the enjoyment they can give you.

Without the bother of changing needles . . . without the familiar needle scratch that heretofore almost drowned out the upper register of musical tones . . . with absolute fidelity of pitch—you find a world of new pleasure in your recordings.

It's a fact that Philco's amazing Music on a Beam of Light . . . Philco's Stroboscope Pitch and Tempo control . . . Philco's convenient, effortless Tilt-Front cabinet have made the ordinary radio-phonograph old-fashioned and out-of-date. Only in a Philco can you enjoy these up-to-the-minute features . . . for *only Philco has them!*

And in the radio of this combination you get the glorious tone and thrilling performance that have made Philco America's Favorite Radio for 12 straight years . . . greater than ever for 1942, thanks to new scientific achievements! In this, and other 1942 Philco models, the exclusive Philco FM System brings you Frequency Modulation at a new low price.

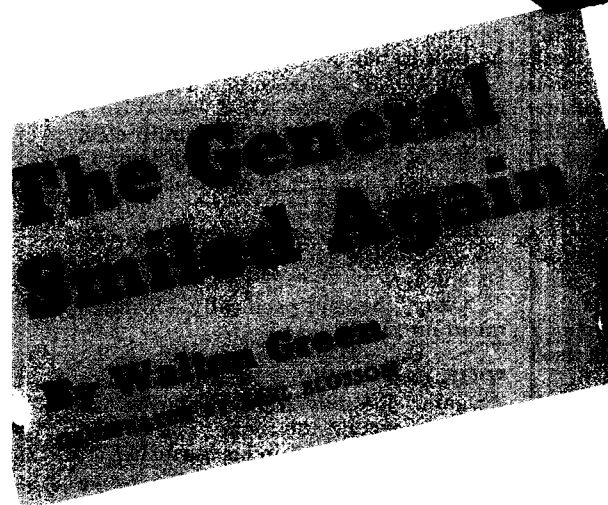
Stop in at your Philco dealer's at your very first opportunity. Hearing the new Philco for the first time is an experience you won't forget! The model you like best among the many exquisite cabinet designs may be yours on the easiest payment terms, with a liberal trade-in allowance for your old radio.

PHILCO 1012 PHOTO-ELECTRIC RADIO-PHONOGRAPH with latest Philco phonograph inventions and Exclusive Philco FM System. Philco Home Recording Unit optional. Yours on easiest terms.

RADIOS, RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS, PORTABLES, AUTO RADIOS from \$9.95 to \$525. SEE AND HEAR THEM TODAY!

Prices subject to change without notice; prices slightly higher Denver and West.

Joe could not have kept his feet had he not been propped on either side by his devoted military escort. The general took one agonized look up the street. No one was in sight



If the Army knows how to appreciate its opportunities it will welcome Joe Korvaski. Joe is not only a sterling patriot but a man possessed of that most essential of soldierly qualities—a singular indifference to the dignity of higher authority

JOE KORVASKI dropped the handles of his great tongs and ducked as the warning gong sounded. The swinging cradle of brass bars and scrap rushed by overhead and missed him by scant inches. But long practice had made Joe as expert in judging clearance as a truck driver negotiating an underpass. He straightened up again and reached for the tongs.

Joe's first name was really Matéus, which is Polish for Matthew. But all Poles in the mills and foundries of the vast industrial area of the Naugabury Valley answer to the name of "Joe."

Joe was a helper in the casting shop of the Naugabury Brass Company. His job was to help dump the mix into the electric furnace, to "pull" the casting, and then to clean and lamp-black the mold against the next pouring.

Joe was six feet two of blond and good-natured peasant. He worked eight hours a day, and he made good money. He worked hard and he drank hard. He even drank on the job, especially on night shift, but not much—just enough to ward off the spelter shakes—and to

get a little high, perhaps, by the time he knocked off at midnight. Whisky is the accepted specific for spelter shakes, which comes from the zinc fumes of the brass mix; it's accepted by the workers at least, and winked at, perforce, by the foremen.

Dugan, the foreman, stopped by at Joe's elbow, inspected the stack of newly cast bars, and nodded.

"Okay, Joe." He started on down the line, stopped and came back. "What's this I hear, Joe, of you going in the Army? You ain't throwin' up a good job for twenty-one a month?"

Joe tossed back the damp blond mop of hair that overhung his forehead. He had heard nothing of his father and mother in Poland since the German drive. But he did not speak of that.

"This job ain't so hot," he said evasively. Joe was very blue-eyed and mild,

unless he was aroused. Then he could be quite stubborn, although in a rather childlike and inconsequential way.

"You can't get in the Army," said Dugan. "They won't take you without no teeth."

"Maybe I ain't got none on top, but my lowers is swell," said Joe defensively. "They said to get me a 'upper denture' and come back again."

"You been examined already?" demanded the foreman.

"SURE. Passed everything else fine. The lady I uster work for, she's a friend of the general out in Camp Shepaug. She's fixin' it."

"What lady's that?" demanded Dugan skeptically.

"Mrs. Upton. I done her lawn and furnace more'n four years before I come here. She's richer'n hell."

"I'll say she is," said Dugan in another tone. "That dame and her family own more'n half of Naugabury Brass. She been askin' you to enlist?"

"I been askin' her," said Joe. "She got 'em to take me outa turn down at the draft office. She thinks an awful lot of me."

"How could she help it!" snapped Dugan, and turned away. Joe called after him:

"Say, Tom, I wanta lay off tomorrow. To go buy them teeth."

"Nuthin' doing, Joe. Next week maybe—when I get some guy to fill in for you." Dugan walked down the line.

Joe watched the retreating back of the foreman. About the corners of his blue and faintly Slavic eyes there gathered a network of tiny wrinkles. It could not be called a stubborn look. It was rather the uncomprehending petulance



At that moment something hard was thrust into his hand from behind. "We found them in the juke box," whispered Lieutenant Wells

of an infant whose bottle has been taken away from him.

The wail of the four-o'clock whistle came sounding from far off in the yards. Joe drew off his cotton gloves and pulled his sweat rag over his pale shock of hair. Then he walked out into the washroom and took a shower. He dressed, gulped down a big slug of rye from the bottle in his locker, and joined the line of men punching the time clock on their way out.

AT ABOUT the same time that Joe was taking his shower, Mrs. Okes Upton was on the telephone. Mrs. Upton was frequently on the telephone. In

fact, without that instrument Mrs. Upton could scarcely have maintained her benevolent sway over the social and humanitarian activities of Naugabury. Mrs. Upton was a do-gooder of the *nth* power. She had a heart as big as the bosom behind which it was ensconced, and a bank account far bigger than either.

Mrs. Upton was on the telephone. At the other end of the line was a dentist's office. In the dentist's office were several rooms. In one of these rooms—in the chair of torture, with a towel hooked about his neck, sat Brig. General Martin Shapley, U. S. A., commandant of Camp Shepaug.

General Shapley was having a lower

molar filled. In the matter of uppers, he was in much the same class as Joe Korvaski: they were being cleaned by an assistant while Dr. Sterns plugged the molar.

But at this moment the general was sitting up in the chair, holding the extension telephone which the dentist had handed him. Now ordinarily the general did not like to use a telephone, if he could bark at an adjutant or an aide to do it for him. And no man—not even a general with ribbons—may be counted a coward because he snatches a few minutes respite from the terrors of the drill.

"Hello?" said General Shapley, which is about as far as anyone ever got on the one-way street of Mrs. Upton's telephone talks. Her voice was already in full swing:

"—so I called your headquarters, General, and they told me where to reach you—and it's so fortunate, because you can explain to Dr. Sterns exactly what Joe needs—and if you just mention my name I'm sure he'll hurry things up—"

"Hurry what things up, madam?" demanded the general.

"NOW please don't be difficult, General. I told you all about it the other day—and you were so understanding and so kind—because Joe used to work for me, and I know all about him—and you agreed that it was that type of immigrant we should help—and if the melting pot is really to melt we must all get our shoulders behind the wheel in times like this and do our bit, don't you agree, General?"

"Of course, of course, Mrs. Upton. But this Joe—who is he? What am I supposed to do?"

"Get him in the Army, of course. I told you all about it, General. He used to be my gardener—"

"Your gardener! God bless my soul, madam! Do you realize how many thousands of men I have to look out for?"

"—and just a word from you, General, to the medical officers at the camp—especially about his false teeth—"

"False teeth!" exploded the general. "What do I know about false teeth?" This was, perhaps, undue modesty, since at that precise moment Miss Nergin entered the room and primly deposited the general's own uppers on the glass-topped table behind his chair. Mrs. Upton's voice was still droning on:

"—and I'm sure Dr. Sterns will cooperate—and then the draft board will pass him—Joe, I mean—and it's so fortunate you are in his office—I mean Dr. Sterns' office—because I left word for Joe to go straight there and to ask for you personally, General. And then you can explain it all to Dr. Sterns, and—"

"I—I can what?" bellowed the general. There was no answer: the line was dead. Mrs. Upton knew how to deliver the punch, and then step away from the counterattack.

Dr. Sterns impaled a pellet of copper amalgam on the point of his carrier and approached the chair.

"Open, please," he murmured. He was smiling with mild malice. "Trouble is, General, you military men can't take it. Now, if you'd been brought up in the same town with her, like we have, you'd know when you were licked."

"Nonsense! If that man comes up here—throw him out!"

Dr. Sterns rammed home the amalgam with a pleasant crunching sound. In the act of reaching for another pellet he looked over his shoulder. Six foot two of Joe Korvaski was blocking the doorway.

"I think I'll leave the throwing out to you, General," said Dr. Sterns softly. "You're the soldier."

Now, Joe had stopped off at the Silver

Grille for a couple of snorts. He was carrying it reasonably well, but there was something in the gently menacing smile that wreathed his broad face that showed he meant all business—short of war.

"Are you Doc Sterns?" he asked amiably. "Mrs. Upton sent me. Says I was to ask for General Shapley. I wanna buy me some teeth."

Dr. Sterns selected a plugger from his instrument tray and spoke in his most professional manner:

"Yes—Mrs. Upton telephoned. The young lady outside will give you an appointment. I can't see you till next week at the earliest."

"Next week! But say, Doc—I just gotta have 'em tomorrow. How much'll they cost me?"

"Oh, around a hundred and twenty-five," said the dentist offhandedly.

"A hunnert an'—! I ain't got the half of that. Gee, what'll I do?"

"Oh, Miss Nergin!" called the dentist, nervously maintaining his pose of surgical preoccupation. Miss Nergin, looking frightened, appeared in the doorway, engagement pad in hand.

Joe lumbered into the room and slouched up alongside the chair.

"Is this here the general?" he asked with mild curiosity. "I never seen a general close to before. How soon kin he talk to me?"

But this was too much for Martin Shapley, Brig. Gen. U. S. A. With a gurgling roar he swept his mouth clear of dental debris and sat bolt upright.

"Out of here, my man! Get out—or I'll throw you out."

Before the general's stern gray eye, the gentle blue eyes of Joe Korvaski fell sheepishly.

"Okay," he said pacifically. "I didn't mean nuthin'."

THE general settled back in his chair again. Joe moved away, staring uncertainly around the room. The dentist frowned and picked up his burnisher.

"If you'll just speak with the young lady outside—"

"Okay—I'm goin'," said Joe. He slouched around the room, looking at things with curiosity. Finally he caught sight of Miss Nergin. Miss Nergin had retreated to the outer office and was smiling and nodding enticingly. Miss Nergin was very pretty and she had magnificent teeth. Joe followed her out. Dr. Sterns closed and locked the door. "She'll get him out all right. Those Polacks are good-natured enough, even when they're drunk. Up to a certain point. But I've got to hand it to you, General. You certainly did face him down."

"It's the habit of command," said the general tersely. "A man is born with it—or he isn't."

"You said it, General. Open, please."

The work went on in silence for some ten minutes. At the end of that time Dr. Sterns straightened up, dropped his burnisher in the tray, and handed his patient a paper cup of lukewarm water.

"That's all today, General. Next Thursday at three."

The general rinsed his mouth and held out his free hand in mute request for his store teeth. The dentist nodded.

"Just one moment, General—they're being polished."

He pressed the buzzer and Miss Nergin entered.

"The general's denture, please," murmured Dr. Sterns in the confidential tone which dentists feel impelled to use in the delicate matter of false teeth.

Miss Nergin turned to the glass-topped table.

"I laid them right there, Doctor."

Dr. Sterns wheeled around and shot a nervous look at the other likely repositories—the swing-arm shelf and the

(Continued on page 30)

THE FIGHT GOES ON

By Franklin
Delano Roosevelt

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The President explains the events that made necessary his participation in the 1938 primary campaign. This and the other articles of this series are from forthcoming volumes of his "Public Papers"

The Continuing Struggle for Liberalism

IT HAS frequently been said that eternal vigilance is necessary to preserve our liberties. It is equally true that eternal vigilance is necessary to keep democracies and their governments truly liberal. We in the United States have had firsthand experience with that truism since the end of 1933, when, for the first time, the full effects of our program of recovery and reform began to be felt. For, as soon as the clear action of the new administration in 1933 had started the wheels of industry turning, there came the demand from some sources to stop all of the reforms, and to let things begin again to run on as they had during the previous decade.

Of course, the people of the United States have always understood that the new administration never intended to be a mere rescue party—organized to save the economic system and turn it over to the small, powerful group which had formerly controlled it through their concentrated economic power. The government in 1933 was determined not only to save the system, but also to remove from it the abuses, evils, and widespread maladjustments which had brought it to the very brink of destruction. The government was determined that the system, thus preserved and reformed, should no longer be subject to the control of the handful of men and corporations that had dominated it in the false boom days before 1929.

To carry out that determination was to resist, from 1933 down to date, all the efforts of mighty forces—day by day, year by year. These forces had tremendous interests at stake—wealth, privilege, economic power, political power. Although few in number, they had the resources which enabled them to make the most noise, and to become the most vociferous in the press, over the radio, through newspaper and outdoor advertising, by floods of telegrams and letters to the Congress by employment of professional lobbyists—by all the many means of propaganda and public pressure which have been developed in recent years.

In 1938 the efforts of this minority, consistent in its opposition since 1933, rose to new heights. They had tried stubbornly at the polls in 1936 to stop our program of reform. They had failed. They had tried in 1937 to stop it in the courts, where they had been so successful during 1935 and 1936. Here, too, they had failed. Therefore, through the years of 1937 and 1938, their activities to impede progress and to bring about a repeal of emasculation of the New Deal measures of reform were redoubled.

There were several reasons for this particular burst of effort this year. First, the Supreme Court fight, although it had been finally successful in obtaining its objective, had been defeated in the Congress. The enemies of liberal government tried to hail that loss of a single battle as a defeat of the entire progressive program of the administration. A strong "putsch" was organized to try to make it appear as though the representatives of the people in the Congress had, by failing to pass the Supreme Court bill, repudiated the principles and conduct of the New Deal.

Second, there had come a substantial business recession—commencing in the (Continued on page 54)



INTERNATIONAL
U.S.D.A.

At Barnesville, Ga., during the 1938 primary campaign, the President has just finished the speech in which he assailed Gov. Eugene Talmadge and Senator Walter George as "foes of liberalism." Here he is greeted by Senator George, who said: "I want you to know that I accept the challenge"



In 1937, the President called for "regulation of crop production so as to furnish an ever-normal granary which would give the farmer a fair share of the normal income and assure the consumer of a steady supply of food"



LIKE many a film success this story starts at the end and works its way back and forth to a second conclusion. It begins in the black days when France had fallen, the English had managed to get the remnants of their army off the flats of Dunkirk, the great German air raids on London had just begun, and the fate of the empire hung in the balance. At that juncture the New York branch of the London Express received an urgent message from the home office. It was peremptory, frantic and to the point:

"Rush one thousand words immediately Deanna Durbin romance."

An enemy spy, smuggling this treasure out of the office files, would have been justified in advising his superiors to have no further fears about the resistance of such a trivial people. At the very least he might be excused for believing that Durbin must be an individual of transcendental importance to

warrant such attention in wartime.

The truth about Deanna Durbin is that she never wanted to be a screen actress, was horrified at the notion of being made to act the fool before a camera—and will eventually give up the profession without the slightest twinge of regret. She has never been ambitious to be a film star, has no ambitions now to perpetuate her fame as an actress and would give up the whole business at the drop of a hat.

"One loud 'Boo!' and we lose her," says Henry Koster, her first director. "It has always been that way."

Men Not at Work

The ironic part of the Durbin saga is that the girl who never cared about film success has been the lifesaver of one great company, Universal, and the creator of many other careers and fortunes. Most closely engaged in this strange

Deanna Durbin wanted to be a singer and was terrified of a camera. But she tried her best, which turned out to be wonderful

enterprise have been Koster, the director, and Joe Pasternak, the producer of the Durbin pictures.

There is also one bad actor involved, a gentleman named Adolf Hitler, whose rise to power closed the American studios in Central Europe and forced Pasternak, who had been making films for Universal over there, to come home. With him on the journey was Henry Koster, his top director in the European branch. Koster had worked in every European country, had directed Isa Miranda in Italy and had made a series of successes in Budapest. When they arrived in Hollywood they went immediately to see old Carl Laemmle.

"He held out his horn at us so he

could hear what we had to say," reports Koster, "and then told us to take a couple of weeks and see the town before starting to work."

Koster didn't speak a word of English and was glad enough of the chance to practice it before trying to use it. The only hitch was that when they returned after two weeks they found Laemmle gone. He had sold the company in the meantime.

"Then for two weeks nobody came around at all," says Koster. "We would come down every morning, go in at the gate and wait. We had no office and nobody took a chance at looking at us. We might belong to the wrong faction."

When somebody did finally show up it was Charles Rogers, the new boss. On their first visit with him they got a shock.

"You haven't got a contract, boys," he said. "Goodby."

"We have a cable from Laemmle," cried Pasternak, irately.

"Not legal," answered Rogers.

"It is too!" yelled Pasternak, and when the smoke of the battle had cleared away Rogers had been reduced to admitting that the deal stood.

So the studio gave them the services of a writer, told them they could have \$110,000 to do a picture and firmly shut the door of the front office. They opened it just far enough to shout after the retreating emigres that they could have twelve days to shoot the epic and not one minute more. Bang!

No Story and No Cast

Koster started working with the writer and Pasternak bestirred himself to find players for the picture. At the end of three weeks Koster had no story and Pasternak had found nobody for his cast. At this juncture the front office called them in to hear the plot of the new picture. They had no plot.

"Start thinking," said Pasternak, as they tramped up the walk to the administration. "We can use that Three Smart Girls we did in Germany but it'll have to be changed for this country. The minute you get in, you start spieling in German. I'll do the translating. If you try to say a word in English I'll bat you one."

With Koster extemporizing and Pasternak embellishing the tale in translation, they not only convinced the big shots they had a picture but talked them into upping the ante to \$120,000, mere chicken feed for even a Hollywood "B" picture. Then is when Deanna Durbin entered the picture. Rogers and his associate, Bill Koenig, said Koster and Pasternak might as well look at two tests they'd just borrowed from Metro. After running them off, Pasternak pointed at one of them and said:

"We'll take that one."

"You will not," said Koenig. "That's Judy Garland and Metro has signed her. You'll take the other."

The other was Durbin and it looked hopeless. When she came in with her mother to talk to Koster, it was even worse. Deanna was thirteen; she never said a word; refused to talk when spoken to; refused to smile and obviously was scared stiff. Koster asked her to go out of the room again, enter at the door and sit down. That was to be the start of a screen test. Instead of that Deanna broke down and began to sob.

"I don't want to be an actress," she cried. "You're all torturing me."

As a singer she had no fears. Her ambition was to be a concert star and when it meant merely that she stood in front of people and opened her mouth, she felt at home. The sight of a camera had so paralyzed her at M-G-M that she had suffered a form of shell shock. What

(Continued on page 68)



It Ain't No Sin

By Eustace Cockrell

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

Our favorite destroying angel sows a few whirlwinds in the Yankee Stadium and righteously reaps the harvest thereof

REFUGEE SMITH sat in a booth in the Yellow Front Cabaret and Nite Club contentedly surveying the neatly demolished remnants of a large, expensive and succulent pig's knuckle.

In the back of the club a languid, ocher-colored party took a drink from the glass beside him on the piano, picked his cigarette off low C and tucked it between his lips. He hit a couple of experimental chords, the drummer on the platform beside him sawed off a small riff, and the saxophone gave a pleased squeal. The piano player boogie-woogied into Beat Me Daddy, Eight to the Bar, and the tiny floor of the Yellow Front immediately seethed with dancers.

Arzelia Toogood sauntered purposefully away from the bar toward Refugee's booth. When she reached it she slipped into the empty seat opposite him, flashed her white teeth in greeting. "Hello, Big Shot," she said.

Refugee looked up. Arzelia Toogood had a chassis sheathed in yellow satin that matched her last name, limpid brown eyes and red lips. "How do," he said.

"How's about us dancin' a dance?" Arzelia asked.

Refugee Smith pulled his gaze up to Arzelia's face, and a tiny change in the sheen of his black face told of his blush. "Thank you, Miss—Miss . . ."

"Arzelia."

"Thank you, Arzelia, but de truthful fack is I don't reckon I could cut de mustard. Leastwise not like dat." Refugee nodded toward the floor, packed with expertly gyrating couples, who continued on and on, miraculously not maiming one another.

"Well," Arzelia said, hiding her surprise at Refugee's ready cordiality, "if'n

you can fling your feet in time to the music I can follow you."

Refugee smiled reminiscently. "Was a time," he said, "I could do de Jump Jim Crow, and dey do say aroun' de river packets dat I was a natchal Natchez Shuffler."

Arzelia Toogood stood up and sent a rhythmic ripple down her yellow dress. "Come on, Big Shot," she said. "Ain't no shuffle I can't shuffle along with." Over Refugee's shoulder she winked briefly at a fat brown man standing at the bar. When the music stopped and they

Arzelia stood up and sent a rhythmic ripple down her dress. "Come on, Big Shot," she said. "Ain't no shuffle I can't shuffle along with"

were back in the booth, Arzelia said, "You kind of low-referenced yourself when you says you was a natural shuffler, Big Shot."

Refugee looked across the table, beaming. "You is mighty handy yourself," he said. He paused. "How come you calls me Big Shot?" he added. "My natchal name is Refugee."

"Why?" Arzelia said, still panting slightly from her recent exertions. "I knows your name is Refugee. Refugee Smith, the famous prize fighter. Everybody in Harlem knows you. But me, when a man is a big shot, I reckon he ought to be called Big Shot."

Refugee shuffled his large feet in embarrassment and his grin became even wider. The fat brown man at the bar finished his drink and walked out into the night.

"How's about buyin' me a drink?" Arzelia said, beckoning a passing waiter and ordering whisky and soda.

(Continued on page 27)



You will need a small whistle, an abundance of patience and more savvy than the dog has. And months later, when you have a perfect dog to hunt with, you will find that the dog really trained you

ACROSS the bright wooded hills Billy Gladwin moved smoothly, the dogs romping and ranging along, noses to grass. One was a yellow Labrador, the other a Chesapeake. Near a lush weed patch Billy called the dogs to heel. They came swiftly, marched soberly beside him and then, at a command, stood motionless. Gladwin took a dead duck from a sack, wadded it up and hurled it far into the weed patch. The dogs followed it with eyes and noses but made no move. You could see them tense, muscles quivering.

Softly, Billy called a dog by name. It was off instantly, bounding away. You caught flashes of gold through the long grass. Then, suddenly the dog was back, sitting at Billy's feet, the duck held gently in its month. The trainer took the duck, tossed it away again and called on the other retriever. . . .

All over America this early fall the same sort of thing was going on. Hun-

dreds of bird-dog trainers were breaking in and educating scores of thousands of spaniels, retrievers, setters and pointers. Bird hunters themselves were training their own dogs. Today hunters already are banging away or getting ready to. In crowded Northeastern states where there are few wild game birds left; in the South and West and Northwest where game still is plentiful, dogs are being tuned up. And this year, as always, there are plenty of novice hunters taking the field in one of the country's most popular outdoor sports.

There are several ways to get a good hunting dog: You may breed, raise and train your own; you can buy them ready-made, with arm-long pedigrees, completely equipped to respond to voice, hand and whistle signals. Rich men and poor men do either, or both. Most hunters agree, however, that the safest way is to buy your dog from a reputable trainer who has the confidence of veteran hunters. Hunters are fanatics about dogs, and unless a trainer lives up to their near-perfectionism, he's a thumbs-down case. If a good trainer says a dog is so-and-so and will do this-and-such, it's a good bet he's right.

Buying puppies and training them, or having them trained, has an element of risk. It is sometimes done under the influence of the Little Woman, to whom some pup in a litter of setters or retrievers looks just too cute. With a good trainer, this will work out all right in four cases out of five. But not all

Typical dog trainer is Billy Gladwin, of Brewster, New York, here working with Leo Lion, a yellow Labrador retriever delivering a bird to hand

puppies, however long their lineage, will make good hunting dogs—and you are always taking a chance that the just-too-cute one will turn out to be a rebel.

Having decided to get a bird dog, you have to decide what kind. There are three main breeds: Pointers, spaniels, retrievers. There are five or six principal varieties in each breed. The pointers—including setters—have English, Irish and Gordons, for example. There are cocker and springer spaniels, among others. In retrievers the Labradors and Chesapeakes are favorites. But anyway, you will have from fifteen to twenty varieties of dog from which to choose—and practically unlimited advice from all the other "guns" in your neighborhood.

Your Own Dog is Best

The "best sort of dog" for any hunter depends on the type of country, the game, the climate—and the hunter. What other hunters around you have found satisfactory probably is the result of experience and may safely be taken as a guide. Of course, after you have chosen your dog, no matter what his breed or variety, you will maintain through hell and high water that he's the best there is. You wouldn't be much of a hunter if you didn't.

"There aren't any secrets to training or feeding bird dogs," says Billy Gladwin. "Dogs need rest, exercise and recreation, just as people do. Young dogs are like kids: When they're not being educated they should be given all the freedom possible, to keep them lively and interested in life."

Few persons who value their serenity will make positive statements about bird dogs. About as far as it's safe to go is to say a dog has four legs and sweats through its tongue—and even then some pundit will come back with proof that in southern India there's a dog with five legs that sweats through its ears and has feathers on its rump.

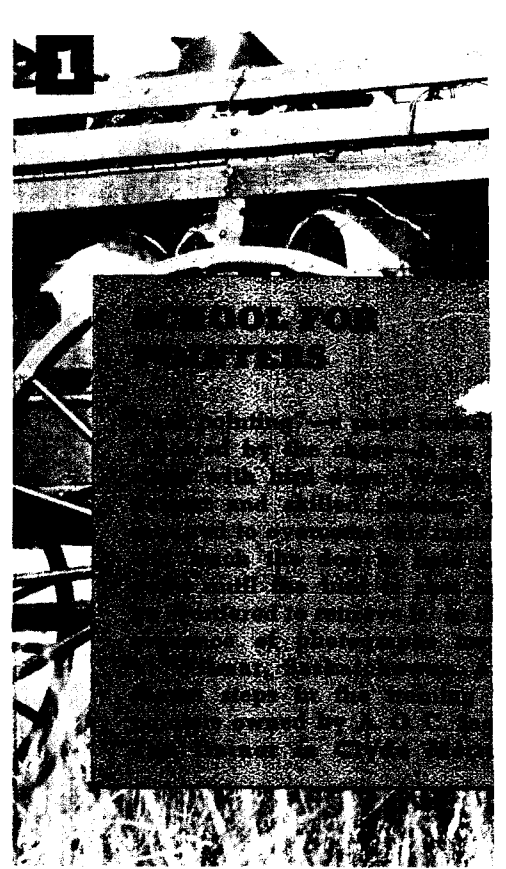
Almost every dog is a natural hunter of some kind, and dogs and men have hunted together for centuries. Different dogs fit into different conditions. For rugged country and big game you need big, rangy dogs with courage and endurance; for some kinds of bird shooting the shaggy, shortlegged spaniel is best. For wolves, bears, cougars and so forth you need high courage and vitality; although all hunting dogs must have heart and guts.

Let's say, for example, you're a duck shooter, and you decide a retriever is what you need. We'll go along with Billy Gladwin, a typical trainer, and see how it's done. Billy, a wiry little Welshman, runs the Star Lea Kennels near Brewster, in the hills north of New York City. He learned his profession the hard way, as most trainers do, in the hills around Llangollen—don't try to pronounce it—in North Wales. He trains from forty-five to fifty dogs a year, some for himself, some for city hunters.

Billy walks quietly into the big, airy kennels, where the dogs are housed in roomy, separate cages. They yelp and claw the netting as they hear his step, anxious to get out and go to work—or at least get out.

The trainer selects a Labrador and a Chesapeake and away they go over a hill and down to a near-by lake. The dogs are being trained to retrieve ducks. At the lake shore Billy takes his stand

(Continued on page 60)



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

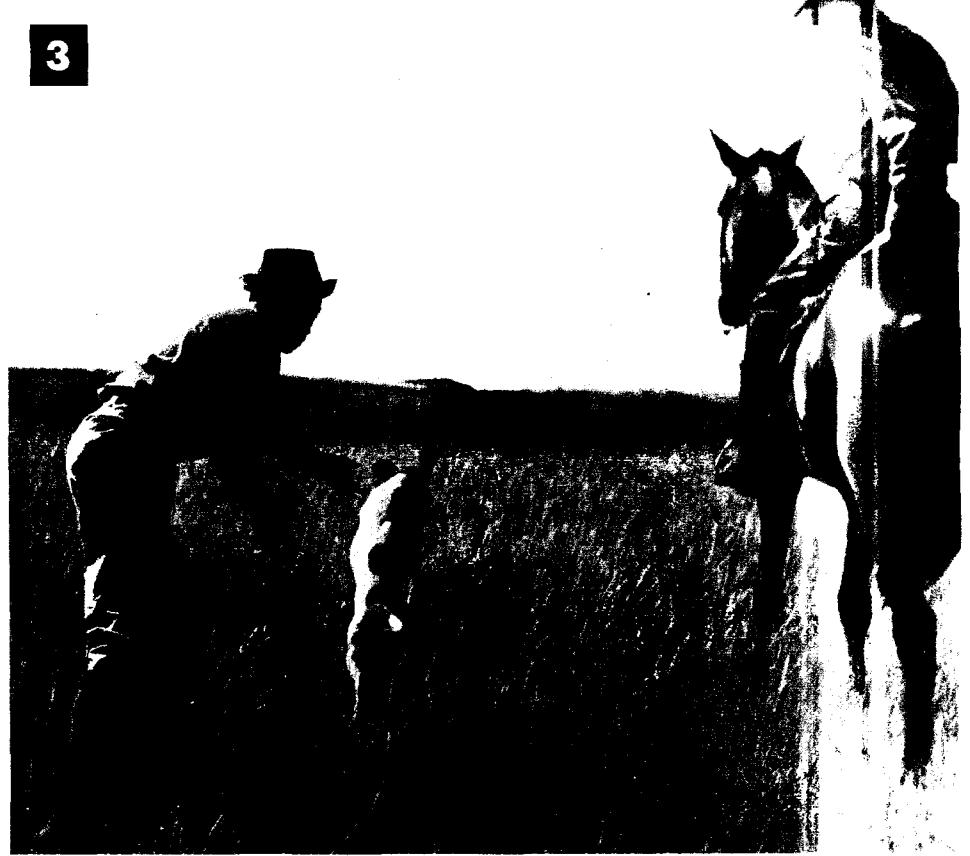




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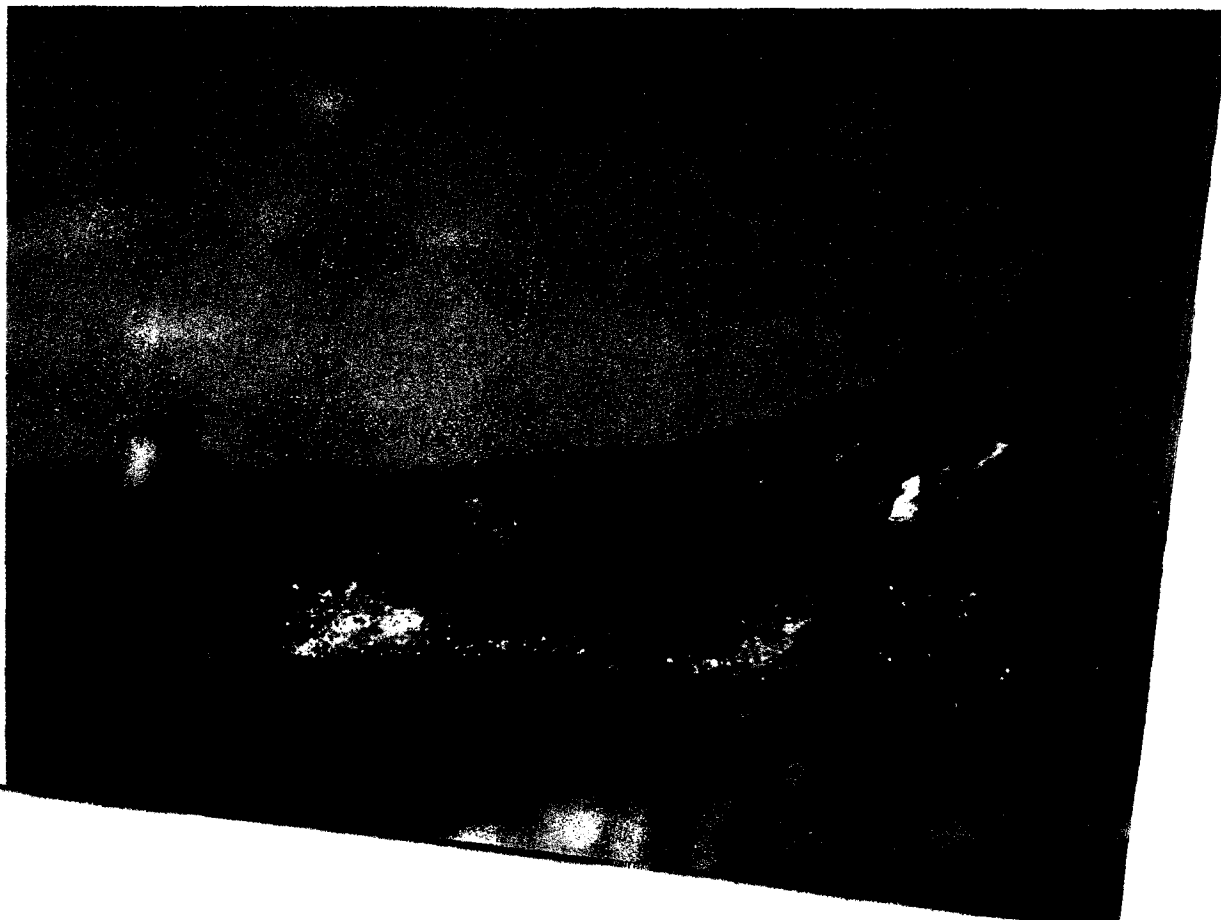
- 1 Three pointers, tense and eager for the hunt, are brought to the field in the dog wagon and unloaded by the helper
- 2 Dogs have already been taught to "heel," or walk beside the hunter, through judicious use of leash and switch
- 3 The first dog is "cut loose" and urged to run. This step is important in teaching him to range well ahead of hunter
- 4 With dog on point, trainer is "steading" him, talking to him, instilling confidence. Rope will check attempt to break
- 5 While dog holds his point, trainer drops the rope and goes ahead to flush bird, meanwhile hand-signaling dog to stand
- 6 Trainer flushes the bird, still steadying the dog with hand signal. Dog is beginning to get an idea of what is expected
- 7 After a hard workout on a hot day, handler and helper cool off the overheated dog by moistening his skin with water
- 8 Most important is the word of praise and the friendly pat after a lesson well-learned. Dogs learn to expect this reward



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

Although you will never see the dogs above working together, each is an excellent specimen of its breed. In this group are, from left to right: first, Tops of Davellis and, second, Dalshangan, both Springer Spaniels; third, Betsy, an English Pointer. All three are owned by David Silberman. Fourth is E. C. Faulkner's English Setter, Buck. Fifth is Russel Wilcox's Yellow Labrador, Mac. Sixth, Little Hill Jason, a Golden Retriever owned by Mrs. Robert Pierie. Last, Glenairlie Rover, a Labrador Retriever owned by Frank M. Hogan

The Chesapeake Retriever in action. A good retriever will go half a mile for a bird, will mark where each one falls and bring them in one at a time, on command, carrying them with exquisite care. They rely on sight as well as smell. Dog at right is Philip Dater's Sea Captain



SO GET 'EM!

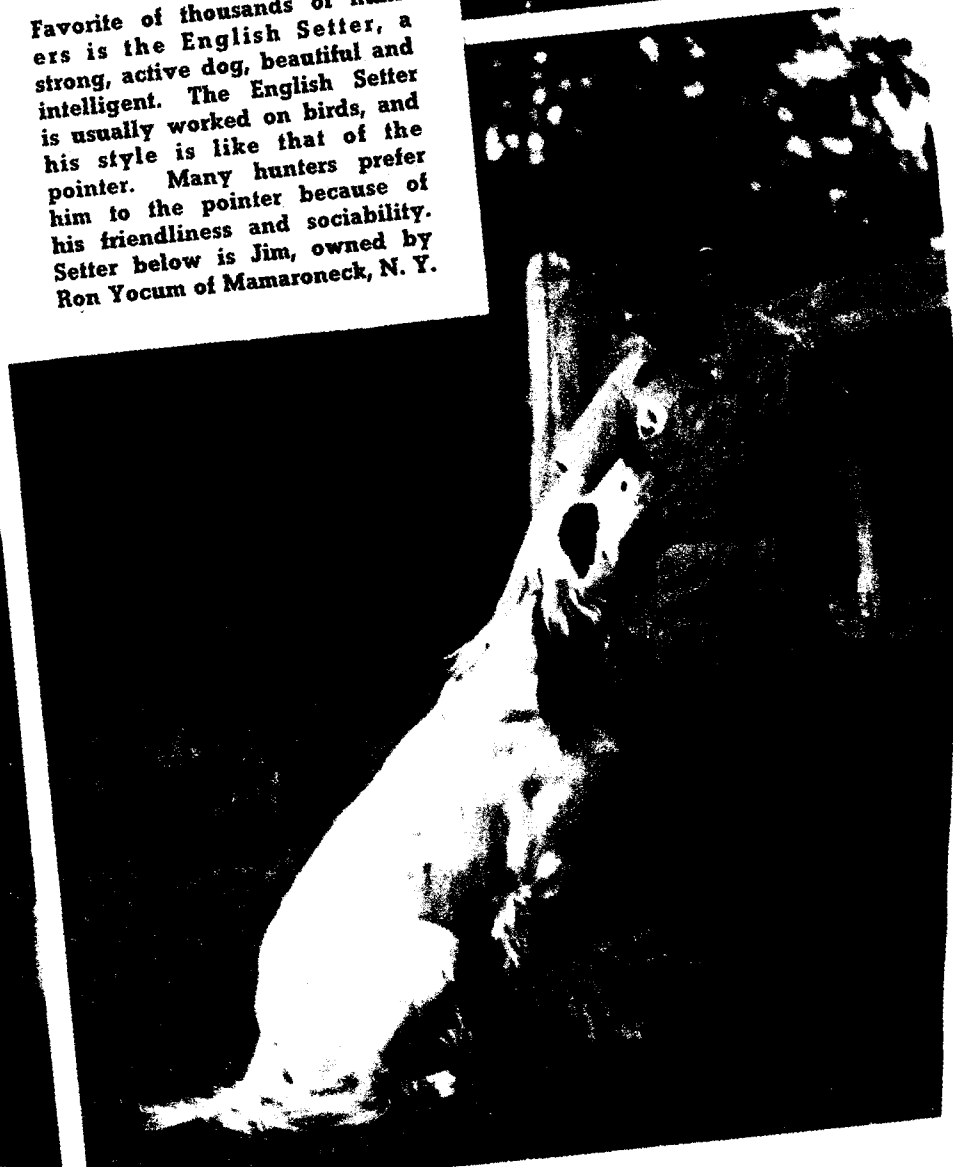
Basset Hounds are good trailers, having excellent close-to-the-ground noses. Their specialty is running rabbits, working individually, but they can be taught to trail nearly any game. Basset Hound below is Stanco Carlton, puppy is Stanco Little Bit. Both are owned by Mrs. Lewis Thompson, Jr. of Red Bank, New Jersey

One of the most beautiful of the gun dogs is the Irish Setter, a vigorous, long-lived dog noted for his ability to work in rough cover. They are used to hunt any game birds. Irish Setters below are, left to right, Shaun McTybe, Elcova McTybe and Clodagh McTybe, owned by Edwin M. Berolzheimer of Tarrytown, N. Y.



The Beagle is the oldest sporting dog in existence. While he works in packs, of which there are at least 20 in the United States, many hunters work beagles individually on rabbits and foxes. They are noted for friendliness, and need little training. Puppy below is unnamed and is owned by Louis Batjer of New Brunswick, N. J.

Favorite of thousands of hunters is the English Setter, a strong, active dog, beautiful and intelligent. The English Setter is usually worked on birds, and his style is like that of the pointer. Many hunters prefer him to the pointer because of his friendliness and sociability. Setter below is Jim, owned by Ron Yocum of Mamaroneck, N. Y.





Foxhounds are trained to run in packs of 20 or more, although they are run individually in field trials and are worked singly in running foxes to the gun. They are bred for keen scent and good voice. The Foxhounds in the photograph above are the Millbrook Hunt pack (New York), one of the best in the U. S.

The Pointer, a businesslike, aggressive hunting machine, gets his name from his working style. He is also bred for field trials and bench shows. His job is to find and point birds for the hunter, and to retrieve them. Speed and bird sense make him a coast-to-coast favorite. Pointers above are Luminary and, foreground, Ariel, national field-trial champion. Both dogs are owned by A. G. C. Sage

The Cocker Spaniel is the smallest of the working dogs. He is an excellent hunter, working well on land and taking readily to water. On finding game he sits, as in the photo below, until commanded to retrieve after the shot. He is trustworthy, vivacious, friendly and is thus equally popular as a hunting dog and a house pet. Cocker Spaniel above is Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge's Treetop Toreador of Giralda



Mercator Island

By John P. Marquand
ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

BOB BOLLES, a young American naval flier, is "passed over" for promotion by a selection board. Hurt and angry, he resigns his commission, buys a sixty-foot schooner—the Thistlewood—and, with a one-man crew (Tom, a colored boy), starts on a long, aimless cruise.

In Kingston, Jamaica, when he is almost penniless, he meets a wealthy couple from New York City—Malcolm Kingman and his wife, Helen—who engage him to take them to a small, out-of-the-way island known as "Mercator." . . . Accompanied by Bob, Mrs. Kingman goes to a little shop that is owned by a Japanese: Mr. Moto. There, in the ladies' dressing room, she is set upon and roughly handled by some of Mr. Moto's employees. But, when Bob goes to the rescue and drives the toughs away, she refuses to discuss the incident. Why? *Bob wonders.*

Captain Burke, an American naval officer, tells Bob an interesting story: He has been ordered to search for a crated airplane, left by a French vessel (that had later gone down) at some Caribbean port. Attached to the plane is an apparatus—a small but extremely potent bit of war mechanism, the only thing of its kind in existence. Burke, who has been informed that the Nazis are also looking for the plane, needs a pilot. Will Bob take the job?

Burke had been a member of the board that had not recommended Bob for promotion. Bob, still bitter, turns the offer down. . . .

Accompanied by Mr. Kingman's valet, Oscar, the New Yorkers come aboard the Thistlewood; and within a short time the cruise is under way. From the start, Tom mistrusts the Kingmans; he suspects that they are planning to murder Bob and him! Bob is not worried; nevertheless, he wonders if Malcolm Kingman and his wife are what they profess to be: rich New Yorkers in search of quiet and peace.

Before sailing, Mrs. Kingman had astounded Bob; she had told him that she was not happy, she had implored him to run away with her. Now, comfortably ensconced on board the Thistlewood, she tells Bob that she loves him; and she warns him to be careful, rather more than merely intimates that he is in peril. . . .

Bob, bent over a chart, shows Mr. Kingman various islands, including Mercator. Mr. Kingman is deeply interested; he is especially interested in the harbors—their size and the possibility of an ocean liner entering them. Bob answers his questions. And, for the first time, he begins to put things together.

IV

THE Thistlewood was moving through fine weather, pushed on by a brisk, fair breeze so steady that you hardly had to trim a jib from one day to the next.

All the first day out Mr. Kingman kept looking astern or going to the bow with his glasses, as though he expected to see something, but at the end of that time he gave it up. And there was nothing worth watching, except now and then a line of porpoises breaking the water and diving in unison, or the flying fish that darted off the bow and whizzed in a straight line through the air and popped into the sea again.

"They look as if they had been wound up with a key," Mrs. Kingman said.

The sea, Bob thought, was doing both Mr. and Mrs. Kingman good. Their faces had looked drawn and tired in Kingston, but now the lines had gone out of them. They shot at bottles sometimes or took sun baths or dozed on deck and every evening they asked Bob Bolles for dinner and bridge in the cabin. Sometimes it seemed to him that they were like himself, glad to forget who they were or where they were going, for they did not talk about their background any more than he did. They lived entirely in the present, and even Oscar grew mellow and agreeable.

Just as Mrs. Kingman had said, Oscar had the most amazing way of making things. He had picked up all those little skills which you associate with an old seaman who had been in sail. He finished his little ship with all her masts and yards laid flat and then he thrust it into the neck of a bottle and pulled a bit of silk thread and up came the masts and spars with all their standing rigging.

(Continued on page 44)

She ran away and yanked open the cabin door. "Mac!" she called. "Mac! There's a boat coming up behind us"



A SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THE PAGE

Man Over Machine

By Georges Surdez

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



Holding his shirt open, grinning fearlessly, Mamadou said, "Cut deep!"

HERR HAUPTMANN GREGOR VON DURRFORT was a perfect specimen of his breed—a queer blend of the athlete, soldier, scientist and gangster. His presence in French North Africa proved that he was not merely an excellent officer of artillery; all the members of the armistice commission were technical experts. Von Durrfort was also in the way of being a diplomat; he had been profuse with compliments and salutes.

Of course, there was something about him of a new owner inspecting his estates. Nevertheless, the half-dozen French officers gathered in the messroom of the post of Hajzer, Morocco, were sure that he had no desire to offend them deliberately. For their part, they had instructions from above to show the guest "all help and courtesies."

"Your army was very brave, as always," von Durrfort was saying now, "but it fought without conviction."

The Negro orderly refilled the German's glass for the fifth time. But von Durrfort was not drunk. His eyes shone, blue and clear.

"Your professional officers fought very well indeed. I tell you, we admired the high merit of your subalterns. What it must have been to bolster hysterical Moroccans or frightened Senegalese, we could well imagine."

"That talk not good."

It was the Negro orderly who had spoken. He stood over six feet, tremendous shoulders and chest swelling in his white mess jacket.

"Mamadou!" the French officer presiding called out sharply.

"*Mon capitaine?*" Mamadou came to attention.

"I've warned you before not to clown when there are guests. Pay attention to your duty."

"*Oui, mon capitaine.*" Mamadou sketched a salute. "But that gentleman, he talk bad about Senegal man. Me, Senegal man!" He showed superb white teeth in a wide grin. "See, me no mad. Me, very polite. Me just want to explain Senegal man to *Monsieur le Boche.*"

The French officer flushed. He knew how much the Germans detested that word *Boche*. "Stop that inane talk! You're relieved; send someone here to replace you."

But von Durrfort blandly protested: "Forgive the poor fellow, Captain. After all, he can use only the words he knows." He smiled up at Mamadou. "All right now, explain Senegal man to me."

The French officers knew his real motive. It would make a splendid anecdote for his comrades: a Negro orderly not only interrupting a conversation among officers but apparently not very worried about the consequences.

"**YOU** may speak, Mamadou," the presiding captain said at last, with a glance in the direction of young Lieutenant Maurez.

"Good. I think first," Mamadou brooded, dark brows knitted. He faced the guest. "Senegal man, he very brave man. He not afraid be killed. German, he brave man, too. But not the same kind brave man."

"No?" said von Durrfort. "How is that?"

"*Boche* gentleman, he not afraid when he

got tank, airplane, pistol, grenade. Senegal man not afraid when he got nothing. Just knife he got. *Boche*, he afraid big knife. Senegal man, he laugh at big knife."

The German broke into a smile. "You are very wrong there. Germans are not afraid of steel."

He smiled indulgently at the others, believing the episode over. But Mamadou, his stride as light as a cat's, had crossed to the dresser, to return with a long, shiny, sharp carving knife. He held it out to von Durrfort.

Then, very slowly, he unfastened the buttons of his white jacket, opened his shirt to expose a black, flat, muscular abdomen. That was a fine touch, young Maurez reflected. A white man would have bared his chest. The Negro knew that the most dangerous spot was the belly, where any cut can do serious harm.

Holding his shirt open, grinning fearlessly, Mamadou said, "Cut deep!"

The German was startled. He glanced at the blade, at the exposed flesh. Then he laughed and pushed the knife aside.

"Cut!" Mamadou insisted. "No one make trouble. Only Mamadou get sick belly. Cut, *Monsieur le Boche!*"

"Nonsense. I'm a civilized man, my poor fellow."

"With gun, airplane, tank, you *Boche* kill Mamadou sure thing, you no worry. But knife in belly, he make bloody mess. *Boche* no want to see blood. Senegal man, he no care if he see blood, lot of blood."

Von Durrfort shrugged, lifted his glass, took a sip. "I admit it. Naturally, I'm reluctant to cause a mess. But that doesn't mean we are afraid of the steel."

"No?"

Mamadou picked up the knife. He grasped it solidly, not with the point drooping below the clenched fingers, but jutting upward. He still grinned, but his beady eyes were little sparks of fire between the creased black flesh.

"Stand up now, *Monsieur le Boche*—and show me your belly."

The German stared at him as if hypnotized. In front of him stood Mamadou, a huge black man with twelve inches of cold steel sprouting from his fist.

A pulse became visible over von Durrfort's collar. Perspiration streaked his cheeks, gathered and glistened at his chin. Still the Negro's eyes held his.

Then at last his glance wavered and broke. His lips moved, but no words came.

"Stop clowning now, Mamadou!" the presiding officer said, his voice suddenly loud in the silence.

"*Oui, mon capitaine.*"

The orderly's face relaxed, he went to replace the knife. He returned with the tray of liqueurs, poured new drinks. Jerkily the conversation resumed. But somehow Maurez and the other Frenchmen knew that there would be no more reference to the campaign of France that evening.

SOME hours later Mamadou entered Lieutenant Maurez's quarters, his teeth showing in a grin.

"Did I put it over, Lieutenant?"

"You were superb! But however did you come to think of it?"

"Well, I bet you I'd deflate him, and when he mentioned Senegalese, it came on me like a flash. The pidgin French is a cinch for me, and I thought that 'Zulu killing lion' pose would get him. But say, Lieutenant—excuse me, but you're going over the wall, aren't you?"

Maurez nodded. "Three of us."

"Take me with you."

"But you're not a professional soldier. Why should you want to?"

"Listen, Lieutenant. One thing these *Boches* hate worse than the knife is ridicule. If this fellow ever finds out I never saw Africa until I was called to the army, that I'm a music-hall singer and artist's model back in France, he'll have me shot. And, then, there's something more than that."

"Yes?" Maurez said.

"I was born in France. I guess I never realized it until I saw this guy. People like that are all over France now. I want to do more, Lieutenant—you understand, I want to do more than just pose with a knife."

Murder in Retrospect

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

II

EDMUNDS was a man of slow speech. His eyes gleamed with legal caution. He took his time in sizing up Poirot before he let himself be betrayed into speech. He said, "Aye, I mind the Crale case." He added severely, "It was a disgraceful business."

His shrewd eyes rested appraisingly on Hercule Poirot. He said, "It's a long time since to be raking things up again."

"A court verdict is not always an ending."

Edmunds' square head nodded slowly. "I'd not say that you weren't in the right of it there."

Hercule Poirot went on: "Mrs. Crale left a daughter."

"Aye, I mind there was a child. Sent abroad to relatives, was she not?"

"That daughter believes firmly in her mother's innocence."

The bushy eyebrows of Mr. Edmunds rose. "That's the way of it, is it?"

Poirot asked, "Is there anything you can tell me to support that belief?"

Edmunds reflected. Then, slowly, he shook his head.

"I could not conscientiously say there was. I admired Mrs. Crale. Whatever else she was, she was a lady! Not like the other. A hussy—no more, no less. Bold as brass! Jumped-up trash—that's what she was—and showed it! Mrs. Crale was quality."

"But none the less a murderess?"

Edmunds frowned. He said, with more spontaneity than he had yet shown, "That's what I used to ask myself, day after day. Sitting there in the dock so calm and gentle. 'I'll not believe it,' I used to say to myself. But, if you take my meaning, Mr. Poirot, there wasn't anything else to believe. That hemlock didn't get into Mr. Crale's beer by accident. It was put there. And if Mrs. Crale didn't put it there, who did?"

"That is the question," said Poirot. "Who did?"

Again those shrewd old eyes searched his face.

"So that's your idea?" said Mr. Edmunds.

"What do you think yourself?"

There was a pause before the other answered. Then he said, "There was nothing that pointed that way—nothing at all."

Poirot said, "You were in court during the hearing of the case?"

"Every day."

"You heard the witnesses give evidence?"

"I did."

"Did anything strike you about them—any abnormality, any insincerity?"

"Was one of them lying, do you mean?" Edmunds said bluntly. "Had one of them a reason to wish Mr. Crale dead? If you'll excuse me, Mr. Poirot, that's a very melodramatic idea."

"At least consider it," Poirot urged.

He watched the shrewd face, the screwed-up, thoughtful eyes. Slowly, regretfully, Edmunds shook his head.

"That Miss Greer," he said, "she was bitter enough, and vindictive! I'd say she overstepped the mark in a good deal she said, but it was Mr. Crale alive she

(Continued on page 69)

The Story Thus Far:

CAROLINE CRALE, mother of a five-year-old daughter (whose name is also Caroline) is arrested and charged with the murder of her husband, Amyas Crale, a well-known English artist. She is tried, found guilty and the court sentences her to penal servitude for life.

Her daughter is sent to Canada, where relatives change her name to Caroline ("Carla") Lemarchant. One year after the trial, her mother dies; she leaves a letter in which she swears that she is innocent—and which she wishes given to her daughter on her twenty-first birthday anniversary.

Sixteen years pass. "Carla Lemarchant"—engaged to a fine young man—reaches the age of twenty-one. She reads the letter, feels

sure that her mother had told the truth. Then, going to London, she gets in touch with the world's most brilliant criminal investigator: Hercule Poirot.

She tells Poirot what she knows of the case; after which the little Belgian (in a decidedly skeptical frame of mind) sets to work. In the course of a series of interviews—with Sir Montague Depleach, who had been in charge of the defense; George Mayhew, son of the solicitor who had "briefed" Sir Montague; and one or two others—he learns these facts about the case:

The Crales had quarreled over a period of years. Then Elsa Greer, a beautiful twenty-year-old girl, had entered the picture. Crale had painted her portrait, and become infatuated with her. He had asked for a divorce, which his wife (deeply in love with him!) would not give him. A neighbor of the Crales—Meredith Blake—had had a bottle of coniine (a poison) in his home. He had missed some of it. Shortly after the murder—Crale had been poisoned with beer containing coniine—a bottle containing a small amount of the drug had been found in Caroline Crale's room!

The last of the persons whom Poirot visits is George Mayhew. Like all of the others, Mayhew feels sure that Mrs. Crale had been guilty, as charged. He suggests that the detective question Elsa Greer—now Lady Dittisham.

Then, as Poirot prepares to make his departure, "You might," Mayhew says, "have a word with Edmunds, our managing clerk. He was with the firm then and took a great interest in the case."

He took the party into the laboratory and showed them around. He mentioned certain specific drugs—one of which was coniine



MARIO COOPER



Behind the Nazis' backs, out of the forests and hills, come the Russian partisan detachments—bands of determined men and women who know all about what happened to Napoleon. Here's the firsthand story of their fearless adventures



THE most exciting and colorful episodes of the Russo-German war have to do with the exploits of guerrilla bands operating behind the enemy lines in White Russia and the Ukraine. Thousands of these partisan units, as the Russians call them, harass the Nazis day and night in the occupied territory. As soon as it becomes clear that a village is about to be taken by the Germans, all able-bodied men and the strongest women prepare to leave. They burn the stores and crops and choke the wells of springs with dirt, destroy the machinery and set fire to the gasoline dumps, then take to the woods where they hide, waiting for a chance to strike at the enemy troops. They slip out to blow up bridges and attack munitions supply trains and make surprise raids on Nazi units, using weapons supplied by the Red army or confiscated from previous victims or sometimes merely pitchforks and axes.

The guerrillas are following the orders issued by Stalin in his speech broadcast early in July, when the nation was told it must do everything to make it difficult for the enemy to consolidate its position in the conquered areas and impossible to live off the land it had occupied. However, even if these orders had not been issued, partisans would have risen up, since guerrilla warfare is in keeping with the Russian tradition. What the guerrillas are doing today is exactly what their forefathers did against Napoleon in 1812 and what others did against the German army of occupation in 1918.

A Ukrainian collective farmer guards his commune's grain and cattle. His orders are to destroy them to prevent capture

The Berlin radio has confirmed Soviet stories of partisan activities by issuing appeals in Russian to the people to stop the practice of wholesale burning, destruction and killing. Germans, they assure them again and again, have attacked the Soviet Union only to set the people free. Aside from the fact that all radios which can pick up foreign stations have had to be turned in for the duration and therefore no one can hear this propaganda, the broadcasts are a waste of breath because the Russians love their land too much to be willing to give up any part of it to any invader. The German High Command hasn't bothered issuing pleas; it has offered a reward of three thousand rubles to anyone turning in a partisan and has imposed the death penalty for assisting or concealing guerrillas.

From the story told by T. P. Bumazhkov, commander of a partisan unit in White Russia, who has just been named a hero of the Soviet Union, it is possible to get a good picture of the Robin Hood life led by the guerrillas. His band was organized during the first months of the war and originally consisted of eighty Komsomols (young Communists), Communists and peasants. It has since then greatly increased in size. The first thing the members did was to break up in platoons and begin to study the military technique of camouflage, target shooting, sapper work and the use of topographical maps and compasses. The two last could not have been necessary since one of the great advantages possessed by the guerrillas is their thorough knowledge of the territory through which they operate. In their free moments they filled hundreds of bottles with gasoline, which when set on fire make nasty antitank weapons.

Guerrillas—with Tanks

The band set up camp in the thickest part of the forest, with headquarters where arms, ammunition, the sick and the wounded could be left with a small guard. The three women members usually stay there to look after the wounded, cook and do laundry, but when needed they also pick up rifles and go out to fight with the men. The whole detachment never assembles at camp at the same time for fear of betraying their presence or of being attacked and having everyone killed at once. So far their efforts at concealment have been effective, for the Germans have not been able to locate the camp. Caches for supplies have been dug through the woods and a variety of secret meeting places designated which are never used twice in succession.

The peasants in the neighboring villages provide the partisans with food and keep them informed of all German moves. The band also keeps in contact with the regular Red Army units on the front and in the enemy's rear, and several times co-operated with them in attacking Nazi troops. It is also partially equipped by the army, a general practice which gives rise to a cry of outrage from the Germans. "Who ever heard of guerrillas with tanks?" they ask indignantly.

"Our first job," Bumazhkov said when telling about his group, "was to attack an enemy tank unit which wanted to cross the river. For several days we managed to hold them on the opposite bank, destroying fifteen tanks and fifteen armored cars with our flaming bottles of gasoline. When the tanks caught fire the crews would jump out fast. That was our chance to pick the men off one by one. They had to bring up reinforcements before they could get across that river," he added proudly.

Another time, after the Red Army had

(Continued on page 74)



We bet you've never tried America's oldest mixed drink



IF YOU'VE NEVER TRIED a cold Toddy, maybe it's our fault.

You see, we've frequently described the virtues of the *hot* Toddy. But we've somehow overlooked telling you what a soul-satisfying drink its older brother—the *cold* Whiskey Toddy—can be!

In a way, though, you who are about to enjoy this grand drink for the very first time are especially fortunate...

For today there awaits you a very special whiskey...a superb Four Roses that endows a Toddy with almost breath-taking magnificence!

So, follow faithfully the simple directions given below and discover this time-honored drink for yourself!

How to make a Four Roses cold Whiskey Toddy

Into a large Toddy glass put a scant teaspoonful of sugar, one jigger of water, and a twist of lemon peel. Now pour in two brimming jiggers of Four Roses. Add a lump of ice, stir gently...and savor to the full the surpassing flavor, the mellow perfection, of this majestic drink...a drink with not a single frill to dim the luster of Four Roses' brilliance!



Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore



1. Mrs. Casey gets a whirl! Mr. Casey gets up on his toes! And why? Because he's just seen an out-of-season vision of loveliness... a mouth-watering shortcake, crowned with luscious-looking strawberries, she made especially for him. You'd yip with joy, too. It's a strawberry shortcake made with Birds Eye Frosted Strawberries!



2. And, madam, these Birds Eye Strawberries *should* be delicious. They're pampered, petted, and fussed over all their lives. Specially selected plants... the finest growing soil... and then carefully supervised growth under a warm summer sun, until...



3. The miracle quick freezing of Birds Eye Foods catches Mother Nature in mid-air! At the moment when those strawberries are in an aim-to-please mood, we pluck the prettiest, wash their faces, slice 'em, and pop 'em into the quick freezer. So when you go shopping...



4. Clean, perfect, garden-fresh strawberries are yours for the taking... regardless of seasons! No waste, no culls, no leaves or stems... and Birds Eye Strawberries are cheaper than market berries 9/10 of the time! One box serves four generously. Serve them with shortcake, with ice cream, in tarts, or with cream. (Take advantage of the reduced price... for one week only!)



SPECIAL!
ONE WEEK ONLY!
Sept. 22 to Sept. 27

STRAWBERRIES
Try one of the delicious, easy-to-prepare desserts pictured above.

HADDOCK FILLETS

FEATURED:—Scallops • Asparagus Cuts
Green or Wax Beans • Boysenberries
COMPARE!... All Birds Eye Foods are fine foods... and always economical!

MARK THIS WELL! Not all quick-frozen foods are Birds Eye! So look for the Birds Eye on the store window and on the package. It *guarantees* over 60 first-quality Birds Eye Foods! **THEY MUST SATISFY OR MONEY BACK!**
LOOK! Now you can have the new 64-page Birds Eye Cook Book—with recipes galore—for only 10¢. Ask your dealer for one or write Birds Eye Frosted Foods, Dept. Col. 9-27, Battle Creek, Mich.



It Ain't No Sin

Continued from page 15

"I'd be pleased," Refugee said politely. "Gimme a bottle of strawberry pop," he added to the waiter.

"Ah, you can't get sent on no soda pop," Arzelia teased. "Why'ncha have a little snort?"

"I don't drink no whisky no more," Refugee said. "I don't figure hit no natchal sin but I gotta keep in shape."

"Oh, yes," Arzelia said as if suddenly remembering. "You're the fighter what was saved and aims to get to be a preacher."

"Ise saved, all right," Refugee said. "De Lord sent Mr. Willie clean to de center of de ole river to save me, an' I mostly done what he says ever since an' I ain't lost a fight."

"Done what who said?"

"Mr. Willie," Refugee said.

"Who's Mr. Willie?" Arzelia asked.

"Mr. Willie Wurtzel," Refugee said. "My manager."

"You set a right smart store by Mr. Wurtzel, don't you?" Arzelia said.

"I sets a heap," Refugee said simply.

"Well," Arzelia said, "it ain't no sin."

The music started and Refugee's shoulders twitched. Arzelia stood up. "Let's us get in the groove," she said.

WILLIE WURTZEL strolled out of Lindy's restaurant, flicked a stray fragment of smoked herring off his tightly stretched multicolored vest and bit the end off a long black cigar.

A large, well-dressed man standing at the curb contemplating his fingernails hailed him: "How, Willie? What gives?"

Willie walked over to the curb. "Hello, Ed," he said. "Nothin' much. How's things with you?"

"Okay. How's the tarball?"

"All right," Willie said casually. "I just signed him for an outdoor show with Jimmy Stiller."

"Stiller's a nice boy."

"What kinda price you make me on the fight?" Willie asked.

"Dunno yet," Ed Delaney said. "But I'll make you a price."

"Be Stiller money around," Willie said. "He's a Fancy Dan."

"I'll let you know," Ed said. "I'd guess it'd maybe be eight and five and take your choice."

"I'll take two and a half G's of that right now," Willie said.

Ed Delaney looked at him in mild and hurt surprise. "Why, Willie," he said. "You know I don't bet my money. I'm a commission man."

"Well," Willie said, "lemme know."

"That's my business," Ed Delaney said, and went back to the contemplation of his nails.

Willie walked on over to the corner and disappeared into the subway kiosk, caught an uptown train. At 135th Street, he climbed out and made his way toward Senate "Slippery" Ellum's Eatmor Fish and Chips Shoppe.

Inside, he sought out Slippery. "Where's Refugee?" he asked.

Slippery Ellum looked up from his position at the cash register, shook his head. "He ain't been in yet," he said. Then, lowering his voice, he went on, "He was at the Yellow Front last night with Arzelia Toogood."

"Sounds like a candy bar," Willie said. "What is it?"

"It's a gal."

"Gal?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Willie, a gal. Infinite Sanders' gal."

"Sanders, the gambler?" Willie asked, a slight frown appearing on his face. "The fellow used to bank policy?"

"That's right."

The door opened and Refugee appeared. He was yawning hugely. Willie glanced at his watch. "Hello, boy," he said.

"How do, Mr. Willie," Refugee said. He turned to Slippery. "How's de ham an' eggs?"

"Give him lamb chops and spinach," Willie Wurtzel said.

"Us has got a fight?"

"Jimmy Stiller," Willie said. He paused impressively. "Outdoors."

"Hot diggety dog. Dat's de big money, ain't hit, Mr. Willie?"

"If it draws," Willie paused. "How you gettin' along with your readin'?"

"Pretty good," Refugee said. "I done tackled de Good Book."

"Where are you at?"

"I done made hit through Genesis an' I'm buckin' into Exodus."

"If you get time," Willie said pointedly, "skip over to Judges and read about Samson."

"De strong man?"

"He was stouter'n John Henry, till somethin' happened to him."

"What?" Refugee asked. "I disremember."

"He got to runnin' 'round with a gal. A wrong gal. Name of Delilah." Willie looked off out of the window. "Do three easy laps around the reservoir in the morning and be down to Stillman's at two o'clock."

"Yes, suh, Mr. Willie," Refugee said but he was looking at the floor.

A WEEK before the fight, Infinite Sanders, middle-aged, rotund and on the light tan side called on Arzelia Toogood in her apartment. He embraced her perfunctorily, lit a cigarette and dropped into his favorite chair. Bluntly, he asked: "How you doin'?"

"I ain't," Arzelia said sulkily.

"What's the matter? Don't he like you?"

"Oh, he likes me fine," Arzelia said.

"He gimme that watch yonder on the bureau and he taken me to the picture show the last three Sattiday nights, and two Sundays he taken me to church," she added a shade unsteadily. "He likes me fine."

"Five'll get you eight if Stiller beats him," Infinite said. "We could win a wad of dough, did Smith lose."

"I don't know what to do," Arzelia said. "He got more will power'n a river-bottom mule."

"Lemme think," Infinite said, folding his soft brown hands across his paunch. "If we can't get him outta shape we gotta run another angle. You gonna see him this week?"

"We's goin' . . ." Arzelia hesitated a moment. "We is goin' to prayer meetin' Wednesday night."

"That's two nights before the fight," Infinite said. "You couldn't maybe have him come over here the night before the fight."

"I dunno," Arzelia said. "I reckon I could. Why-for?"

"He's real religious, ain't he?" Infinite went on.

"He's a good man," Arzelia said, frowning. "He's a four-square jigaboo."

"He read the Bible, don't he?" Infinite asked. "I guess a guy like that'd be a Bible reader, wouldn't he?"

"He ain't what you would call a strong reader," Arzelia admitted, "but he workin' on the Book. He whup off maybe a page a day, he say."

Infinite Sanders' shrewd brown face twisted into a smile. He got up, walked into the tiny kitchen, looked at the ceiling. "Your kitchen ceilin'," he said enigmatically, "it need paintin' right

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Davis

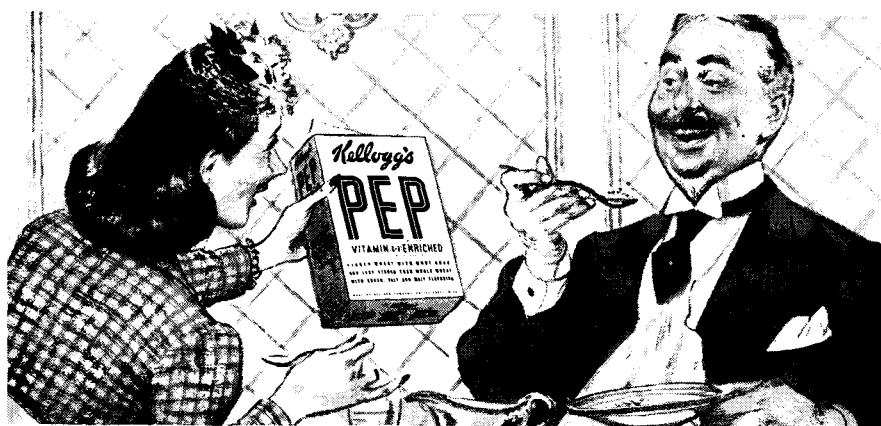


The Lawyer: Gentlemen of the Jury, there comes a time in every man's life when...



The Lawyer: How was I, sweetie?

His Daughter: Very logical, Dad. But where's that old fire—you know, that old zip, zest and zowie? You need more pep appeal! I'll bet you're not getting all your vitamins.



Daughter: There, my learned Mr. Counsel for the Defense, is your first lesson in getting your vitamins. A dee-licious cereal called KELLOGG'S PEP that's extra-rich in the two vitamins that are least abundant, and thus more needed, in ordinary diets.

The Lawyer: Hold on a minute! With all that vitamin talk, why didn't you tell me it tastes good too? Why this is the most delicious cereal I ever tasted!



The Lawyer: Gentlemen of the Jury, now that counsel for the defense has discovered vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP, before long things are going to be different around here.

Daughter: Well, where there's pep there's hope!

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Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

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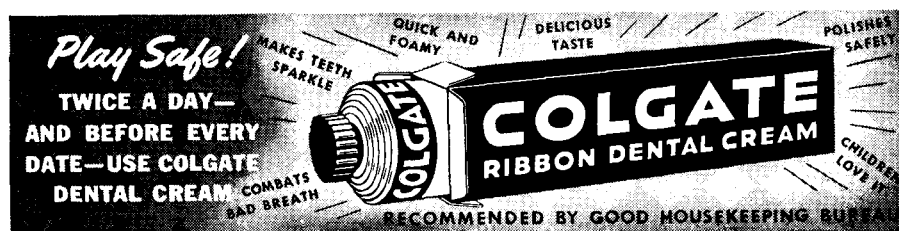


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BESIDES, Colgate's has a soft, safe polishing agent that cleans enamel thoroughly, yet gently . . . makes teeth naturally bright, sparkling! No wonder people everywhere are quitting liquids, powders and other pastes for Colgate Dental Cream!



bad. I 'spect that dumb jig would help you paint it did you ask him, wouldn't he?"

"I speck he would," Arzelia said.

"And he'd get thirsty paintin', don't you reckon?"

"Uh-huh."

"Okay," Infinite said. "This here is the layout. And I don't want no slip-ups."

WILLIE WURTZEL walked down Broadway from Stillman's gym where he had watched Refugee's last limbering workout before the fight. He found Ed Delaney in Dempsey's.

Willie worked his way into the bar beside Ed, ordered a drink. "What's the price?" he asked. "Still eight to five?"

Ed Delaney didn't turn his head. "Nope," he said. "There's a big play on Stiller. I can lay you even money."

"I'll take three thousand," Willie Wurtzel said.

Ed Delaney penciled a slip of paper briefly, pocketed Willie's six five-hundred-dollar bills. "You've made a wager," he said.

"Where's the play from, Ed?" Willie asked. "Stiller's a Brooklyn boy. Is it from over there?"

"Nope," said Ed Delaney, moodily contemplating his burnished nails. "Harlem."

"Harlem?"

Ed Delaney nodded, then asked: "What's the rush, Willie?"

"I just thought of somethin'," Willie Wurtzel replied over his shoulder.

WILLIE arrived at Slippery Ellum's Eatmor Fish and Chips Shoppe slightly breathless from his walk from the subway kiosk. "Where's Refugee?" he asked Slippery.

"He over to Arzelia's," Slippery said.

"He ain't been goin' out late at night with her, or drinkin' or nothin', has he?" Willie asked.

"Nope," Slippery said. "He been gettin' to bed early."

"Ain't really any my business," Willie said, worriedly. "If he keeps in shape I ain't got any right to tell him what he does. But there's somethin' mighty funny some place."

"What you gettin' at, Mr. Willie?" Slippery asked, worry creasing his chocolate brow. "I done bet a hunnerd dollars on Refugee."

"There's some smart money up here in Harlem thinks he's gonna lose," Willie said.

"Uhhhh, uh!"

"Yeah," Willie said. "I figure it must be Sanders."

"Ohhh!"

"Refugee be here tonight?"

"He generally stops by for a minute."

"I'll wait if it's all right," Willie said.

"You can set over there in the first booth," Slippery said. "I'll get you a newspaper to read."

There are a lot of ways to put the fix in on a fight, Willie knew. Sitting waiting for his fighter, he sifted the several score he was intimately familiar with through his mind. He shook his head, lit a cigar. "I don't get it," he said half aloud.

Refugee came in at nine-thirty. "Gimme a glass of milk," he said gaily. "I gotta get to bed."

Slippery nodded his head, pouring the milk and Refugee turned. "How do, Mr. Willie? What you doin' way up here so late?"

"I wanted to talk to you a minute."

Refugee came over and sat down in the booth. "Yes, suh."

Willie fumbled for words. "Miss—er—Miss Toogood. Arizona . . ."

"Arzelia," Refugee corrected politely. "Arzelia. She ain't . . . she ain't said anything about you helpin' her poor old mother or nothin' by losin' the fight, has she?"

"Naw, suh. She hope I win."

"You ain't gonna see her no more. I mean that is before the fight tomorrow night?"

"Naw indeedy, Mr. Willie. I been doin' just like you says." Polite as he was, there was a slight chill in Refugee's voice. Willie Wurtzel, acute to nuances of mood in his fighter, caught it.

"Okay. Well, I don't want to bother you none, boy. I just got to worryin' about you. I was engaged to get married up once myself. Her poppa paid the dowry with a rubber check. . . . Uh, sorry, don't want to bother you. I'll get along on home."

Refugee Smith didn't get up; instead he ran a black hand over his brow, sighed, took off his green pork-pie hat and fanned himself with it.

Willie Wurtzel looked down at him and his mouth flew open. Refugee Smith's head was as bald as an eight ball, and his color was muddy. "Boy! What they done to you?"

Refugee raised an apologetic hand, rubbed his head. "You mean my haid. I was adabbin' a little paint on Arzelia's kitchen ceilin' an she spilt some in my hair. . . ."

Slippery Ellum from across the little restaurant let out a wail: "She done shore him, Mr. Willie. She done shore him!"

Willie Wurtzel tried to stop Slippery but Slippery's eyes were on Refugee and the words poured from his mouth: "Ref you feels all right? You feels like you got your full stren'th?"

"I feels a little tired," Refugee began. He stopped.

Willie Wurtzel saw the whites of his eyes as he rubbed his head and comprehension stole across his face like a slow and horrible shadow. "I've been done outta my stren'th like Samson," Refugee Smith said in a voice laden with doleful conviction.

Willie Wurtzel's voice rose into a near scream: "That's a lie!" He grabbed Refugee's wrist, felt his pulse. "You drink anything over there, boy, after you got done paintin'?"

"Nothin' but a glass of water," Refugee Smith said. "An' now I feels so weak I couldn't whup Mr. Tom Thumb with a baseball bat."

"Listen to me," Willie said and his voice was harsh. "It didn't do nothin' to your strength to have that gal cut your hair. She give a pill in that water to make you feel weak for a little while. You'll be all right in a little while."

"Ise sorry, Mr. Willie," Refugee said slowly. "But I am afeard you are mistook, 'cause I just natchally feels destren'thed."

"And I," Willie Wurtzel moaned, "I told him to read about Samson."

WAITING for the bell, Willie made one final appeal. "The Doc told you that your hair didn't have nothin' to do with it. And he told you that that little thing you drunk has done wore off. So please, boy, get out there and fight your fight."

Refugee looked around at his manager. "You don't unnerstan' Mr. Willie," he said, "I is . . ."

The bell sounded.

Refugee, the whites of his eyes shining, went out slowly. Jimmy Stiller, blond and wiry, moved in, stabbed him sharply on the nose, danced away. Refugee followed him almost meekly.

When the bell brought Refugee to his corner Willie was hissing in his ear before he was on the stool. "Bull into him, boy, work on his belly." But Willie Wurtzel's voice carried no more conviction than Refugee's padded hands.

Refugee didn't answer.

Infinite Sanders twitched a knob on the radio, placed within easy reach of his favorite chair in Arzelia's apart-

ment. The announcer's staccato words were pleasant in his ears: *Stiller stabs Smith with a right to the face. Stiller hooks his left twice to the head. The colored boy misses with a right. His right eye is nearly closed. And there's the bell that ends the seventh round.*

Infinite Sanders looked over at Arzelia. "We's in the bag, baby," he said. "Stiller's got the fight won by a mile."

Arzelia didn't look at him. "Refugee might knock him out," she said in a faint voice. "Refugee might go for to knock him out."

"Naw," Infinite said. "Long as Smith thinks he ain't got no stren'th he ain't got any." He lit a cigarette and the squinting of his eye where the smoke rose to it gave him a faintly evil expression. "Your share of this'll be plenty potatoes, honey."

Arzelia looked at the floor.

WILLIE WURTZEL wasn't watching the fight. Down under the ring apron he was rummaging frantically through his little black bag. "If it'll only work," he muttered to himself. "If only it ain't lost its strength."

Long ago, for a purpose somewhat brutal and completely nefarious Willie Wurtzel had bought a tube of stuff. On the tube was written: Deado: an anesthetic ungent.

Willie Wurtzel found the tube, turned to his one-hundred-fifty-dollar plush overcoat that he was afraid to leave in the dressing room, and grabbing up a sleeve, braced himself and tore it out by its roots. With a penknife he hastily finished his work. He climbed back into the ring with the bell.

Refugee came to his corner, slumped onto his stool. Willie Wurtzel disregarded his fighter's puffed and bleeding eyes, squeezed a generous portion of the stuff from the tube into his hand and under cover of a cold sponge, rubbed it into Refugee's shining head. "Stall through this'n, boy," he pleaded. "An' things'll get different."

"They can't get no diff'unt, Mr. Willie," Refugee muttered brokenly, "till my hair grows out."

"Stick out this round," Willie begged.

"I ain't gonna quit," Refugee said, "do he beat me blind, but my haid done gone deader'n a doorknob."

Willie Wurtzel slipped the plush from his pocket, up Refugee's neck, anchored it with two swiftly pressed pieces of tape. "I don't wonder," he said, and his voice was dripping awe.

"How come, Mr. Willie?"

"I guess maybe," Willie Wurtzel said with tense casualness, "it's because you've sprouted a head of hair."

Refugee Smith didn't move for an instant. Then slowly, carefully, fearfully,

one leather-clad hand moved toward his head. It stopped there for an instant, then descended in the lush cloth from Willie Wurtzel's plush coat. "Lord, Mr. Willie!" Refugee whispered, "You've give me back my stren'th!"

"Yeah, boy!"

"But Mr. Willie, he done won de fight. I can't stop him."

"Why not?" Willie's voice was hoarse and pleading.

"I can't see him."

Willie stopped the flow of blood above the right eye, moving with the speed and skill of a prestidigitator, grabbed his sterile razor blade. All the time he talked. He talked six thousand dollars a minute: "Refugee, boy. They done tricked you but 'member old Samson. He slew more of them Philistines when he's blind than any other time and he slew a herd of 'em. Well, I'm fixin' to fix you so you can see. I want you to go out there and tear this guy apart."

"Amen!" Refugee Smith said grimly.

Willie leaned down, slit the lump that kept Refugee's eye closed, and worked efficiently with collodion and tape.

Refugee Smith came out fast in his old crouch. He had his chin tucked behind his shoulder and his hands cocked low. He bulled Jimmy Stiller to a corner, taking a couple of lefts, hooked his own left and right twice, crowding in, his head down, slugging.

Jimmy Stiller's mouth flew open with the second left and he fell, disorientedly, like a rag doll, forward slowly on his face.

Refugee Smith walked slowly to his own corner. His face, battered and bloody, was grave. He stood there, still, while the referee completed the count. Willie Wurtzel, in the ring with ten, reached up and tore the plush patch from his fighter's head and threw it down out of the ring.

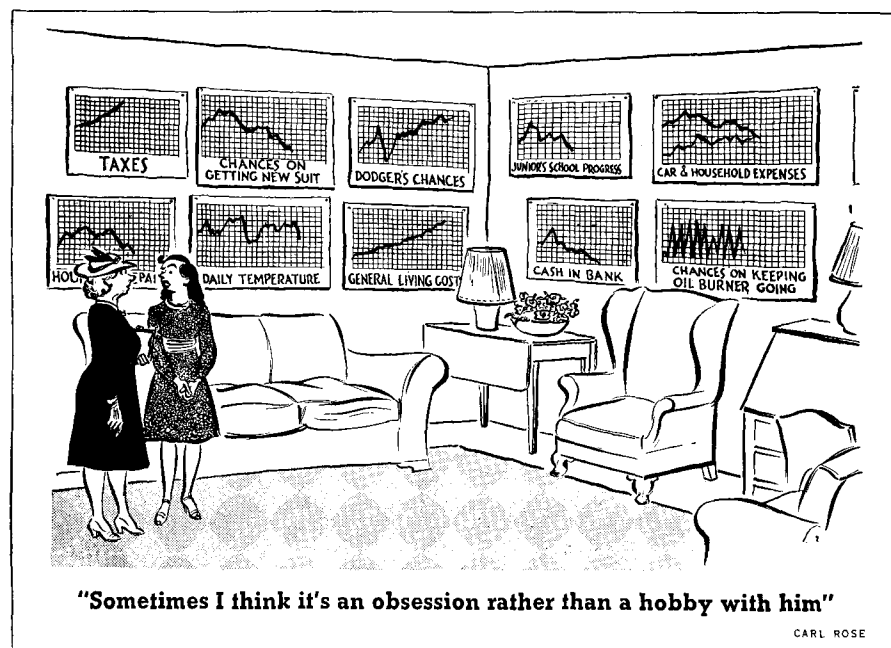
"Boy," he said, "believe me. They'll tell you I put somethin' on your head and you thought it was hair. But your strength came back to you, didn't it?"

Refugee rubbed his bald head. For a long time he stood there; but finally he grinned. "Mr. Willie, all at onct I felt surely full of them black corpuscles and maybe de Lord done growed me just a smidgin of hair to last me out one roun'."

Willie Wurtzel grinned back at his fighter, looked across the ring at the still inert form of Jimmy Stiller. "One rock was enough for David," he said, "and one round was enough for you."

"Yes, sir," Refugee said. "De Lord he do things different in de Yankee Stadium than he do 'em in Gaza but hit looks like hit work out to de same thing."

"Amen," said Willie Wurtzel.



"Sometimes I think it's an obsession rather than a hobby with him"

CARL ROSE

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● "You shave free and easy—clip minutes from your shaving time—and wind up feeling as if a master barber had given you his personal care. Your face looks younger and more attractive—you finish with a freshening coolness that stays with you for hours.



● "Ingram's gives you more than the clean and cool shave you have always hoped for and never quite achieved. No lotions necessary—no tonics needed with Ingram's. Each Ingram's shave feels like an invigorating facial. Get a tube or jar today! Concentrated for economy."

INGRAM'S

SHAVING CREAM

The General Smiled Again

Continued from page 12

instrument cabinet. So did Miss Nergin. The general's hand was still outstretched behind his shoulder. He did not see the look of stark horror that had crept into Miss Nergin's beautiful eyes.

"You don't suppose—" she whispered—and her voice had the color of putty in it.

"He went out too quiet at that," groaned the dentist.

"What's that? What's that?" The general yanked the towel from his neck and swung to his feet. "My teeth, please, Doctor. . . ."

"They're—they're not here, General," said the dentist, bravely. "That drunken Polack must have . . ."

"Stolen my teeth?" roared the general. For an instant he stood stock-still. His trained mind was making an estimate of the situation. For an instant only he stood. In the next moment he had leaped through the door and was pelting down the stairway at a pace that was highly creditable to a man only two years short of retirement.

HE DASHED out into the street. His car stood at the curb. His aide saw him coming, jumped out and held the door.

"Stop him!" yelled the general.

"Yes, sir," snapped Lieutenant Wells, who had learned that an officer's first duty is to obey—even if you don't know what the order is.

"Did you see him?" gasped the general, climbing into the car. "Big yellow-haired Swede?"

"Yes, sir. Quarter hour ago. Looked half soused. Singing and laughing—big face and magnificent teeth!"

"My teeth!" howled the general. "Drive on, Mr. Wells. We'll catch him before he reaches Main Street." The aide slid the panel, and gave the order to the chauffeur—orderly; and they started.

But they did not catch Joe. After ten minutes of fruitless search they stopped at a drugstore and Lieutenant Wells went in to telephone.

He was gone the better part of twenty minutes. When he emerged from the drugstore, his face bore a look of qualified success. He leaned through the car window and spoke in a low voice:

"We're on his track, sir. His name is Joe Korvaski. He went straight from the dentist to the civilian draft office here in town. But he'd already left there when I got them on the wire. They—ah, they'd already passed him. 'One-B,' you know, sir—limited service. Said he had a satisfactory denture. . . ."

"Pathed him! Pathed my teeth, you mean! Couldn't those civilian block-heads see they weren't his teeth!"

"Well, sir—I imagine they were a bit perfunctory about it. Mrs. Upton is quite a local power, of course, and these draft boards have been given a good deal of discretion. Also, it would seem that this Joe used your name rather freely."

"My name!"

"Yes, sir. Said you wanted him to report at the camp hospital for examination tomorrow; said you were back of him in the whole business. . . ."

"Back of him! By the living—"

"Well, sir, of course, in a manner of speaking, you are back of him." The general glared. The lieutenant picked a slip of paper from his tunic. "I've got his home address and the places where he hangs out. How about notifying the police, sir?"

"Thertainly not," snapped the general. "Thertainly not! Be in all the papers. Make me a laughingthtock."

"We might send a detail of M.P.'s from the camp," hazarded Mr. Wells.

"Worth yet. Am I to use my own Gethtapo to get my own teeth?"

"Well, sir, then there's nothing for it but to track him down ourselves. We'll try the Silver Grille. They tell me that's the most likely place."

When they reached the Silver Grille, the lieutenant turned to his chief: "It wouldn't look too well for you, sir, in a place like this. Shall I go in first and try a little diplomacy?"

The general nodded and sank back in his corner. But as the aide was turning away he sat up suddenly. A look of gray terror had come on his face.

"Tomorrow! Say—I forgot tomorrow!"

"Yes, sir," nodded the lieutenant, "I'd been thinking of that. Divisional review at 2 P.M. You can't very well take the salute—er—I expect you could since it's not exactly a speaking part. But it might be a bit awkward."

"The Thcretary of War ith coming!" groaned the general. He turned an anguished eye on his aide. "Diplomacy be damned. Wellth! Go into that plath! Kill him. Knock hith teeth down hith—No—no! I don't mean that—"

"Leave it to me, General," said Mr. Wells soothingly. "Just keep a stiff upper lip while I'm gone, sir."

He turned and hurried into the Silver Grille.

General Shapley lay back with his eyes closed. His lips were shut in a sharp, hard line. Through the open windows of the car there came a cheerful, chirrupy sound. The general opened a lackluster eye to behold the portly façade of Mrs. Okes Upton.

"How fortunate!" chirruped Mrs. Upton. "How wonderfully fortunate. Who would have thought of running across you here—of all places! Dear General Shapley. You have been so co-operative. Did Joe find you at Dr. Sterns'?"

General Shapley shook his head, but did not speak.

"Why—what is the matter, General?"

Oh, of course! You've just been to the dentist. You poor dear. What did he do to you?"

"Toof out," mumbled the general behind his hand. Since there were some sixteen out in the upper story alone, this may be set down as one of those masterly understatements of which only the military mind is capable.

"Toof out," mumbled the general again. It seemed a good line to take.

"Oh, you poor darling. Well, I won't try to make you talk. I know how you must be feeling. But I'll see you tomorrow at the review. I'm sure you'll be feeling better by then. Remember, General—you've promised to talk to me all the time, except when they're actually saluting and everything. And isn't it just too wonderful that the Secretary is to be there? Well, I must be running along. Tra-la-la, General."

AS SHE turned away, Lieutenant Wells emerged from the saloon. He cast a nervous glance at Mrs. Upton's retreating back, and leaned in the car window.

"Did she—er—ah—?"

"Thee did not!" snapped the general.

"Did you find him?"

"Yes, sir. But—"

"Thplendid, my boy! Thplendid!" The general held out his hand. "Hand 'em over."

"I—er—I haven't got them yet. You see, sir, when Joe saw me—I suppose it was the uniform—he began coughing behind his hand. He must have taken them out then. So I didn't actually see them. But I'm positive he has them. He won't either admit or deny. He's fairly drunk, but he seems very shrewd. It—it will require diplomacy."

"You mean to thay he refuted to thurrnder my—"

"Not in so many words, sir. It—er—it seems he wants to make a dicker."

"Dicker!"

"Yes, sir. When he's in the Army



"... will Mother Cleaby find those precious papers, and will Dr. Otis arrive in time to save Jane's baby? Frankly I don't give a damn, folks—my number is up in the draft. WHEEEeee!"

PAUL WEBB

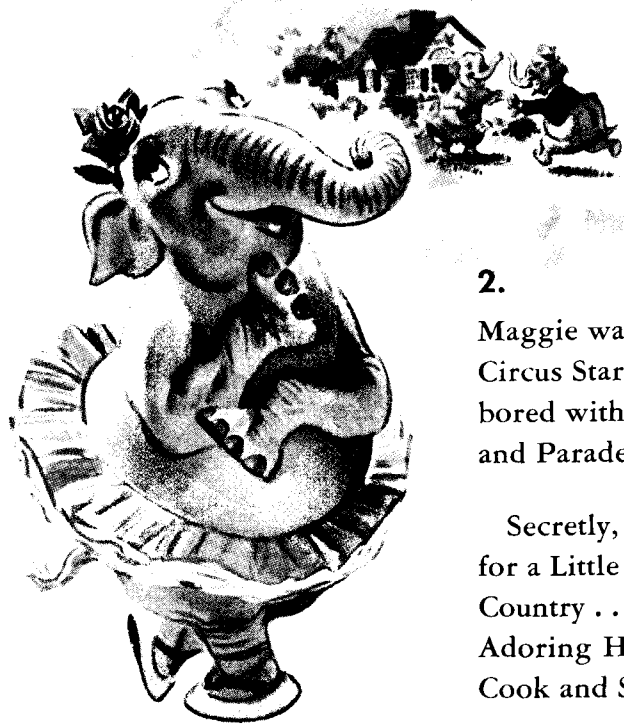
ALL THE WORLD LOVES A "HAPPY BLENDING!"



1.

Eustace was an Ambitious Elephant who saved his Peanuts and spent his evenings studying Memory Courses.

Yet Eustace was no mere Stodgy Grind. At heart, he was a Romantic Soul.



2.

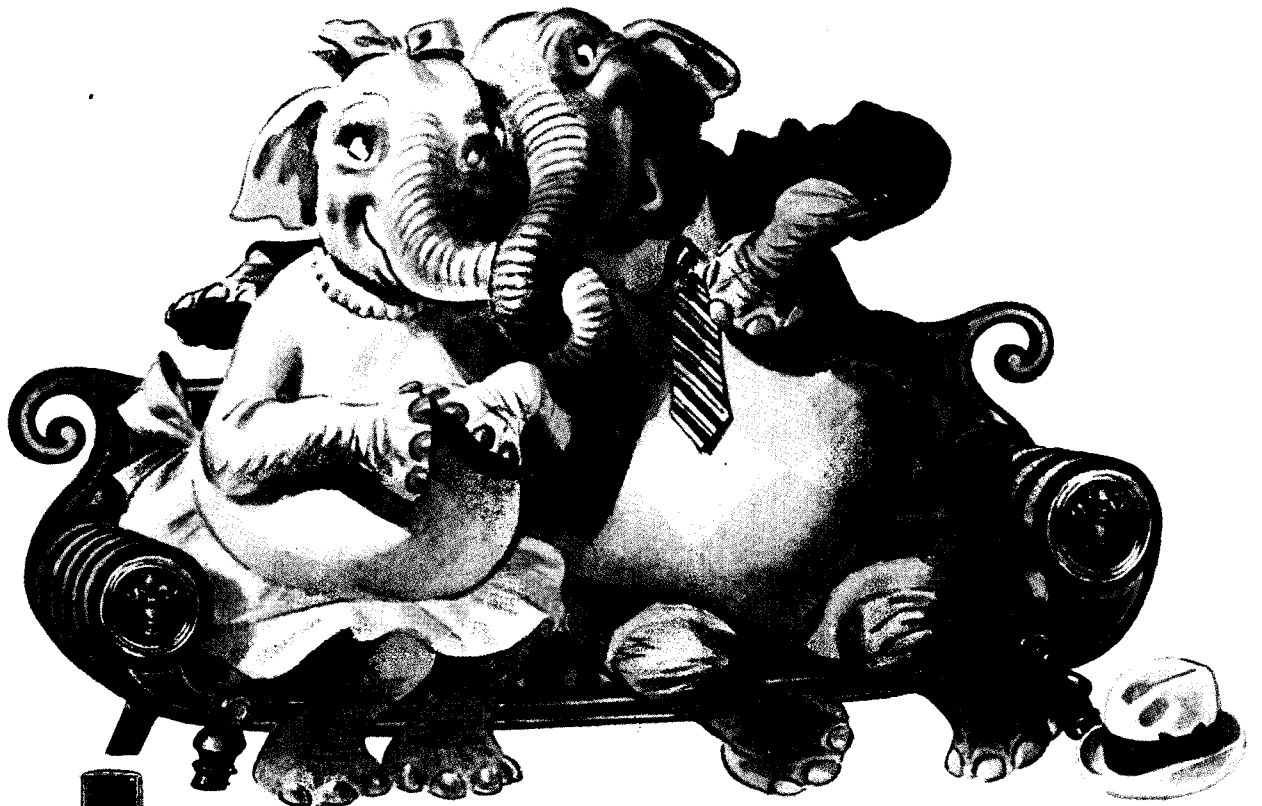
Maggie was a beautiful Circus Star who was bored with Pomp and Parades.

Secretly, she yearned for a Little Home in the Country . . . and an Adoring Hubby to Cook and Slave for.

3.

When Eustace met Maggie it was Love at First Sight. They *Belonged* together—like Honey and Waffles.

And that's the Secret of CALVERT Whiskey . . . It's a mating of every desirable Whiskey Quality . . . a mellow triumph of Happy Blending.



4. Calvert skillfully "marries" the right Combination of Whiskey Virtues to give its blending a Happy Ending in finer taste and flavor.

That's why CALVERT is America's favorite Luxury Whiskey!



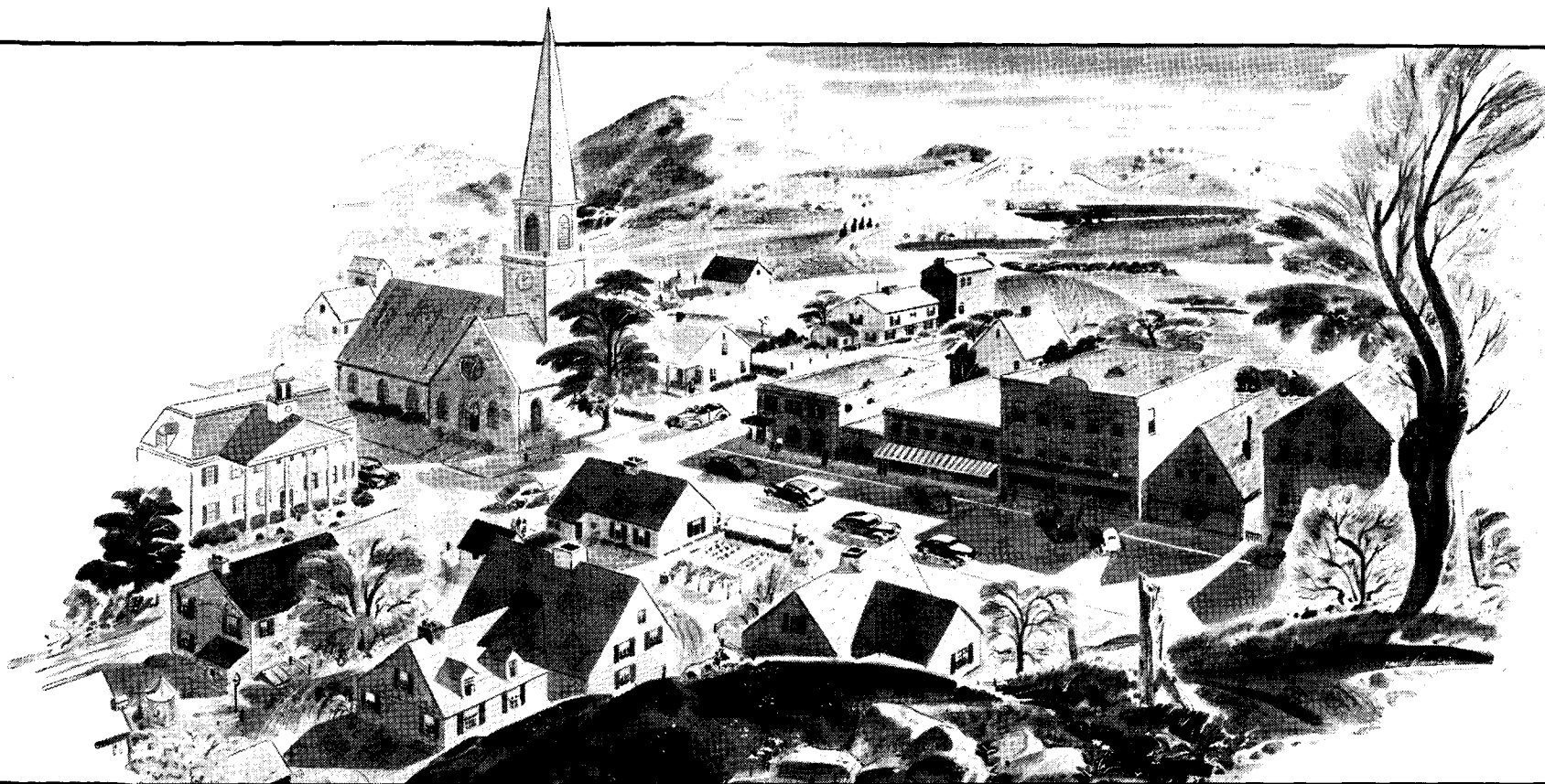
MORAL:

Call for Calvert

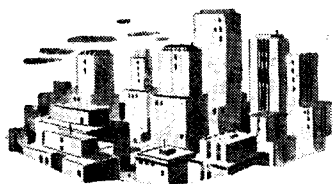
THE WHISKEY WITH THE "HAPPY BLENDING"

BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copr. 1941, Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City

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PRODUCT OF
Delco-Remy



you get back your teeth. He says Mrs. Upton promised him."

"The infernal thcoundrel! I'll—I'll—" "I'm inclined to think we may have to come to it, General," said the lieutenant. "Korvaski holds the key to the—er—review, so to speak. We could rush him through with a word from you to the chief medical officer, of course."

General Shapley glared at his aide. "I'm only thinking of your career, sir," suggested Mr. Wells softly. The general's glare faded to a troubled frown as he thought it over.

"Perhapth you're right, Mr. Wellth—perhapth you're right. Very well. Go back and make whatever arrangementth are nethethary."

"There's a bit of a hitch there, too, sir. Joe—er—holds rather definite views about democracy. Has the absurd idea that generals are no different from anybody else. Says after he's in the Army it'll be your turn, but until then he's going to deal man to man."

"Very well; very well. Go deal with him."

"Er—that's the hitch, sir. He refuses to treat with subordinates. He insists that you come in and talk things over and have a drink—!"

"Me? Drink with an enlithted man?"

"He's not an enlisted man yet, sir. I—ah—had a drink with him myself. Couple of 'em, in fact. Strict line of duty. Made me see the whole situation very clearly."

THE general became lost in troubled thought. The lieutenant leaned forward and lowered his voice: "If your negotiations break down, sir, there is one other line of action that has occurred to me. This man is fairly drunk already—" He stopped, leaned still closer, and spoke in a rapid whisper. The general listened, and as he listened his head came up to the alert.

"Very good, Mr. Wells," he snapped. This time he really did snap. "I accept your dual plan of action. Diplomacy first: if that fails—all-out 'blitz'." Once again he was the decisive soldier. His self-consciousness fell away and his "esses" came out like escaping steam. "Give the orderly supper money and have him report back here at the car in

three hours. Let's go. Thank God, it's getting dark."

The lieutenant gave the orderly money and took the keys of the car. The man saluted and disappeared up the street. General Shapley and Lieutenant Wells, looking neither to right nor to left, marched smartly into the Silver Grille.

JOE KORVASKI was standing at one end of the bar. When he caught sight of the officers, he waved an arm and grinned: the gummy, unabashed grin of an amiable infant.

"We'll take a table in one of those booths, sir," said the lieutenant hastily. "If you'll sit down, I'll bring him over."

Joe came over, carrying a drink in one hand, and plunked himself down on the bench across the table from the general.

"Please' to meet yer," he held out a ham-sized hand. The general winced but came through.

"Now, my man—" began the general. "Let's all have a drink," said Joe.

"What'll it be?"

"I'll order, sir," said the lieutenant quickly, and beckoned to a waiter.

"Now, my man—this fool play must end. Hand over my—er—denture. And be quick about it."

"Who says I got 'em?" asked Joe, resentful of the tone.

"You have been seen with them actually in your"—the general gulped—"in your possession."

"I ain't got nothin' like the money that dentist said," mumbled Joe. "An' I just gotta get in the Army." And then, in an aggrieved tone, "An' whatcha want to bawl me out for up to the doc's, huh? Maybe I wouldn't've—"

"Hah! You admit you stole them!" "Admit nuthin'," said Joe stonily.

The general frowned.

"I don't wish to be forced to turn you over to the police—"

"I'll say you don't!" agreed Joe. Suddenly he started to giggle. The comic implications were beginning to strike him. "I'll say you don't, General. Le's have a drink." He was all good nature again. "I don't mind sayin' I could put you in the way of findin' them teeth—if you was to put me in the way of



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In the Summer of 1831, Cyrus McCormick demonstrated the practicability of his mechanical reaper by successfully cutting a six-acre field of oats.

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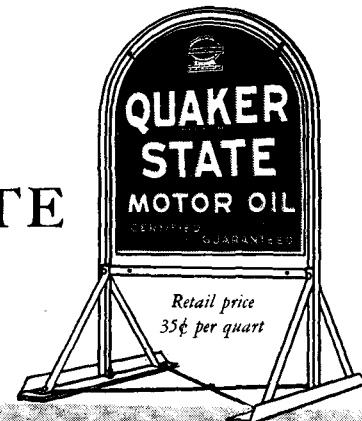
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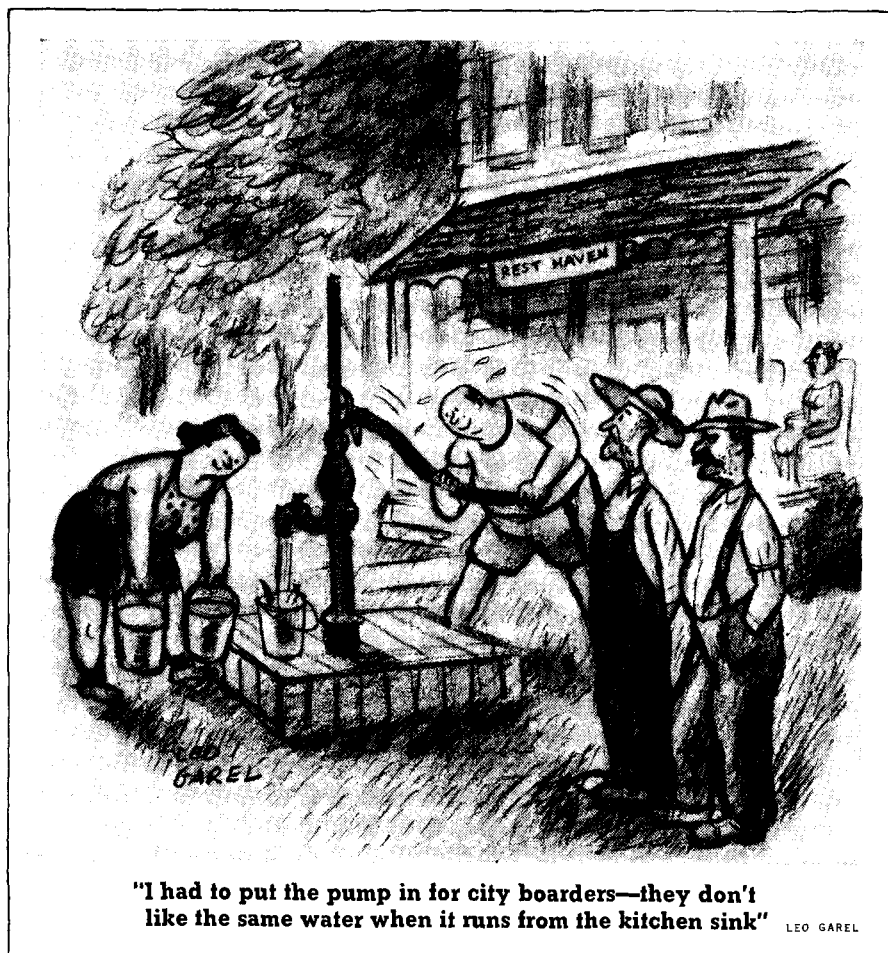
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STABILIZED QUAKER STATE MOTOR OIL



THE OIL OF CHARACTER



"I had to put the pump in for city boarders—they don't like the same water when it runs from the kitchen sink"

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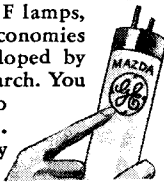
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gettin' into the Army—see? Mrs. Upton—she says you kin do most anything you've a mind to—"

"I—hrumph—Mrs. Upton is a most estimable woman. Anything I can do with propriety— But why, may I ask, are you in such a hurry to get into the Army, Korvaski?"

"Jest an idea," said Joe dreamily. "Some of them Nazis need killin'—"

The general decided on a flanking movement. He leaned forward and tried to fix Joe's eye. This was a little difficult, since Joe's eyes were focused on his whisky glass with a look of dreamy introspection. "Korvaski," began the general ingratiatingly, "I'm going to speak to you man to man. Of course, the Nazis need killing. And you're just the type of man to do it—all except your teeth. Combat troops have to have proper teeth."

"You ain't got no teeth yourself," mumbled Joe.

The general drew a sharp breath. "That's different, Joe," he said with quiet earnestness. "I lost my teeth in the last war. In strict line of duty, you might say. I am glad—I am proud—to have given my teeth for my country. Besides, a general is different. A general doesn't need teeth—"

"You need 'em bad enough right now," observed Joe without looking up.

"When I entered the Army I had magnificent teeth," added the general a trifle more stiffly.

"That's just it," returned Joe brightly. "Tha's all I want 'em for. To get in wit'. I don't wanta eat no Germans: I wanta shoot 'em."

THE general decided to try the other flank:

"Korvaski, this war is going to be fought and won in the machine shops of America—not on the battlefields. The Army is no place for a man like you. You'd be wasted there. Your skill, your experience, your fortitude—are needed in the work which you are now engaged in. Besides, a man's a fool to throw over a good job for twenty-one a month. Believe me, Korvaski, I speak only for your own—"

"Me, I don't wanta eat 'em," Joe repeated, getting rather unsteadily on his feet. "I wanta shoot 'em. An' that's that."

He turned and lumbered over to the juke box in the corner and dropped in a coin. Through the room came swelling the strains of God Bless America. Joe

stood by the juke box, swaying slightly, a beatific expression on his broad peasant face. Lieutenant Wells was watching him.

"I guess that's your answer, General," he said softly.

The general followed his aide's glance. A baleful light came into his own eye.

"Yes, Mr. Wells. You may now proceed with your blitz."

Joe was on his way back to the table, moving with exaggerated quiet in order not to miss a single note from the juke box.

"It's beautiful," he whispered. "Makes you feel you'd orter stand up, like when they play Star-Spangled Banner. Just plain beautiful—ain't it, General?"

IT WAS the better part of two hours before they left the Silver Grille. Soldiers though the general and his aide were, and presumably competent to judge such things, they had nonetheless underestimated Joe's capacity to take it—and to hold it.

However, the end result now appeared satisfactory. For as Joe emerged from the doorway, flanked by the two officers, he looked about as drunk as a man could be and yet keep his feet. In fact, he could not have kept his feet, had he not been propped on either side by his devoted military escort.

The general's cap was askew. He gave one agonized look up and down the street. No one in sight. They took the breadth of the sidewalk in one magnificent, lurching rush. Joe was catapulted into the rear seat, and lay sprawled, half on the floor. Then the general climbed in beside him, while the lieutenant took the wheel and got under way.

The general pushed Joe's head and shoulders off the seat to the floor of the car, and used him as a footstool. Nor was he especially gentle about it. Lieutenant Wells looked over his shoulder and nodded approvingly.

"That's right, sir. Keep him out of sight. We'll be out of town in no time now. Then we'll find a quiet lane. Phew! I feel a bit high myself, sir, if you'll forgive my saying so."

"Don't mention it, Mr. Wells; don't mention it. You've done an excellent piece of work, and I'll not forget it. Hrumpf! I don't mind saying I feel a bit more cheerful myself. Nice piece of work, Wells. Bit irregular, perhaps, but soundly conceived and brilliantly executed. Nothing left now but mopping



"Why, Marcia, how'd you ever get on this line?" HENRY BOLTINOFF



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Please help your Chevrolet dealer to protect your investment in your car and his own investment in your good will by allowing him to give your Chevrolet the skilled, dependable service such a fine piece of mechanism deserves.

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You'll like yeast this new way



JOEY: Your act is going over big. Been eating yeast again?

JILL: No... drinking Fleischmann's Yeast in tomato juice. What a vitamin cocktail!



JOEY: Say, that's an idea! Didn't I read that YEAST IS ONE OF THE RICHEST NATURAL SOURCES OF THE AMAZING VITAMIN B COMPLEX?

JILL: You sure did. Authorities agree that yeast and raw liver are about the only really abundant, natural sources of this wonder-working vitamin group. And if you aren't getting enough of these precious vitamins, try my vitamin cocktail. It's delicious!



JOEY: Good hunch. I used to eat yeast, and I felt like a million! But I never learned to like it.

JILL: Well, you'll like it now. Tastes like oven-fresh bread, in tomato juice. Twice a day, keep it up, and maybe you'll be louder and funnier than ever! The quicker you start, and the closer you stick with it, the better chance you have. Buy a week's supply. Get these vitamins this natural way. Get going!



MASH

...Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.



STIR

...Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and...



DRINK

your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too... whole business takes less than a minute!



Fleischmann's
Fresh Yeast

Ladies: If you bake at home use this same Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast...the household favorite of four generations.

up. Where's that lane of yours, my boy?"

"Right here, sir. I'm turning off the highway now. We'll douse the lights. I hope there's a flashlight in the car. Oh, yes, here we are. Now—sir—we'll pull him out on the road."

It was no easy job, with Joe's two hundred pounds of meat and muscle. But they yanked and hauled by the legs, and Joe finally came clear and lay prone, and as loosely inert as a stranded jellyfish. Mr. Wells poked him appraisingly with the toe of his boot.

"Out like a light! It was expensive, but I believe total anesthesia is best in these cases. If you'll hold the light, General, I'll go through his hip pockets first. Hum—nothing there, sir. Now we'll turn him over. 'Rolling him,' I believe the professionals call it."

They turned him over and the lieutenant went methodically from pocket to pocket. He found matches, chewing gum, cigarettes and a clasp knife. But no teeth. In one trousers pocket there were a couple of dollars in silver.

"Is that the last place?" demanded the general, almost beside himself again with anxiety. "We ought to keep the money. The blackguard never paid for a drink the whole evening."

"Remember your amateur status, General," said the lieutenant severely. "I've got two more pockets yet. They simply must be here. Unless the beggar hid 'em while I was out talking to you."

The two last pockets yielded nothing. Painstakingly—in mounting alarm—they went through Joe again. There were no teeth. Trembling with rage and disappointment, the general staggered to his feet. He raised his clenched fists and shook them at the blackness of the heavens. From his throat there came the sounds of a strong animal in agony.

"Ruined! Ruined!" he moaned. "The hound—the low, vile hound!" He ran toward the side of the road. "I'll kill him—I'll bash his head in!" His voice rose to a frenzy: "Give me a rock. No one will ever know—"

With one jump the lieutenant was beside him. Rank was forgotten. He shook his general as one would shake a hysterical woman.

"Remember your career, General!" he cried sternly. "Your country needs you!"

"It doesn't need him and me, too," gasped the general. "Gimme a rock!"

"Stop, sir!"

The general stopped. As suddenly as it had come upon him, the madness passed. Limply, shamedly, he suffered himself to be led to the car. Meekly he climbed in.

"Thank you, my boy," he whispered brokenly. "I—I don't know what came over me."

THE general wasn't much help in getting Joe back in the car. But it was finally accomplished. They drove back to Naugabury, for the most part in silence. After a time, the general spoke. His manner was chastened—almost deferential.

"I don't suppose there's anything more to be done," he ventured wearily.

"On the contrary, sir, I've just begun to fight," returned Mr. Wells, now definitely in charge of the situation. "If you'll permit me, sir, I have it all planned."

"Go ahead," said the general in a tone of deep melancholy. "What's your plan, Mr. Wells?"

"We take this man to his rooming house. You go back to your quarters. I shall stay with Joe and try to sober him up by morning. Then we will find your denture, and I'll bring him out to the camp hospital for his final examination. First thing in the morning, you get in touch with the camp medical officers and

arrange things at that end. Oh, and by the way, General—and this is most important: telephone Dr. Sterns to have a set of uppers in a box, ready to be called for by me; any old set will do, so long as they won't jangle around in Joe's mouth—"

"Great Scott—how many sets does he need to get into the Army?"

"Your set to get in, sir; a temporary set to fake with for a few days after he's given up yours. While Dr. Sterns is making him a set of his own. That was your promise to him, sir."

"So it was. So it was," agreed the general. "You don't suppose you could persuade him to exchange when you get the dentist's set—"

"And give up his hold on you to get him into the Army? Not a chance, General. Well, sir, here we are. Now if you'll give me a hand, we'll get him into the house."

IT WAS noon by the clock in the hallway of the post hospital at Camp Shepaug. Twelve o'clock noon, with the review less than two hours off, and the Secretary of War due to arrive at any moment in time for mess with the commanding general and his staff.

But the commanding general sat alone now in the hallway of the post hospital—without his staff, without his adjutant, without his aides. Sat alone, where he could command a view of the main entrance, and also of the line of draftees in the examining room adjoining. Sat alone, grim-lipped and silent—staring past the officers and soldiers who hurried in and out, and who plainly showed their amazement at the unexplainable presence of the commanding officer.

For three hours the general had sat there. Every now and then he had telephoned to his office from the booth in the corner. Every now and then, though less frequently, the adjutant had reported back to him from his headquarters. But from his aide, Lieutenant Wells, there had been no word since the night before. And it was now high noon.

The bell rang in the booth. The general jumped for it. It was Lieutenant Wells—at last. But his voice was heavy with defeat:

"Joe's drawn a blank, sir. Can't remember where he hid them. We're at the Silver Grille now. Joe's positive he came only here. We're turning the place upside down, garbage cans and all. But there's still time. I have two men sifting the incinerator in the back yard—"

The general hung up. His hand shook so that he had difficulty in finding the hook. He staggered back into the hallway, and sat down heavily. So this was the end! He sat watching the clock apathetically. A quarter hour went past—then a half. Again the bell jangled in the booth. It was his own office calling.

"General, the Secretary's party has arrived! What shall I say, sir?"

"Tell 'em I'm having a tooth pulled," grated the general.

"I've told them that already, sir."

"Well—tell 'em I'm having it put back again," snarled the general. "Tell 'em anything. I'll be there just as soon as—" He rang off.

Twenty minutes later his office called again. This time the adjutant sounded a little frightened:

"The Secretary presents his compliments, General, and he's very sympathetic about your tooth, and he's driving over to the hospital himself to pick you—"

The general smashed down the receiver with an anguished oath and dashed back into the hallway. The clock over the door showed twelve-forty-five.

But now, from the doorway itself—debouched the grinning, hulking form of Joe Korvaski—followed in the rear by

Lieutenant Wells, unshaven, disheveled and plainly out of wind.

Joe saw the general, and grinned. Grinned his most disarming and resplendent smile. And never, to General Shapley's fevered eyes, had his own teeth—though in another man's face—loomed so refulgent, so magnificent, so altogether desirable.

But not by word or sign did the general betray the immensity of his relief. He batted not an eye, nor a lip. With a soldierly flick of the thumb, he motioned toward the door of the examining room. Lieutenant Wells pushed Joe, and the general pushed Lieutenant Wells.

THE general took his post by the doorway again, where he could view the road. His heart was full of hope, whatever the void in his mouth. The clock crept to the hour. The seconds slowed to minutes—the minutes to hours.

The chief medical officer came out and lighted a cigarette.

"That big Swede your aide is interested in, General," he remarked casually, but watching the general covertly, "they're rushing him through. Ordinarily we're not taking limited service 'One-B's.' Got plenty of Class A to pick from. But Lieutenant Wells was insistent."

General Shapley nodded without turning his head.

"Nothing in regulations to prevent your taking him—is there?" he demanded, out of the corner of his mouth.

"No, sir," said the man of medicine.

"Very well," said the general shortly, and resumed his vigil of the road.

From a distance there came a wailing of horns. The general caught sight of the first of a long line of cars. The cavalcade drew closer and loomed larger. It swung into the driveway and screeched to a stop.

The general stared. He saw the Secretary of War seated in the second car.

Beside him sat Mrs. Okes Upton. She caught sight of the general in the doorway, and gaily waved her handkerchief. "Dear General!" she called out.

The general made no answer. His eyes had swung in staring horror at the occupant of the first car. The secret service men dropped lightly from the running board, and the general shrank back in his doorway—a sorely stricken man.

And at that blessed moment something hard and wet was thrust into his hand from behind.

"We found them in the juke box!" whispered Lieutenant Wells.

General Shapley swung around and coughed mightily into his hand. And when he finally faced front he was a man again. A man among men—as he strode smartly down the steps, and saluted his Commander in Chief, the President of the United States.

"Thought we'd give you a little surprise, General," said the C. in C. holding out his hand and smiling his celebrated smile. "Get in here and we'll take you back."

The Secretary of War had alighted and moved around to the head car; he was whispering something in his chief's ear.

"Ah, yes, General," nodded the President, "the Secretary has just reminded me. We've been hearing pretty good reports of you down in Washington. I think you'll find your name in the next list, with 'Major' instead of 'Brigadier' before the 'General.' Let me be the first to congratulate you, sir. We like the way you've put your teeth into the job down here—and kept 'em there."

The general saluted smartly.

Then he smiled. The smile "that slayed them;" the smile that was famous from Puerto Rico to "the Point"—met, and challenged the smile that was celebrated from Washington to Winnipeg, from Peoria to Paris.

PRIVATE KORVASKI was lined up in the Q. M. section, drawing his kit. He pushed his pile of breeches and shoes and socks along the counter.

"Where do I get my gun?" he demanded.

The issue sergeant looked down at Korvaski's card and then gave a sour smile.

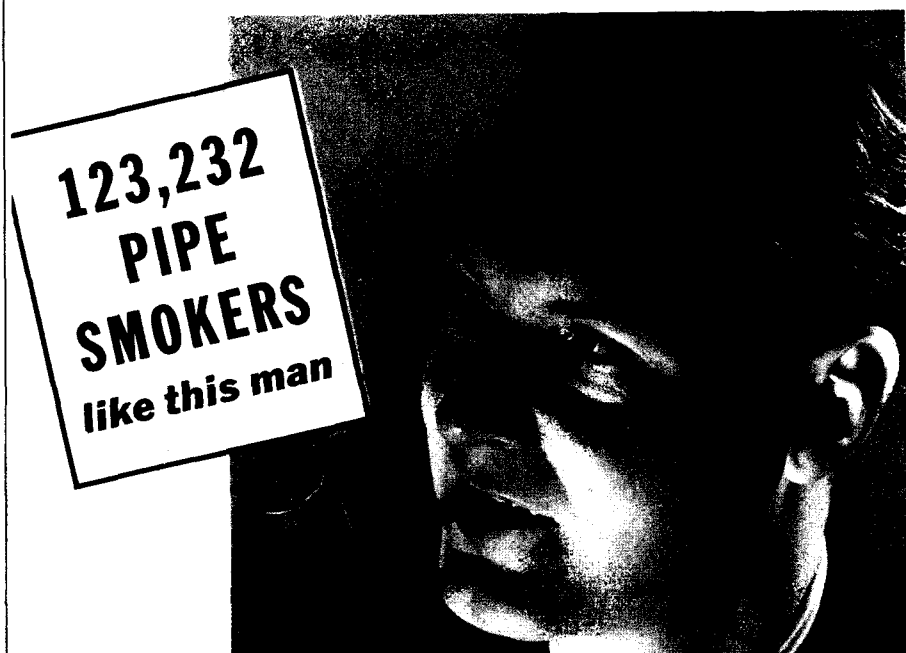
"What do you want a gun for, buddy? Class 1B—Limited Service. They's a bunch of you guys headin' for Trinidad on the next transport."

"Trinidad?" asked Joe suspiciously. "Where's that?"

"On the equator some place. Cool off nights to a hunnert an' ten maybe. Buildin' airfields. They's a pick an' shovel waitin' for you in a swamp down there. You don't want no gun. All you get the next coupla years is twenty-one a month an' sunstroke. Move along. Next man."

Private Korvaski scratched his mop of blond hair thoughtfully and moved along.

MISSING:



WANTED

in the ranks of smokers who have discovered this truly different, aromatic pipe mixture

HERE'S a new taste thrill you may never have known existed! A pipe mixture that smokes clean—sweet—mild as a custom blend—and GENUINELY AROMATIC!

It's BOND STREET—containing a rare aromatic tobacco never before used in any popular priced mixture.

Now—note this: Out of every thousand pipe smokers a high percentage won't smoke any other brand once they try it. So we know—among readers of this magazine—123,232 still have this exciting discovery to make!

Today—try BOND STREET yourself! Notice! It leaves no stale pipe odors in the room. Even the ladies like its delightful aroma. And observe—here's one pipe tobacco that doesn't lose its flavor!



BOND STREET
PIPE TOBACCO

15¢ GENEROUS SIZE POCKET TIN



A product of PHILIP MORRIS



HED WILLIAMS

"Tough and Springy"
That's an O'SULLIVAN
RUBBER HEEL!

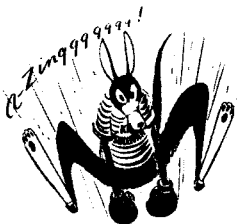


And This Is KID O'SULLIVAN—
"Tough and Springy" He's the symbol of
O'Sullivan's Rubber Heels



Save Money—O'Sullivan's heels are made to give you longer wear. They're TOUGHER! A sure way to save money is to—Insist on O'Sullivan's.

Real Comfort—O'Sullivan's heels are made of live rubber. They're SPRINGY. Get walking comfort you've never known before—Insist on O'Sullivan's.

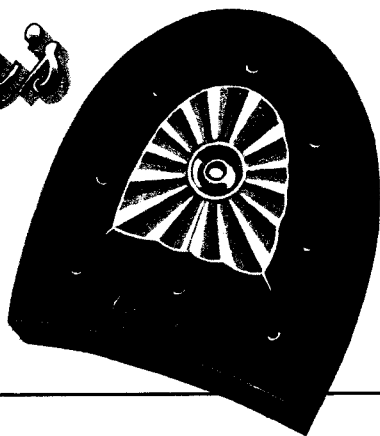


Your Shoe Repairman Is Your Friend—He wants to see you a satisfied customer—that's why good shoe repairmen recommend O'Sullivan's Rubber Heels and Soles...

Product of the O'Sullivan Rubber Company, Inc., Winchester, Virginia.

O'Sullivan's

RUBBER HEELS
AND SOLES



First step at glider school is to assemble and take apart sailplanes. These Air Corps lieutenant-students are from Duncan and McClellan fields



Major Geo. K. Gearhart dons a parachute before taking to the air. Advanced students experiment with stalls and spins, sometimes bail out

ARMY GLIDER STUDENTS

At the Lewis School of Aeronautics near Lockport, Ill., and at a similar school in Elmira, N. Y., twelve Air Corps officers from Wright, Duncan and McClellan fields are learning the whys and wherefores of soaring. Each officer flies at least twenty-five hours during the three weeks' experimental course, the idea being to acquaint at least a few Air Corps men with the glider technique Germany found useful. What the U. S. Army will do about gliders depends upon the reports of these men

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

OUR NEW ARMY

WASHINGTON

REPORTERS covering the West's biggest war games emerged unscathed but with the suspicion that the whole business was polished off with a few wooden guns and an invading army no bigger than a squad. Reason for this impression was that the top hats decided to dispense with the North vs. South technique used in the California fray and combine the Third and Fourth Army Corps so that an entire Fourth Army organization could fight as a unit. It created only one difficulty: The merger practically eliminated an "enemy" force. Field umpires (Collier's, Aug. 30th) came to the rescue, as usual, by imagining that invading troops were crashing the West Coast. Brass hats were tipped off in advance and given a chance to do some homework on what they'd do to defend the invasion points. When they'd made up their minds their plans were declared unalterable, the comparatively small enemy force got into position and the boys went to bat.

Umpires ruled that each invading soldier was ten men and each yellow jeep was four tanks. Defenders growled

about the odds, particularly in the case of an invading unit which piled nine jeeps into three Army trucks, drove them neatly through the defending lines and announced the presence of thirty-six tanks—count 'em. The defenders said nuts, it couldn't be done; see that pile of plywood covered with a white flag? Well, that's a road blockade. . . .

Army officers defend the use of phony weapons by pointing out that real guns fire only blanks in war games and that any old hunk of tree fills the bill when it comes to judging whether or not the gun has been well hidden, correctly sighted and properly placed. Besides, even the Germans were using wooden weapons up to three years ago.

News men were pretty peeved about the secrecy of the whole thing, because they missed what they thought would be interesting news; and photographers grouched because most of their subject matter consisted of imitation equipment. One of the reporters was talking to a colonel when a lieutenant rushed up and wrapped a strip of canvas around them. "Now," said he, "you can talk in safety. You're in a bombproof shelter." Well, the maneuvers keep the boys out in the open air, anyway.



Airplane tows like the one above take the glider to eight thousand feet. Soling in two hours, pilots consistently land in the sixty-foot circle shown below. Most difficult problem is getting used to sailplane's gliding angle



FORT LEWIS Near-by Tacoma's Mayor Harry Cain is so young he's registered for the draft, but right now he's using the presence of 50,000 troops in the area as an excuse to try out a pet plan: The outright closing of the city's twenty-two red-light houses. The order leaves perhaps 150 girls unemployed, but the state unemployment commission recently ruled that it had no authority to decide the difference between legal and illegal work, so the girls—along with speak-easy waiters and bookies—are eligible for compensation. Mayor Cain has received plenty of opposition since his order went into effect August 1st, and has told all concerned that he wants just six months in which to try the plan. "If," he said, "outright suppression doesn't work within that time, I'll be convinced that prostitution is necessary, and I'll lead the movement to have it legalized. In fact, I'll urge the state to take it over, so everything will be on the up and up; and with the state running the show, nobody will have any reason to suspect that the cops are getting any graft. The mayor thinks that the crooked cops on the force will get a chill out of that."

The shutdown doesn't mean that Tacoma is trying to drive soldiers away. Mayor Cain and five businessmen put up \$3,000 of their own dough, rounded up half as much again, sponsored an intercollege football game, finally brought the kitty up to \$6,000 and built a service

men's club uptown, under private ownership. To make sure the soldiers get there, officials arranged to make the club the bus terminus from Fort Lewis. Any soldier who wants to visit one of the tough spots below 13th Street at least has to hike some distance first. Nobody cares if the boys play blackjack upstairs, so long as they lose their shirts to fellow soldiers. Beer is served downstairs, and W.C.T.U. members from all over the state let the mayor know what they thought about that. "I told them two things," says Mayor Cain. "First, when we were trying to raise funds to make a recreation center, I didn't see any contributions from them. Second, if soldiers want beer they'll get it somewhere—and it's a better idea to give it to them in pleasant surroundings."

OREGON

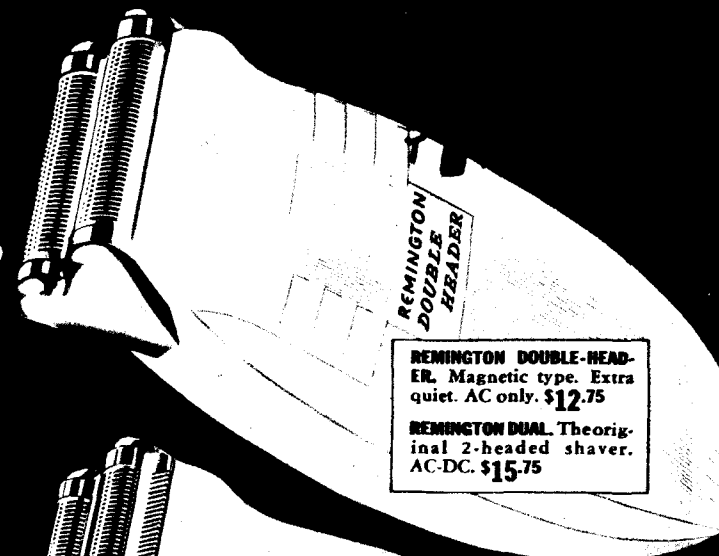


FORT STEVENS. Our item of July 5th relating the sad plight of the soldier who found himself in the guardhouse without reading matter now has a postscript. The first man, who had been supplied with magazines by the wife of a civilian engineer, left a note atop the garbage can saying he wouldn't need further reading matter, then wrote another note the following Monday morning saying he was back again. Remember? The latest news is (Continued on page 76)

HEAD-LINE NEWS

REMINGTON NOW OFFERS YOUR CHOICE OF MULTIPLE HEAD SHAVERS

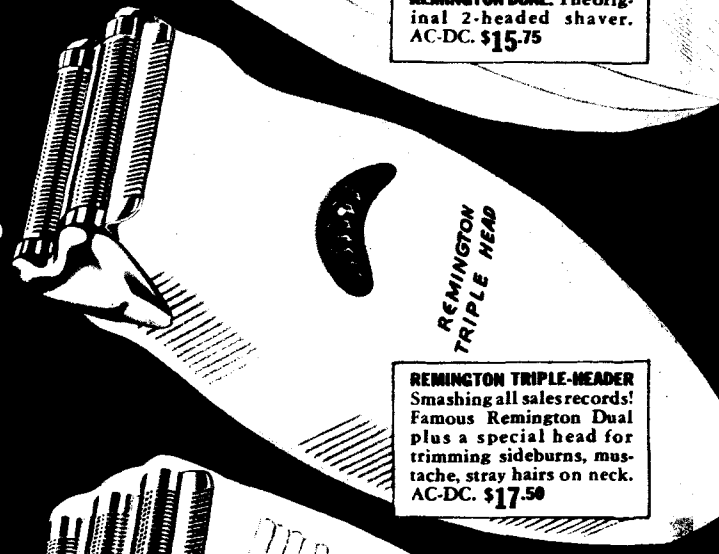
2 HEADS



REMINGTON DOUBLE-HEADER. Magnetic type. Extra quiet. AC only. \$12.75

REMINGTON DUAL. The original 2-headed shaver. AC-DC. \$15.75

3 HEADS



REMINGTON TRIPLE-HEADER. Smashing all sales records! Famous Remington Dual plus a special head for trimming sideburns, mustache, stray hairs on neck. AC-DC. \$17.50

4 HEADS



REMINGTON FOURSOME. Three full-length cutting heads plus a special trimming head. Handsome deluxe carrying case with a non-breakable mirror. AC-DC. \$19.50

WHEN IT COMES to shaving speed, heads win! That's why Remington shavers don't rely on just one head. They've got two, three and even four heads to give you the shave of your life. Ask your dealer to let you run one over your face just to get an idea of what Remington shaving really means. No more smart, no more burn, no more fuss-and-bother. Just a smooth, simple glide over your face and presto—you're shaved! General Shaver Div. of Remington Rand Inc., Bridgeport, Conn. Service stations at Remington Offices in more than 130 cities.



BARBER SHOP HARMONY. Already more than 16,000 leading barbers—including the Terminal Barber Shops, largest chain in the world—are using and recommending Remington Electric Shavers. And if anybody knows a clean, close shave when he sees one—knows the kind of smooth, comfortable shaves men like—it's a barber!

REMINGTON RAND

FASTEST SHAVING, FASTEST SELLING ELECTRIC SHAVERS

IN THE PUBLIC'S



SERVICE

Since first we started in business, General Motors and a growing group of local businessmen have worked together.

We and these GM dealers were building a future — a new business based upon a new product.

It was and is a pioneering job, still far from finished, which has had its headaches along with its rewards.

And it occurs to us that in the part played by these local men who grew with us, there is an untold story, worth telling on our part and knowing on yours.

What is that story? One typical GM dealer among our 18,000 puts it this way:

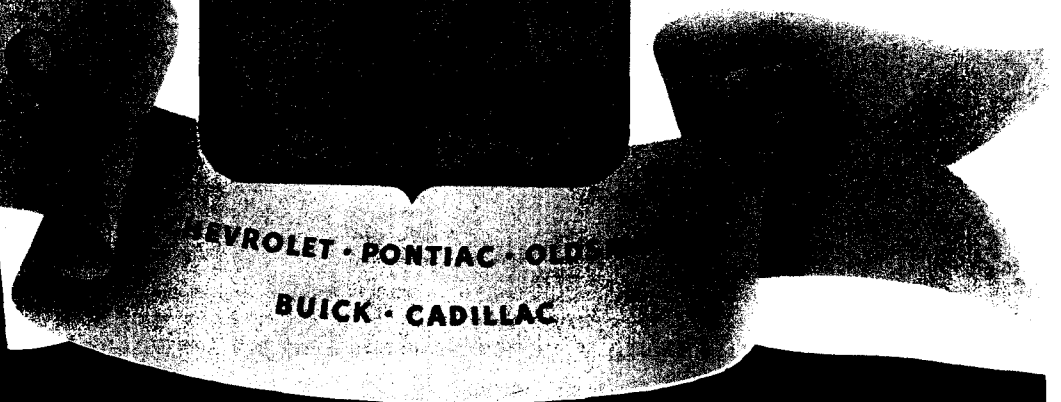
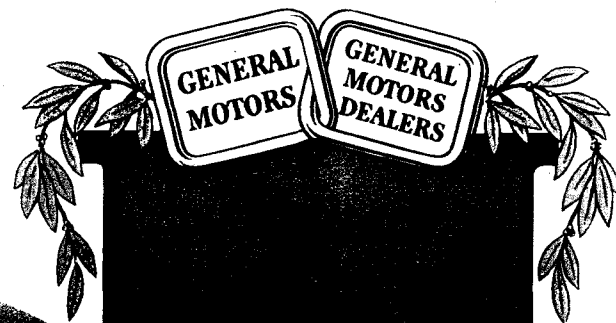
“A man’s car around here is not a luxury, it’s a necessity. It’s his livelihood — going to work, coming home. He counts on it — counts on us.

“Suppose a man’s car doesn’t work. We’ve got to know why, whether it’s one of ours or one we didn’t sell. So our boys go to the regular mechanics’ school and study on the side.

“When these cars are turned in, we know them. We’ve taken care of them. Their whole life histories may be written in our service department record. The owner buys a new car; we go over the old one and resell it as a used car. To the person who buys it, why, it’s as important to him as the new one is to its owner.

“Up here, it’s not just the looks of a car that’s important, or even the way it rides. It’s the dealer’s word, his assurance that the car he sells will take the buyer where he wants to go.”

We think that’s a pretty sound preachment on public service. Don’t you? It reflects an attitude which makes General Motors dealers partners in progress with us, and with the communities in which they live.





EVER CAUGHT WITH

SMOKER'S HACK?

READ what KOOL smokers told us in thousands of certified interviews. We asked: "Do KOOLS leave your throat feeling clearer...make your mouth feel cooler?" An overwhelming majority of them—83.2%—answered "Yes." That should be good news to smokers who suffer from a

"smoke dry" throat! Try a pack of KOOLS and see. Your first puff proves that a blend of fine tobaccos is made better with a touch of menthol added. You'll soon be saying, like the others: "My throat feels clearer... my mouth cooler." Ask for KOOLS next time you buy cigarettes.



FOR YOUR THROAT'S SAKE
SWITCH FROM "HOTS" TO KOOLS

NOW AT POPULAR PRICES

VALUABLE COUPON ON EACH PACK... TWO EXTRA IN CARTONS

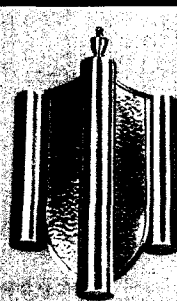
Good in the United States for dozens of luxury premiums like these



Powerful Fog Light with GE Sealed Beam reflector and amber lamp. 350 coupons.



FREE. New 60-page catalog #19 illustrating the many B & W luxury premiums in full color. Write Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Ky.



Melodious Door Chime. Clear double signal for front and rear doors. 475 coupons.

B & W COUPONS ALSO PACKED IN RALEIGH CIGARETTES & BIG BEN SMOKING TOBACCO



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY MICHAEL ANGUTI

AN UNKNOWN youngster, who looked like a truant from a high-school algebra class, strode into the Brooklyn Dodger baseball training camp at Clearwater, Florida, in the spring of 1939 and created more excitement than a squadron of Nazi bombers. The kid, it developed, wasn't even a Dodger. He was an untried chattel of Brooklyn's bush-league farm club at Elmira, New York. And he had hitchhiked from his home in St. Louis.

One day in March, Leo Durocher, Dodger manager and shortstop, took a day off. The Dodgers were playing the St. Louis Cardinals at St. Petersburg that day, and Durocher told the youngster to play shortstop.

The kid, Pete Reiser by name, staged a most spectacular debut. In his first time at bat, with two men on base, he knocked the ball out of the park for a home run. This hit won the game, 6-4. In his next three trips to the plate, he walked and hit two singles.

Against Cincinnati the following day he hammered two homers and two singles in four times at bat. His batting streak went on. No big-league team, it seemed, could keep this unheralded brat from getting to first base, or farther.

In five games against eight major-league pitchers, not once did he fail to reach first base. Then in the fifth game, in his third time at bat against famed Lefty Gomez of the Yankees, he finally

was stopped. Gomez forced him to fly out to right field. Nevertheless, the boy scored two runs—one of them the winning run—in a 3-2 triumph over the World Champions. And he homered against the Yanks the following day.

He batted left-handed against right-handed pitchers, and right-handed against southpaws. He could throw a ball like a bullet, and his speed on the base lines had spectators popeyed.

An amazed Brooklyn management blinked its eyes and pinched itself. They peered into his record. He had just passed his twentieth birthday. He had not even gained a place on his high-school team in St. Louis. The Dodgers had found him stranded in Florida the year before and had signed him to one of their farm clubs for the princely sum of one hundred dollars.

You don't get great ballplayers for a hundred dollars, they reasoned. They'd seen morning-glories before. So the Dodgers—refusing to believe their eyes—sent Pete back to the bushes—Elmira. He needed experience, they said.

Had the Dodgers dug more deeply into his record, they might never have sent him back. For Pete had an athletic past almost as spectacular as his blazing future. As a twelve-year-old shaver, he had starred in football against rivals of seventeen. He weighed 120 to their 160. Once, before a sizable baseball crowd, he had walked out to the pitch-

\$100 Down

By Roger Birtwell

That's the price the Dodgers paid for Pete Reiser three years ago. Today he's Brooklyn's Golden Boy, and they wouldn't take a thousand times that amount for him



ing mound and, with one pitched ball, won the junior city championship of St. Louis.

Pete was born on St. Patrick's Day, 1919, on the north side of St. Louis, only a few blocks from the city's major-league baseball park. Pete, seventh of twelve children of a warehouse foreman for a printing company, took to sports avidly and early. His speed and elfin elusiveness made him a halfback in sandlot football when he was twelve years old. Most of the players were sixteen or seventeen.

Pete also shone at soccer. He could kick with either foot. When only in his mid-teens he played two games with a team in a pro league.

But he wasn't passing up baseball. In the fifth grade, he caught for a team of eighth-graders. And in his spare time, he used to roam the sand lots of St. Louis, offering to catch without a mask.

Once Pete went to watch a game in the Junior Municipal League, composed of players from sixteen to eighteen. The third baseman on one team failed to appear. So Pete, although without a uniform, was allowed to play third. The pitcher on Pete's team was thumped for five runs in the first inning. Pete asked for a chance to pitch, and got it. He blanked the opposing team for the remaining eight innings, yielding only two hits and striking out twelve batters. His

Pete Reiser's speed on the base lines has made Dodger spectators popeyed. Also, he can throw a ball like a bullet and bat both right- and left-handed

team lost, 5-4, but Pete left the field with the managers of both teams pursuing him down the street and begging him to join their forces.

He joined the team that had given him his chance, and he caught for the rest of the season. He caught one no-hitter. His team gained the play-off series for the city junior championship. In the final game, Pete's team went into the last of the ninth inning leading, 5-3. But with the bases loaded, two out and 3 and 2 on the batter, Pete's pitcher walked off the mound. "My arm hurts," he said.

Pete took his place and cut loose with one pitch. It struck out the batter and won the game, series and championship.

At fourteen, he entered Beaumont High School in St. Louis to follow a commercial course. In the summer vacation after his freshman year Pete had a daily routine.

"All morning and early afternoon," Pete explains, "I'd play ball at the fairgrounds or Sherman Park. At 2:30 I'd

(Continued on page 65)

Good Judges of Gin will tell you...

There's no Gin like Gordon's!



THE CAUSE...

Gordon's has the Advantage of Liqueur Quality and High Proof, 94.4.

THE RESULT...

Drinks Never Taste Thin with Gordon's Gin.

• Because there's no gin like Gordon's, it naturally costs a little more—but you get the advantage of Liqueur Quality and High Proof, 94.4. That means richer flavor, velvety smoothness—drinks that never taste thin!

Gordon's Gin

100% Neutral Spirits Distilled from Grain

Copyright 1941, Gordon's Dry Gin Co., Ltd., London, N.J.

For the way you write

WE'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER!

1551



2048



2556



1314



1550



1461



1555



2284

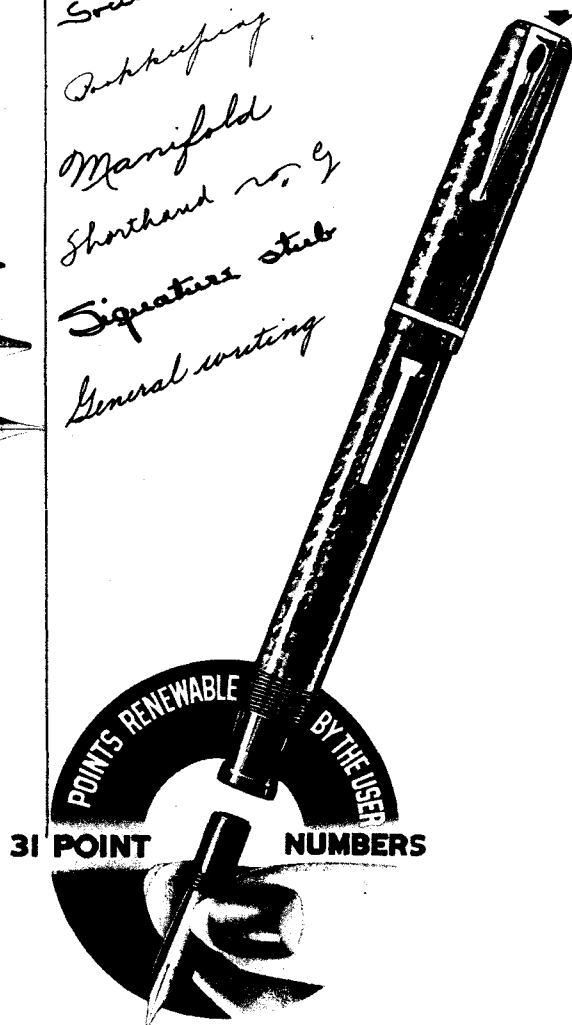


2668



School
Physical
Accounting
Social Study
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Manifold
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Signature Study
General writing

Military clip
meets Army
and Navy
regulations



31 point numbers, 31 point styles, that meet every writing task, every writing manner. Not just fine, medium, and broad. We call them "Renew-Points," for you simply screw a new point into the holder *yourself* after months or years of use, and get virtually a new pen. No delays for point repairs.

Solid Duracrome Renew-Points cost twenty-five cents. Others, cushioned with smooth, long-wearing Osmiridium, cost fifty and seventy-five cents. A complete Esterbrook fountain pen in black or colors is a dollar (slightly more with Osmiridium Renew-Point). We've got your number . . . the right point for the way you write. Repeater pencils to match your pen. The Esterbrook Pen Co., Camden, N. J.

WORLD'S LEADING PEN MAKERS... SINCE 1858
Esterbrook
RENEW-POINT
FOUNTAIN PEN

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CHOOSE YOUR NUMBER FROM THE POINT-CHART AT YOUR STATIONER'S OR PEN DEALER'S

Mercator Island

Continued from page 21

That idea of Tom's about murder and sudden death often amused Bob Bolles. He even asked Tom about it the third night out when Tom awakened him for his trick at the wheel.

"Anybody tried to kill you yet?" Bob asked, as he pulled on his sweater.

"No, sar," Tom answered, "but what for Mr. Kingman keep looking all the time," Tom asked, "like he's afraid someone is after him?"

"Rubbish," Bob Bolles said.

"And wherefor," Tom asked, "should Mrs. Kingman be afraid of him?"

"Afraid of him?"

"Yes, sar," Tom said. "She makes eyes at him, afraid, when she talks to you, sar,"—but she never talked to Bob alone again until the last night out.

THE breeze seemed to be dying down that night, but they were making five knots when he had looked at the log. Standing alone in the cockpit, he kept turning his head so that the wind would strike his face. There was no doubt that the wind was dropping. By morning there might be a flat calm or a change of weather, but judging by the barometer and by his instinct he felt that the weather was going to hold. Nevertheless, the wind had shifted a point or two. He went forward and trimmed the jib and the mainsheet a trifle. When he came back a figure was standing near the wheel, and he saw that it was Mrs. Kingman.

"I shouldn't be up here," she said. "I can only stay a minute." Her words were quick and a little breathless. "He's asleep, but you can't be sure."

"Look here," Bob Bolles began. Nothing had seemed out of the ordinary for days until she appeared. "I've been hoping for a chance to talk to you. What's so mysterious now? What is it?"

"Don't," she said, "don't talk so loud. He's so—so jealous. He's a very queer man, very—but don't mind that. How far are we from land?"

"I don't know exactly," he told her. "There's always a certain element of gamble in trying to hit a little spot like Mercator on the nose. It's easier to navigate a plane than a small boat, I think." She did not answer and he went on: "If you want my guess, from the way the clouds looked at sunset and from the way the air feels, we should see something of the Winderly Group at dawn, probably the hill at Mercator."

"Then it's over," she said, "and we've hardly seen each other at all, have we?"

"Do you mind?" he asked her.

"Yes," she said, "I do. Do you?"

It wasn't right—talking to her so—and in the end it added up to nothing.

"Yes," he said, "I don't understand you, but I do. You're like—"

"Like what?" she asked.

"Like a frightened lady in the dark," he said. Her lips were half open and then she closed them and shook her head.

"You're wrong there," she said. "I'm never very much afraid. There was a moment in Kingston when I screamed, but never mind about that."

"I've got eyes, you know," Bob said. "There's Mr. Kingman."

"Are you jealous of him?" she asked him. "You don't have to be."

"I didn't mean that," Bob answered. "You're afraid of Mr. Kingman, aren't you?"

She gave him a strange, quick look and shook her head.

"Don't say that," she said. "I hate it. I'm not afraid for myself, only for you."

"Never mind about me," Bob answered. "I can look out for myself, I

guess. If you're not afraid of him, you don't trust him, do you? This isn't just a vacation on a boat, is it? I'm not a fool. There's something else."

"Yes," she said softly, "there's something else."

"Then you'd better tell me," Bob said. "I'd be glad to help you."

He thought that she hesitated for a moment. She seemed to be weighing his offer very carefully, and then she shook her head and smiled at him.

"No, my dear," she said. "I've thought of it. It isn't your cup of tea." He started to speak, but she stopped him.

"No," she said, "don't interrupt me. You must understand this. You must. No matter what happens, it isn't for you. You're not the kind. That's why I like you. It may be very dangerous and I can't say too much. He—he won't stop at anything. I wish you'd understand."

"Then you are afraid of him," Bob said. "Who is he? What are you doing here anyway?"

"Please don't ask," she answered quickly. "You mustn't ask. Perhaps I can tell you sometime, but not now. I suppose I'm a fool. I want to try to help you. I wish I didn't care." She stopped, but she went on before he could speak:

"It's awful to be a woman. To be lonely—always lonely. You may hate me before this is over, but please, please, don't do anything. You can't understand. You're an American. I'm French. What"—she stopped again—"what are you looking at?"

"I can't make you out," Bob said. "I wish—" and then he glanced astern and rubbed the back of his hand across his eyes, "I wish I knew what you're talking about."

"What are you looking at?" she asked.

"I thought I saw a light," Bob said.

"Yes, there it is."

Her hand fell on his arm and gripped it tight. "I don't see anything," she told him. "Where?"

It was away off in the dark. It would bob up and disappear again, but he saw it distinctly a moment later.

"It looks like the light on the mast of a motor cruiser," he said. "What do you suppose she's doing out here? She's on our course. She's coming nearer."

"Are you sure?" she asked him.

"Reasonably sure," he said. "Why, what's the matter now?"

Something was the matter, because she ran away from him and yanked open the cabin door.

"Mac," she called, "Mac! There's a boat coming up behind us."

THERE was a scuffling noise in the cabin and then Mr. Kingman came running up the steps. "Oscar," he called, "come on, Oscar! You say there's a boat? Where is it, Bob?"

"Look out," Bob said. "Don't barge into me like that."

But Oscar did not answer. He and Mr. Kingman were staring at the light.

It was easier to see now. It was clearly a motor cruiser coming fast. He could see the light on the mast and the green and red running lights. Mr. Kingman was standing absolutely motionless.

"Look," he said, "it is coming! Oscar, go down and fetch the Bren gun. No, wait a minute. Go forward and put out our lights."

"Here," Bob Bolles said. "You and Oscar can leave my lights alone."

It was just as though he had not spoken.

"Go ahead, Oscar," Mr. Kingman said, and Oscar jumped into the cockpit. Bob Bolles dropped the wheel and

DEMOCRACY ASSIGNS A VITAL ROLE to Pratt & Whitney air-cooled engines

To Pratt & Whitney aircraft engines has been assigned a great responsibility in the defense of democracy . . . the powering of *thousands and thousands* of American and British military airplanes.

So great is the demand, both here and abroad, for the power and dependability of these air-cooled engines that Ford, Buick, Chevrolet and Jacobs have been enlisted to supplement Pratt & Whitney's own production.

When these other manufacturers get into full swing, their contributions will mean much, as shown by the last columns of the chart. Meanwhile, the great Pratt & Whitney plant in East Hartford continues to carry the load, answering the call for these famous engines with a rising flood of production which has already doubled and re-doubled, and is currently 2,500 engines *ahead* of schedule.

UNITED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

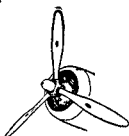
EAST HARTFORD • CONNECTICUT



Pratt & Whitney Engines

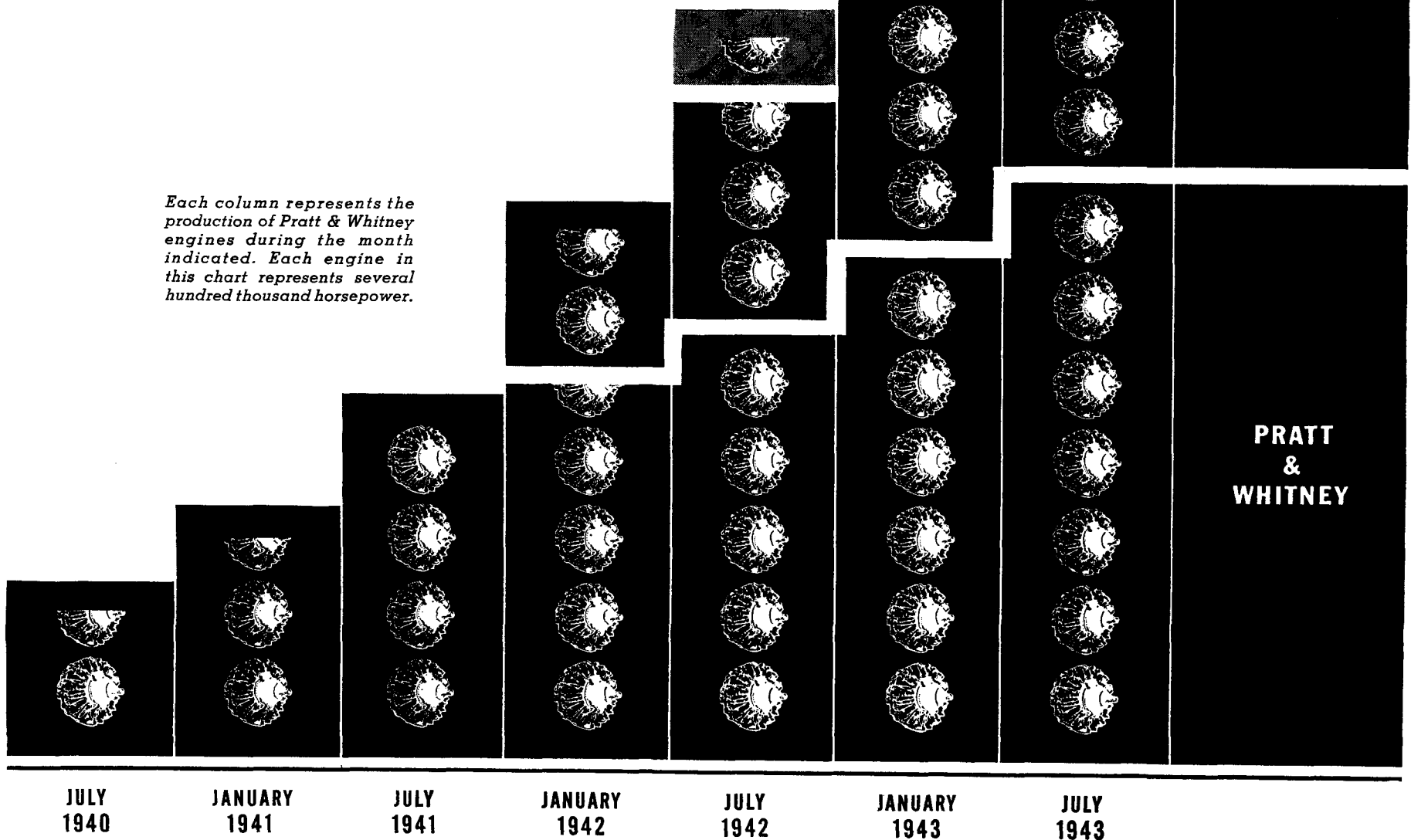


Vought-Sikorsky Airplanes



Hamilton Standard Propellers

Each column represents the production of Pratt & Whitney engines during the month indicated. Each engine in this chart represents several hundred thousand horsepower.





1
Constance Thompson, Stewardess of Sinclair-lubricated Chicago and Southern Air Lines is...



2
...finding out if she can pilot a plane. She's at the controls of the Sinclair Flight Trainer, which tests flying ability without leaving the ground. Sinclair, a leader in aircraft lubrication, sent this trainer on tour in the...



...interest of National Defense. Sinclair products give safe lubrication for both transport and military planes. Transport planes, for example, fly 80,000 miles daily on Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil. To...



4
...give your car the same protection that costly airplane engines get, ask your Sinclair Dealer for Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil. It will save you money by reducing wear and making your car last longer. Try Sinclair Pennsylvania.

stepped in front of him. He was angry, perhaps unreasonably angry.

"You stay where you are," he said, and he saw Oscar, a vague, white shape, lunge toward him.

"All right," he heard Mr. Kingman say. "Go on, Oscar."

Oscar was close enough so that he could see him more clearly by then. Bob took a quick step backward, found his balance and drove his right fist with all his weight behind it straight to Oscar's face. He heard Oscar give a grunt and he knew that he had hurt him and he knew that it was better not to stop with that, now that he had started. He stepped in with his left, and then he sent in his right again, and he was lucky, because he must have caught Oscar on the jaw. Oscar sank down on his knees and put his hands in front of him, sprawling on all fours just above the hatch that housed the auxiliary engine. The Thistlewood had come into the wind and the boom bounced just above his head and the sails were making a roaring, snapping sound. Mr. Kingman was standing just in front of him. Mr. Kingman's voice was very steady. All the excitement seemed to have left it.

"You should not have done that," he said. "I think—"

"Mac," he heard Mrs. Kingman say sharply, "Mac! If we can see their lights they can see ours."

MR. KINGMAN turned his head slowly. "Helen," he said, "perhaps you'd better go into the cabin."

"No," she said, and her voice was quiet and very urgent: "Mac, stop that—and remember—Suppose what we want isn't there."

"Oh," Mr. Kingman said, "oh, yes. Awfully sorry, Bob." His voice had changed suddenly. It was warm and friendly: "Of course you are quite right, Skipper." He leaned down and slapped Oscar hard on the back. "All right, Oscar. Forget it."

"I don't know what the devil's the matter with you," Bob said. "But this is my ship. See?" He had to speak loudly because of the slatting of the sails.

"Can you stop that noise, please?" Mr. Kingman said. "It's all right, Oscar. Go and fetch the Bren."

Bob took the wheel again. The sails filled. The Thistlewood was back on her course. Oscar was on his feet, shaking his head.

"Fetch it up here. You—do you hear me?" Mr. Kingman said, and Oscar moved toward the cabin.

"Do you think that boat's going to come aboard us?" Bob Bolles asked. "Is that your trouble, Kingman?"

He was over being angry. He could even feel the contagion of Mr. Kingman's excitement, now that the lights were coming nearer.

"Yes," Mr. Kingman said, "exactly that."

"Well, she isn't," Bob said. "She's half a mile to starboard of us and she's keeping on her course."

"Oh," Mr. Kingman said. "Yes, I see," and he raised his voice: "Never mind, Oscar."

From the lights she was a big cabin cruiser and she passed them as though they were standing still. It was a long while before Mr. Kingman looked away from the lights.

"Well," he said, "she cannot be looking for us. What's she doing here, do you think, Bob? Is she on her way to Mercator?"

"No," Bob answered, and he meant it. "Nothing goes to Mercator. She'll be going south—Trinidad, perhaps."

Mr. Kingman stood silently thinking and no one said a word until he spoke again: "If she stops at Mercator, of course we shall see her in the harbor."

"That will be the only place for her,"

Bob said, "but nothing stops at Mercator."

"We must be ready," Mr. Kingman said, "just in case. Call me if you see her lights again."

"Maybe it would be easier," Bob told him, "if you'd tell me what your trouble is—not that I give a damn."

Mr. Kingman laughed. Everything seemed better, now that the boat was gone.

"I don't wonder you ask," he said, "not a bit. I'll tell you how it is, Bob. You don't mind my calling you Bob, do you? I wish you'd call me Mac. I keep asking you."

"All right. Go ahead, Mac," Bob said.

"You certainly could handle Oscar," Mr. Kingman said. "That was quite a sight!"

"Go ahead, Mac," Bob said again.

"All right," Mr. Kingman said. "Let's put it this way. It isn't really anything that need bother you at all. I'm representing a—a shipping company. There was some freight left on—one of those islands." Bob Bolles felt his hands grip the wheel more tightly, but he did not speak.

"Let's let it go at that," Mr. Kingman said. "I guess you've been around a—a bit, haven't you, Bob?"

"Yes," Bob Bolles said, "quite a bit."

"You're a very, very nice guy," Mr. Kingman said. "How about a drink before we turn in?"

A half-hour later Bob Bolles lashed the wheel and went quietly forward, climbed down the hatch and closed the cover behind him, and lighted the lantern.

"Tom," he whispered, "Tom! Where are my guns?"

Tom pulled himself out of his bunk. "On the upper berth, sar," Tom said.

"Under the blanket yonder, sar."

Bob Bolles ripped the blanket away from the upper berth. There was nothing beneath it—not his rifle, not his shotgun, not his automatic pistol.

"What's the matter, sar?" Tom asked.

Bob Bolles' mouth felt as dry as flannel. A tingling sort of shiver moved up and down his spine.

"Shut up," Bob whispered. "I want to think."

IT WAS no longer a matter of suspicion, for everything in his mind came together—the first glimpse of the Kingmans, what Captain Burke had told him, even the way that Mr. Kingman tripped and hesitated over slang and colloquialisms. He was as convinced as though he had read it on a printed page in daylight that Kingman was looking for the same thing that the Smedley was after. He was convinced that he and Tom were in peril.

"Sar," Tom whispered.

"Shut up," Bob Bolles whispered back.

He reached in his bunk for the logbook of the Thistlewood, found a pencil and began printing very carefully on one of the back pages.

"Don't talk," he wrote. "When we get into harbor slip overboard and swim to the beach. Go hide in the bush. When everyone is ashore and out of sight swim back and slip the cable. Start the engine and take her offshore. Keep her there until you see a fire on the beach. That's all."

He tore the page from the logbook, handed it to Tom and watched him read it very slowly. Tom was a good boy. He knew that Tom would do it if he could.

"All right," he whispered. "Remember," and he took the paper out of Tom's hand and lighted a match to it.

"I'll take your watch," he said. "That's all."

He had done the best he could. It might not work, and again it might. He went aft again and climbed into the cockpit and took the wheel. The cabin

door was closed, but the Kingmans were not asleep. He could hear the low, insistent murmur of their voices. Even through the thickness of the cabin door their voices sounded troubled. Probably no one on the Thistlewood would sleep any more that night, and he was not surprised when Mr. Kingman came out of the cabin.

"Hello," he said. "Is that you, Bob? I thought your colored boy was taking over."

"No," Bob said. "Tom's acting sort of queer."

"What's the matter with him?" Mr. Kingman asked.

It was like the beginning of a game between him and Mr. Kingman. They would know each other a good deal better before they each got through.

"You can't ever tell what's going to be the matter with a Negro," Bob said. "That boy's just gotten moody and he acts scared. Never mind about it. It's going to be light soon. He'll be all right."

"Well, that's fine," Mr. Kingman said. "I've been thinking, Bob, the best thing for us to do—"

Bob Bolles did not answer. In the faint light from the binnacle he could see Mr. Kingman trying to read his face.

"When you went forward after you had that drink what did you go to look for?" Mr. Kingman asked.

Bob Bolles hesitated, and then he told the truth. He was quite sure that Mr. Kingman had known what he had gone to look for.

"My gun," he answered, "but I guess you knew it wasn't there."

Mr. Kingman gave a short good-natured laugh.

"I thought you'd be looking for it. Bob, you and I aren't going to need guns. We can get on hunky—hunky-dory without guns."

"I'm not looking for any trouble," Bob Bolles said.

"I know you're not," Mr. Kingman's voice was warm and cordial. "And there's no reason why there should be any. Of course, you know by this time I have a piece of business to do on this island."

"Yes," Bob said, "of course."

"But it needn't make any difference to you," Mr. Kingman said. "If I tell you it's legitimate you'll believe me, won't you?"

"Yes," Bob answered, "that's all right."

"And then suppose," Mr. Kingman said, and his voice was slow and care-

less, "we just go along the way we have been going, and suppose I give you five thousand dollars, so you won't talk afterward—one thousand now, four when we get to Kingston. How would you like that, Bob?"

"Fine," Bob Bolles said, "Mr. Kingman."

"Call me Mac," Mr. Kingman said. "I really wish you would. Here—" He pulled a billfold from his pocket. "Here you are. We don't need guns," and he laughed. "We're all clear now, aren't we, all hunky-dory?"

Bob took the bill and put it in his pocket. "That's mighty nice of you, Mac," he said. "Don't worry about it."

"I'm not," Mr. Kingman said, "not at all. We'll just be one big happy family, won't me, and we'll see land by morning, won't we?"

"Yes, Mac," Bob Bolles said. "Call me when it's light, will you?" Mr. Kingman asked. "Good night."

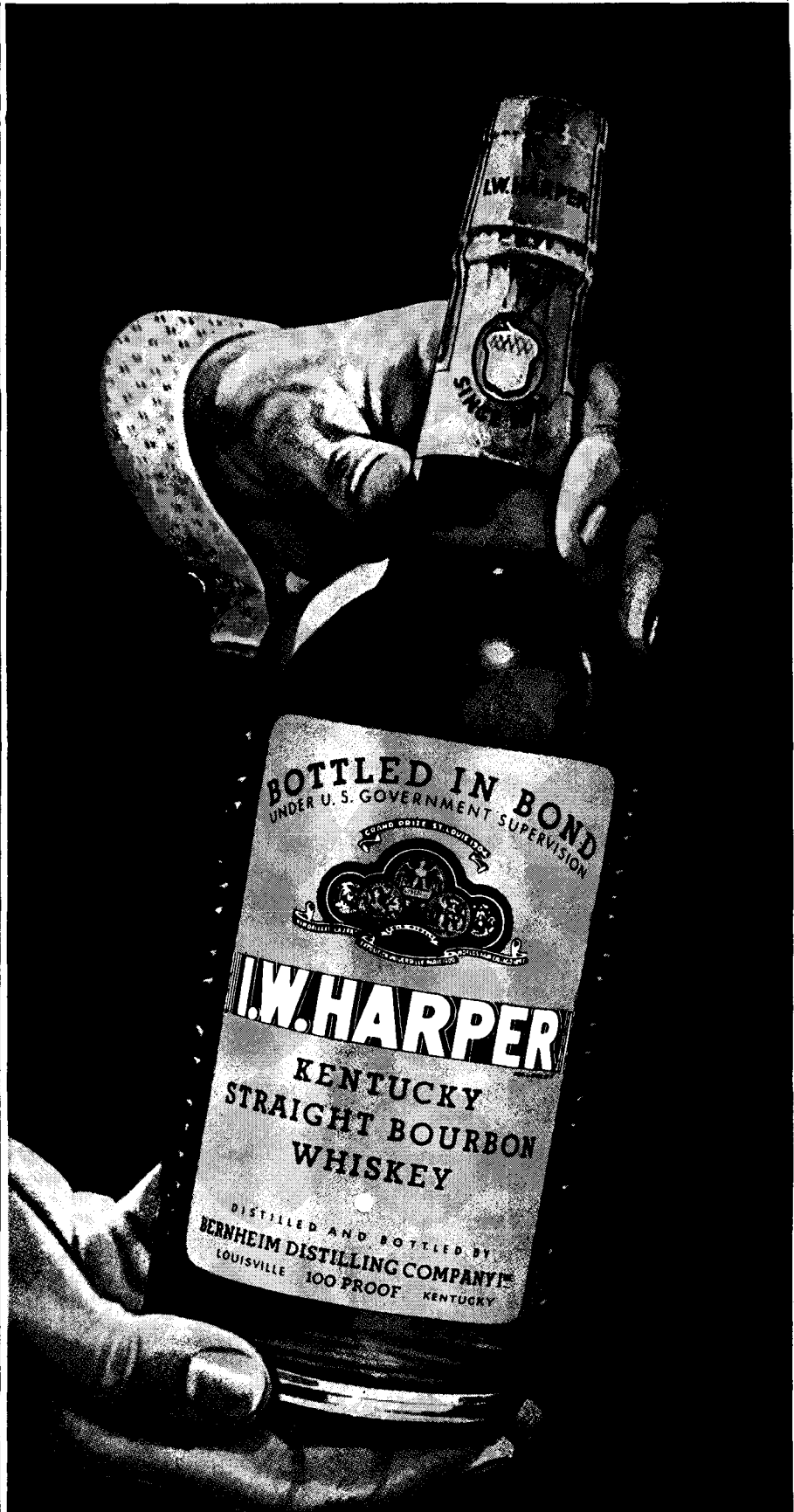
BOB BOLLES sat down on the transom beside the wheel. Now that Mr. Kingman had gone, he felt very much relieved. He was sure now that Mr. Kingman wanted things to be quiet and he was sure that Mr. Kingman did not know or guess how much he knew.

"Quite a boy," he whispered beneath his breath, "quite a boy."

Light had come quickly on that sea, so quickly that you could almost see it travel across the water. That morning was like the lifting of a curtain and the dawn was so clear and definite that the night seemed hardly possible. In the first gray of dawn Bob Bolles saw that there was land ahead, and the landfall gave him solid satisfaction.

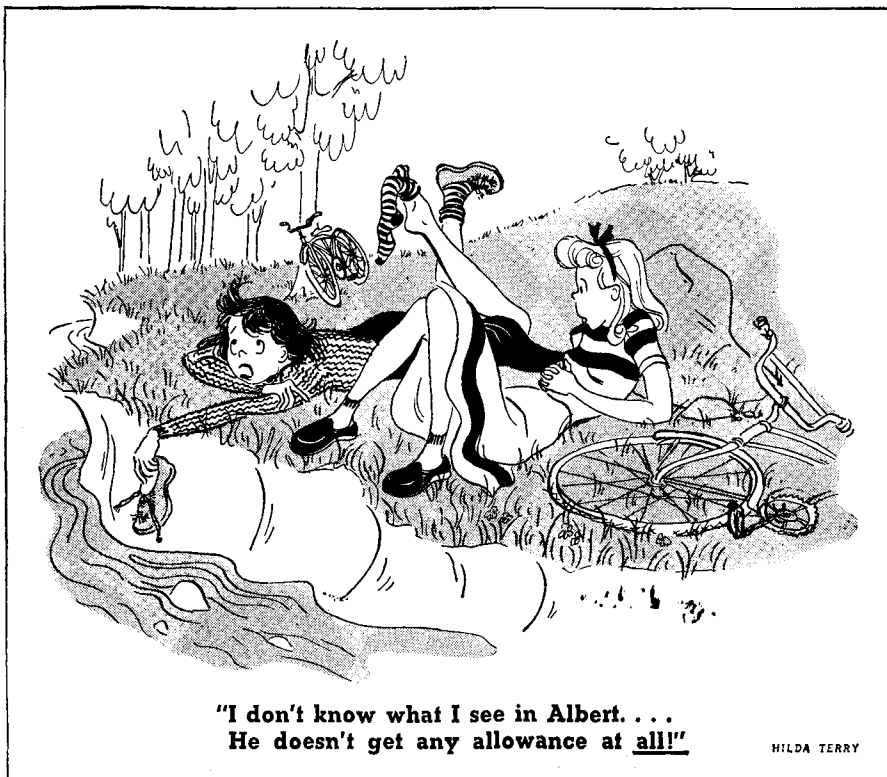
First there had been clouds on the horizon and then a darker mass that was black and unsubstantial beneath the clouds. Then as the first shafts of sunlight came over the sea the dark land became faintly green, a small island floating in a misty haze, and the land rose sharply to a hill whose torn, serrated edges, even in the misty sky, showed its volcanic origin. It was like a thousand other islands in that sea, a half-forgotten place, over which the history of the Caribbean would have passed. There would have been the Carib Indians first, and then perhaps a stray Spaniard, and then the buccaneers. After that there would have been the English sugar planters and the slave gangs. He had nearly memorized its nautical description:

"Mercator Island, largest of the Win-



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"I don't know what I see in Albert. . .
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HILDA TERRY

"Pardon us
for swiping
your shoes"



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derly Group, rough and hilly, four miles long and one mile wide, may be distinguished by large V-shaped cleft in long ridge on the center of the island. Volcanic, coral reefs two miles offshore. This island is now inhabited only by two or three Negro fishing families which move to other islands of the group. Harbor only for small vessels, eight feet mean low water. Anchorage in so-called Westerly Bay near remains of coral stone dock. Channel through reef very narrow."

Then there were the bearings, the cleft in the hill, a tall rock on the northwest and the roof of the old planter's house known as Westerly Hall. That was about the way the nautical description went.

"Tom," he called, "get the engine going." It would be safer to go in under power. Tom came aft very quickly and began to pull back the engine hatch and Bob Bolles asked him if he had everything clear. Tom nodded and started to speak.

"Don't talk," Bob said. "Here, take this," and he handed Tom the thousand-dollar bill. He had never realized before how fond he was of Tom and he was very anxious to have Tom entirely out of it.

"Lord almighty—" Tom began.

"Shut up," Bob said, "and remember."

Tom was down by the engine, turning over the flywheel when Bob knocked on the cabin door.

"Good morning, Mr. Kingman," he called. "We're about five miles off Mercator."

THEN a few minutes later everyone was up, and the sun rays broke out of the mist and everything seemed completely fresh and new. He could almost believe that the Kingmans had forgotten everything that had happened in the night. The thing to remember, Bob kept telling himself, was that Mr. Kingman had not the remotest idea of how much he knew or guessed. Mr. Kingman was dressed in a suit of brownish Nanking silk and he was wearing a khaki-colored pith helmet. He was holding an expensive pair of binoculars and he smiled at Bob and called good morning to him, and Mrs. Kingman smiled at him, too. In her slacks and gay shirt, her sunglasses and her beach hat, she still looked like a picture in a travel folder for a Caribbean cruise. Even Oscar appeared to have forgotten the trouble of the night before. Although one side of his face was swollen, he grinned at Bob Bolles and raised his finger to his forehead. The engine gave a cough and started.

"We'll go in under power," Bob said to Mr. Kingman. "If Oscar wouldn't mind he might help take in the sails. There's Westerly Bay opening up. That's where we're going."

All of Mr. Kingman's attention was given to examining the shore line.

"I see nothing in the bay," Mr. Kingman said, "except one small fishing boat pulled up on the beach. There can't be many people there."

"Why aren't more people living here?" Mrs. Kingman asked. "It's so green and such a lovely island."

"Twenty, sar," Bob heard Tom call from the bow. He looked carefully at the streaky water ahead and put the helm a little to starboard.

"I've read a little about the history of Mercator," Mr. Kingman said, "if you want to hear it."

"Why, yes," Mrs. Kingman said. "Tell us, Mac." And Mr. Kingman told them, while Bob Bolles watched the channel.

"This group, the Winderly Group," Mr. Kingman said, "used to be a stopping place for the buccaneers and pirates. It was very useful for them, because it was so remote, and then in about 1730 two English planters came

here from Nevis. Nevis is quite a distance away. They could only rely on themselves for protection and they were burnt out twice by the French. They had to run up into the bush on the hill, but each time they came back, and finally, in about 1770, the island was owned by a planter named Swaith. He was a very able man and the story is that some member of the Swaith family who lives at Nevis now still owns the island—not that it does him any good. The story is that the family moved out for good fifty years ago. You see, there isn't much money in sugar now."

"Swaith," Mrs. Kingman said. "That's a funny name."

"And I guess Swaith was a funny man," Mr. Kingman said, "judging from that book of mine, but he knew how to run a little sugar island. He was rich and he got richer. The story is, when Mr. Swaith was doing well, that he had over a hundred Negro slaves. He brought artisans over from Nevis who built his house called Westerly Hall and a sugar mill and outbuildings. He cleared the level land by the foot of the hill. He built a dock and warehouses. He even had a small fort on the point. It was a self-contained community—one white planter's family and a lot of slaves."

"What happened to him?" Mrs. Kingman asked.

"It's only another story," Mr. Kingman answered, "of a plantation running down. He died and his son ran it. In 1800 there was an insurrection of the blacks. The Swaiths got away and for a while the island was a small black kingdom. Then there was some pestilence—the smallpox or the plague. Nearly the whole population died and most of those that were left went away. Since then no one has been near it much. The Negroes have never liked it. They've always been afraid of ghosts and now, I suppose, the jungle has come in, but if you

look on the hill there you can see a building."

They were near enough by then so that everything was clear. It was a wild bit of land with a rich, heavy growth of trees, and brownish cliffs near the water and a white beach bordering the bay with coconut palms near the white sand. There was a silver ribbon of stream falling over rocks near one end of the beach with rich ferns and plantains growing near its edge, and perhaps a quarter of a mile from the shore were the gray walls and the gaping windows of the ruins of a square stone house and on a promontory near it you could see the crumbling remains of what appeared to have been a tower.

"There's all that's left of it," Bob said. "That must be the hall."

IT STOOD there in a tangle of trees, lonely and bleak and sad, and somehow the sight of it gave the white beach and the quiet water a sinister, watchful sort of silence. They were through the reef and in the bay now. You could see the palm trees and the tops of the great white-limbed candlewoods waving in the breeze. You could hear the sound of the breakers on the reef above the chugging of the engine.

"What was the tower for?" Mrs. Kingman asked. "Why did they have a tower?"

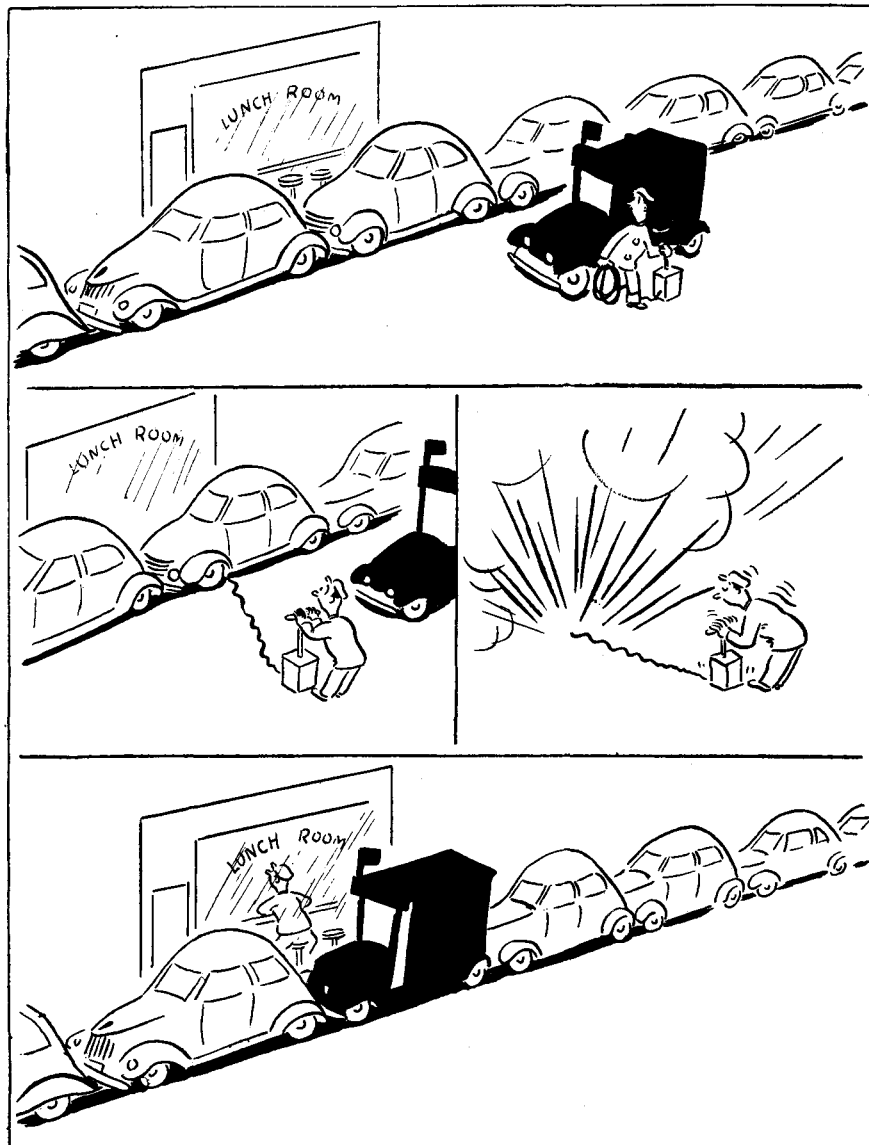
"It will be one of the old windmills," Bob Bolles said, "for grinding the cane."

He dropped the wheel and reversed the engine. "Tom," he called, "let her go." There was no answer and he raised his voice: "Tom, where the devil are you?"

Mr. Kingman turned his head from the shore. "He is not in the bow," he said.

Bob Bolles shut off the engine. "He must be below," he said. "I'll fetch him," and he ran toward the bow.

"Tom," he called, "Tom," but he knew



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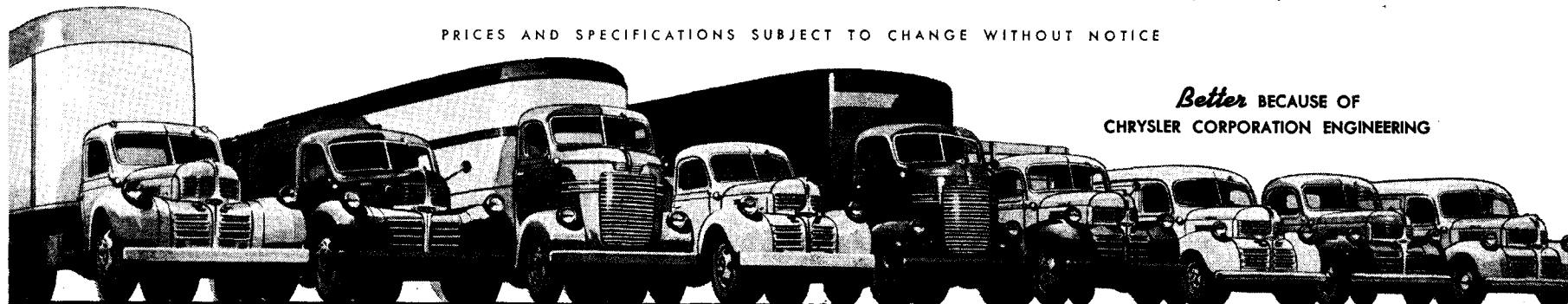
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BACK ON THE AIR OCTOBER 1—Texaco Dealers invite you to tune in Fred Allen in the lively full-hour Texaco Star Theatre Program every Wednesday night starting October 1—C. B. S.

that Tom was gone. He let go the anchor himself and stood watching while it dropped to the clean, sandy bottom. Then he looked down the forward hatch and called Tom's name again.

"The boy's gone," he said. "He must have swum ashore."

Mr. Kingman's pale eyes met his, clear, searching and expressionless. "That is very funny," he said. "Does your boy do that often?"

"Of course not," Bob answered. "He must be crazy, but I'll get him back all right."

"Yet just why should he have done that?" Mr. Kingman said.

"If you want to know the truth," Bob said, "he's scared to death."

"Scared?" said Mr. Kingman. "Of what?"

Bob Bolles smiled. "He had some fool idea that it wasn't safe for him here. He told me we'd get killed if we stayed aboard."

"Oh," Mr. Kingman said, and he laughed. "Let's forget it then. But—but I hope you don't feel that way, Bob."

And Bob Bolles found himself laughing back. "I don't," he said. "Don't worry."

"That's—that's bully," Mr. Kingman said. "We're just all one family going ashore for a good time. It's all hunky-dory. Let's get out the little boat. We'll take some food. We may want lunch and, Oscar, let me have my rifle. There might be some—some monkeys in those trees."

Oscar pulled the dinghy alongside and held it steady while Mr. Kingman climbed in.

"Give Helen a hand, Bob," he said. "Now, my dear." Bob Bolles looked at the supplies in the cockpit.

"You'll have to make two trips," he said. "Let Oscar take some of the dunnage with you. I'll wait till he comes back." Mr. Kingman glanced at him sideways with his rifle cradled in the crook of his arm.

"No, no. You come with us, Bob. Oscar can make a second trip." Then Mr. Kingman laughed as though he had thought of something bizarre and very amusing. "We don't want you to get frightened, too, Bob, and take the boat away. That would put us in a—pickles, wouldn't it?"

Bob climbed into the bow of the

dinghy. Mr. Kingman possessed a peculiar sort of gaiety—a *joi de vivre*—that was friendly and appealing; and Bob could not help laughing too.

Oscar took the oars and the dinghy moved steadily toward the beach, propelled by Oscar's short, hard strokes.

"It looks very lonely," Bob heard Mr. Kingman say. "I see no one."

It was true. The little half-moon of the beach gave an appearance of complete desertion. The waters of the bay were so still and clear that you could look down and see the fantastic growths of coral and the sea anemones waving their long fingers tirelessly and languidly. Little yellow fishes with black stripes and ruby-red fish were darting back and forth in the shadows of the coral.

"Oh," he heard Mrs. Kingman say, "it's like a glass-bottom boat!"

AHEAD of them the white strip of sand shimmered dazzlingly and behind the beach beneath the coconut palms was a dark green shady tangle of trees and shrubs and vines and it was all so quiet that you could hear the chatter of parrots in the trees. If the land by the beach had ever been cleared the jungle had crept back over it many years ago. If there had been a factory and warehouses from the old sugar days the walls would be half buried under vegetation. Bob Bolles could see some signs of vanished industry as they neared the beach, enough so that he could trace the plan of the old plantation days. Ahead of them was a crumbling pier of coral stone, reduced by the storms and neglect into a mass of rubble, with the end disappearing into the water. He glanced back to Mr. Kingman sitting in the stern. "You'll scrape the bottom off if you land there," he said. "The beach is easier."

"Yes," Mr. Kingman said, "the beach is easier. I see that little fishing boat, but I see no one. It's lonely as—hell."

Back from the pier, you could still see an open way through the trees that would have been a wagon road, winding up to the walls and gaping windows of the owner's house on rising ground, perhaps half a mile distant. On the beach near the pier was a small open boat canted on its side and farther back were two huts made of palm leaves.

"There must be people," Bob Bolles

Mark it urgent,
Miss Priddy!

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YOU CAN HELP YOUR THROAT!

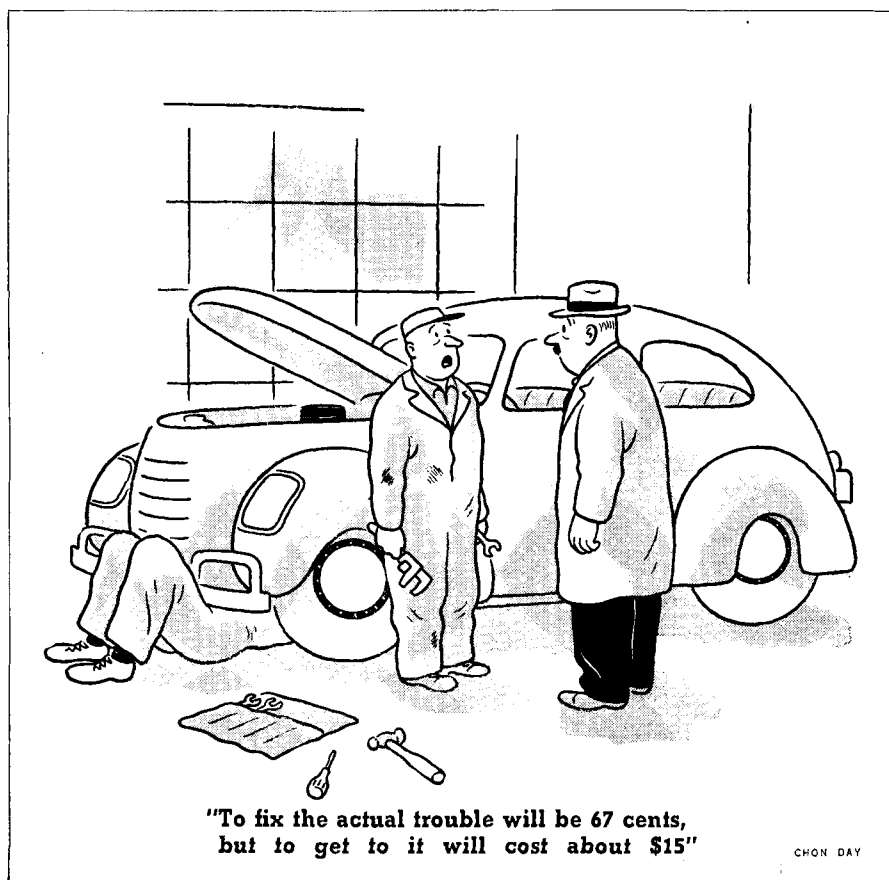
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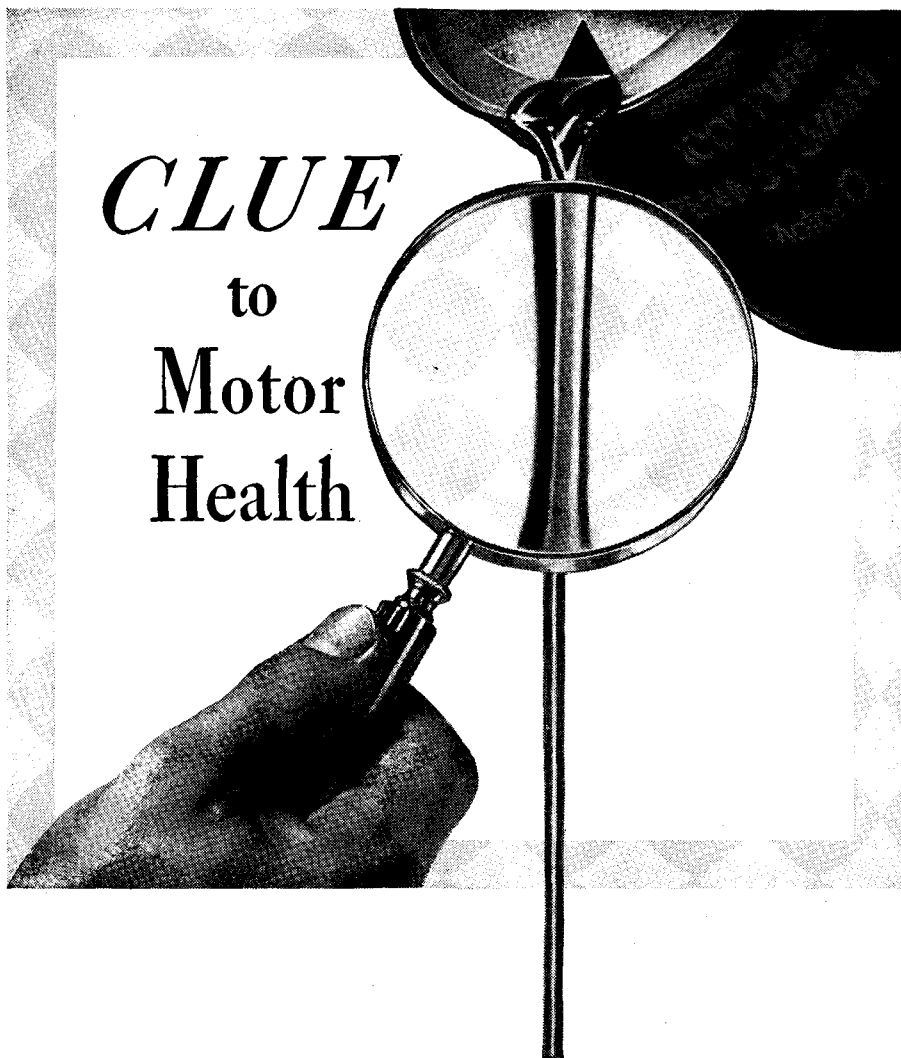
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heard Mrs. Kingman say. "Why don't they come to meet us?"

Bob turned his head again. Mr. and Mrs. Kingman were seated in the stern. Mr. Kingman held his rifle across his knees, his right hand over the trigger guard. He was looking very intently at the thatched huts and at the dark undergrowth beyond them.

"You can't tell how people will act—the natives here are all Negroes," Bob said. "They've run into the bush, hiding."

"Afraid, are they?" Kingman asked.

Bob Bolles shook his head. "Not afraid, just shy. They'll be watching us."

"Yes," said Mr. Kingman, "it is very lonely."

THE beach gave you exactly the feeling that comes with any abandoned place where life had once been rich and active. Bob Bolles began to wonder how much of the level upland had been under cultivation and where the warehouses would be and the stables and the mill and the overseer's house and the old slave quarters. They seemed to be all gone, except for that half-wrecked and lonely pier and for the crumbling tower of the windmill and the gaunt and stricken walls of the manor house, but at the same time there was an indefinable sense of where they were, the same sense you might have of a presence in a room when someone has just left it. The memory was still there, not unpleasant, of vanished people and vanished voices. It was as though time had stopped.

Oscar gave a last tug to the oars and the dinghy moved silently toward the beach. For a second before the bow grated on the soft coral sand Bob was keenly aware of the sweetish, musky smell of the tropical vegetation and of the land smells mixing with the soft breeze off the water. He could hear the notes of birds in the woods, harsh and discordant, and the slatting sound of the palms and the soft rustling of the candlewoods behind them. He could hear the sound of a small fresh-water stream pouring over the rocks. No one spoke. They must have all been listening and perhaps they had the same sense he had that everything was watching and waiting. Then there was a faint shock and

a hissing sound as the bow of the dinghy struck the sand.

Bob stepped into the water and seized hold of the bow. Oscar splashed into the water, too, and, without speaking, both of them pulled the dinghy to the dry sand of the beach. Mr. Kingman, looking ahead of him at the shore line, stepped out quickly, still cradling his rifle in the crook of his arm, took a few quick strides across the sand and stopped, looking at the trees. He reminded Bob Bolles of a quail hunter waiting for the birds to rise, but nothing stirred. Bob offered his hand to Mrs. Kingman and she stepped ashore too.

"Oh," she said, "what a beach! See the little shells," and she knelt down to look at them, dozens of shiny brown cowrie shells with white spots and spidery snail shells and orange clam shells.

"Never mind them now, my dear," Mr. Kingman said. "It seems that no one's here. We have it to ourselves."

"Oh, people are here all right," Bob answered. "Look at the path down from the huts. There'll be at least two families living there."

"Well," said Mr. Kingman, "let us go and see," and he began walking toward the palm-leaf huts near the pier and Mrs. Kingman followed him and Bob walked behind her and Oscar came last. The huts were in a cleared space under the palms right on the edge of the old road whose remains Bob Bolles had seen from the water, and behind them, smothered by vines, he could see the ruins of a low coral stone building. The roof had fallen in long ago and it was almost obliterated by vegetation.

"One of the old warehouses," Bob said, and then he pointed. "There's a fire burning. There was someone here this morning." Mr. Kingman had seen it too—the smoldering remains of a cooking fire in a little circle of stones in front of one of the huts.

"Hello," Mr. Kingman called. There was no answer. "Hello," he called again.

There was no answer, but suddenly Mr. Kingman took a quick step forward. He was staring at the side wall of one of the huts.

"By—by jove, Helen," he said, "look at that, will you! Look!"

(To be continued next week)



"Aren't you feeling well, dear? You look a little pale around the fingers"

BEAMER KELLER



A white collar girl discusses her boss

I can't quite understand my boss . . .

He's just as considerate as he can be—gives me an unexpected day off now and then . . . and praises me to the skies when they're discussing raises.

Yet it never seems to have occurred to him how important it is to let me choose my favorite make of typewriter!

Oh, if he'd only let me! I'd choose a *Royal*—and it would be so much to *his* advantage, for I'd turn out better work faster. Do you know why?

First off, there's **MAGIC* Margin**, a honey of a device for changing margins at the flick of a finger. And no crawling into the machine, either!

Next, the carriage on a *Royal* doesn't clatter up and down when you shift. No, it rides serenely along, because *Royal* has **Segment Shift**!

Then, there's **Touch Control***. It makes any *Royal* my *particular Royal*. For it regulates the touch to suit *me*. And speed? *Royal's* got smooth, velvety speed—more of it than I'll ever need.

And that's why a *Royal* lets a white collar girl breeze through a good day's work and come up smiling! But then, a *Royal* also works for the *company*.

For a *Royal* not only lasts longer, it needs fewer repairs and less service. Call it advanced engineering, if you want. *One* reason for it is that even inside parts are protected from dust and erasures. Say! . . . If the boss knew as much about *Royals* as *I* do, he'd have one on my desk tomorrow!

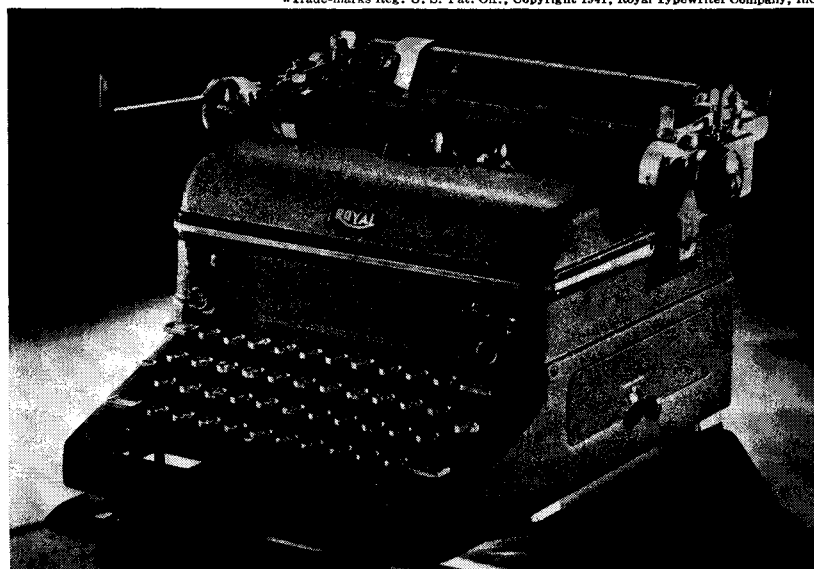
♦ ♦ ♦

Mr. Executive, if you were to canvass the White Collar Girls in your own organization, the chances are you'd discover an overwhelming preference for *Royal*. For, in a recent survey, more than twice as many typists and secretaries expressed a preference for *Royal* as for any other make.

There must be a reason for this—and there is: *better work, faster!* Call your local *Royal* representative for a free "desk test" and prove it, at no obligation to you.

ROYAL World's Number 1 TYPEWRITER

*Trade-marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off., Copyright 1941, Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.



SIX REASONS WHY TYPISTS PREFER ROYAL TWO-TO-ONE OVER ANY OTHER MAKE

ONLY ROYAL HAS MAGIC* Margin

MAGIC* Margin—Just flick this handy lever to change and set margins *automatically*. No fussing with mechanism. Only *Royal* has it!

Segment Shift—The carriage doesn't clatter and pop up when you shift on a *Royal*! Less noise . . . less eyestrain.

Touch Control*—Do you tap, *peek*, or **POUND** when you type? A twirl of this

dial adjusts key tension exactly to your individual touch. Only *Royal* has it!

Accelerating Type Bars—*Royal's* fast type-bar return naturally enables you to type faster.

No Type-bar Blur! Dancing type bars flash *unseen* on a *Royal*. This means less eyestrain, as does the "no glare" finish of the machine itself.

Finger Flow Keyboard—Only *Royal* has this scientifically planned keyboard, with "finger comfort" keys covered with glare-absorbing Lucite. Corner keys are platform-shaped for greater speed and ease.

The Fight Goes On

Continued from page 13

fall of 1937, and continuing through the first half of 1938. These same minority groups sought at once to take advantage of it by blaming it exclusively on the attitude and legislation of the government, claiming that the administration was "strangling business" and "ruining confidence," and preventing "full recovery."

In 1932 the national income had fallen as low as \$38,000,000,000 from a high in 1928 of over \$80,000,000,000. Since 1932 and for each and every year thereafter, up to and including 1937, the national income had gradually risen until it reached the figure of \$68,000,000,000.

This consistent and continuous recovery was stopped short in 1937 by several factors. First, the production and speculative buying of heavy and consumer goods had been increased by industry at such a rapid pace that it had completely outstripped the ability of the people of the country to buy such goods. The same thing happened in 1937 on a small scale that had happened in 1929 on a prodigious scale, namely, the purchasing power of the consumers of goods had been exceeded too quickly and too greatly by the amount of merchandise manufactured. The result was that large inventories of stocks had accumulated, which could not be sold.

In addition, the prices of merchandise had been forced up by business too drastically during the year 1937, in spite of all the efforts of the government to discourage such inordinate increases. The mounting prices, in turn, contributed to the inability to sell the goods manufactured, and helped to create a large excess of goods which could not be sold.

The Government Miscalculates

At the same time, with the steady rise of business through 1936 and early 1937, the government had begun to cut down its own expenditures for relief and work relief. It did so with the reasonable expectation that private industry, with its increased markets and output, would take up some of the slack, and provide some of the employment which had previously been furnished by the government through public works projects. In this the government miscalculated.

It soon became obvious that 1937 was too early to begin to cut down drastically on the expenditure of public funds which had been furnishing the necessary purchasing power for those who could not otherwise get it. The government's expectations that industry would take up the process of giving employment were not fulfilled. Industry failed to supply jobs to replace those which had been lost by curtailment of federal work relief.

At the same time, it is also undoubtedly true that, in some quarters, labor had gone too far in its demands and in its conduct, especially with respect to sit-down strikes.

The explanation for the recession may, therefore, legitimately be placed at the door of all three—government, capital, and labor. It should be remembered that at no time did this recession ever reach alarming proportions. There was never any semblance of the panic or stagnation or hopelessness which had developed in 1932. Our government had been adequately prepared to deal with it—and did deal with it quickly and effectively. However, the recession, such as it was, was seized upon by the opponents of reform and liberal government as a great talking point from which to urge that, unless the whole business of reform and progress were stopped right away, the industrial system of America would

collapse, and the government itself would become bankrupt.

All of the big guns and resources of pressure politics and modern propaganda were brought into play in late 1937 and 1938, to try to strike down liberalism in the Congress and in the executive branch of the government.

The policy of the federal government, however, continued to follow the only path of true recovery and the only assurance of preservation of our system of private profit and free enterprise—the continuance and strengthening of social reform and progressive legislation.

When I called the Congress into extraordinary session in 1937, I pointed this out; and I announced the determination of the federal government to proceed with its program on all fronts with full speed.

ing its duties and responsibilities, I recommended a comprehensive plan of reorganization of the administrative branch of the federal government and a great expansion of the planning functions of government.

These recommendations were renewed by me when the Congress reassembled in regular session in January, 1938. In addition, I made other recommendations showing that the New Deal was determined not to stop in its tracks, but to press forward in its program of progress. I recommended, for example, that new tax legislation was necessary—first, to prevent continued tax evasion by some few individuals and corporations; and, second, to make sure that the principle of ability to pay was not violated by the tax structure.

I also called attention to some of the

and which always arise, out of the growing concentration of economic power, involving, as it did, the control by a relatively few men of other people's money, other people's labor, and other people's lives.

In a special message to the Congress on April 29, 1938, I pointed out that this concentration was seriously impairing the economic effectiveness of private enterprise as a way of providing employment for labor and capital and a way of assuring a more equitable distribution of income and earnings among the people of the nation as a whole. To meet this situation I recommended a thorough study of the concentration of economic power in American industry and the effect of that concentration upon the decline of competition. I suggested that this investigation should include an examination of the existing price system and price policies of industry to determine their effect upon the general level of trade, upon employment, upon long-term profits and upon consumption. Such a survey, I pointed out, should not be confined to the traditional antitrust field, but should review critically the social and economic effects of tax, patent and other government policies.

A Blitzkrieg of Opposition

Much of the legislation which I recommended was passed during 1938. For example, a new farm program was adopted; legislation establishing minimum wages and maximum hours and outlawing child labor was finally passed; various tax reforms were adopted; additional funds were provided for the construction of public works to furnish employment; and a congressional and administrative committee was set up to study the whole subject of monopolies and the concentration of economic power. Administrative reorganization was delayed until 1939.

Many of the great measures debated in 1937 and 1938—farm legislation, reorganization of government, minimum wages and maximum hours, increased public works, monopoly controls, judicial reforms, water-power development, low-cost housing—have, by now, become more or less accepted as part of our economic life. It is a little difficult, therefore, to look back even across the short period to 1938 and remember how bitter and how difficult was the struggle—in the Congress and out of the Congress—which was necessary in order to have some of these laws adopted. The opposition to them—chiefly from the same sources which had opposed the whole program of reform since 1933—developed into "blitzkrieg" proportions. Misrepresentation as to motives, and falsehoods as to objectives and results, became common practice, especially in the columns of some of the large newspapers.

In that struggle, a few Democratic members of the House and Senate—who had been elected in 1936 and in earlier years on liberal platforms, and who had pledged themselves to support the great objectives and social measures enunciated in those platforms—had definitely allied themselves with the opponents of the program. I do not mean merely that these members had disagreed with one or two or more items in the program, and had suggested other measures which they thought more likely to obtain the same results. Obviously, no fault could have been found in any respect with legislators who thought that the liberal principles of the Democratic platform of 1936 could be carried out by other meas-



Accordingly, I recommended the enactment of new farm legislation. I called for a comprehensive farm program—not only to replace the old measures which had been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, but one which could go forward. I called for legislation for soil conservation and for regulation of crop production so as to furnish an ever-normal granary which would give the farmer a fair share of the national income, and at the same time would also assure the consumer a steady supply of food and textile fiber at reasonable prices.

I also recommended to this extraordinary session of the Congress the enactment of legislation providing for minimum wages and maximum hours and the abolition of child labor in all interstate occupations. Only in this way could sweatshop conditions be eliminated and workers receive a reasonable purchasing power—to enable them to live with some degree of decency, and to provide a market for the products of the farms and factories of the nation.

And, in order to make government more efficient in planning and in execut-

grave social abuses which had grown up in the use of capital—not all capital, but in a limited portion thereof. In other words, I made it clear that what I was attacking was not business in general or all business practices, but certain clearly wrongful business practices which were ruinous to the rest of the economic system of the country. I pointed out that, in addition to tax avoidance, these practices included: excessive capitalization, continued write-ups of investment values, security manipulations, collusive bidding and price rigging, high-pressure salesmanship which creates cycles of overproduction and recessions in production, the use of patent laws for monopolistic purposes, and unfair competition. I also called attention to the unfortunate practice of industry to move from one locality or region of the country to another—in an effort to find the cheapest possible wage scales, or in order to try to intimidate local and state governments from the passage of progressive legislation for the protection of labor.

Above all, I stressed the grave danger and serious problems which had arisen,

SO THE PRO TOOK A LESSON FROM ME!



1. It looks like a bad round for me. Right off the first tee I give my drive a terrific slice and—*wham*—it just misses the pro by an eyelash. To make matters worse, there isn't even time to yell "Fore!"



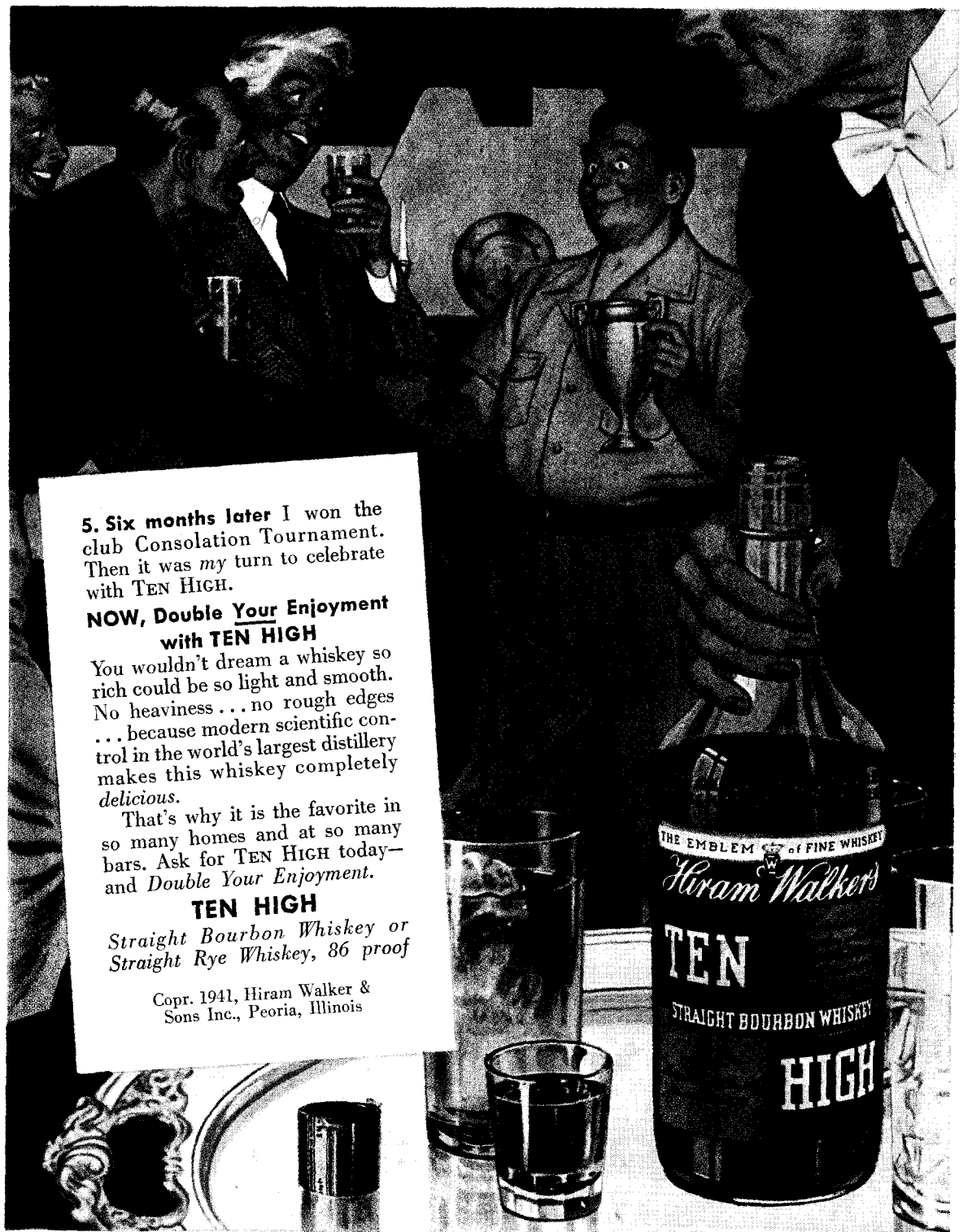
2. "Think fast, Champ," chortles Bill, my companion, as the pro strides toward us. "That doesn't look like a *smile* he's wearing. Maybe you should suggest a round of TEN HIGH."..."Not a bad idea," I murmur.



3. But the pro is no grouch. He just points to my club and says, "Out of self-defense I better teach you how to use that shillalah." I sign up for some lessons at once, and add, "Do that and I'll Double Your Enjoyment with some of the grandest whiskey you ever tasted."



4. Mac soon has me poking them right down the fairway. When I make good my promise about the TEN HIGH, he lets out a long ah-h-h and says, "Wish I could afford a whiskey like that every day." "Then take a lesson from *me*," I tell him. "A quart of TEN HIGH costs no more than three golf balls." (He took the lesson.)



5. Six months later I won the club Consolation Tournament. Then it was *my* turn to celebrate with TEN HIGH.

NOW, Double Your Enjoyment with TEN HIGH

You wouldn't dream a whiskey so rich could be so light and smooth. No heaviness... no rough edges... because modern scientific control in the world's largest distillery makes this whiskey completely delicious.

That's why it is the favorite in so many homes and at so many bars. Ask for TEN HIGH today—and Double Your Enjoyment.

TEN HIGH

Straight Bourbon Whiskey or
Straight Rye Whiskey, 86 proof

Copr. 1941, Hiram Walker &
Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois



...and that promise *has been kept* ever since 1810



Through more than six generations, to millions of policyholders, "Hartford" on an insurance policy has meant a sure promise to pay losses.

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Why not have your local representative of the Two Hartfords study *all* your risks and plan a program of real insurance protection? Such a survey costs you nothing—it may save you thousands of dollars in losses.

Simply call Western Union (in Canada, call Canadian National Telegraphs) and ask for the name and address of the nearest Hartford agent. Or talk things over with your own insurance broker.

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HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

THE TWO HARTFORDS WRITE PRACTICALLY EVERY FORM OF INSURANCE EXCEPT LIFE

ures, and who proposed and fought for such other measures. But that was not what was happening. The blunt fact is that these men were deliberately repudiating the very principles of progress which they had espoused in order to be elected—and which were, in some cases, the only reason that they had been elected.

It became quite obvious that this kind of conduct was not only a renunciation of platform pledges, but was actually endangering the successful accomplishment of the federal government's determination to preserve a liberal, progressive administration.

The primary obligation and responsibility for determining the general objectives and direction of any administration naturally lie with the President himself. However, he can do little alone, without the co-operation of the Congress. In this particular instance the vast majority of the Congress were members of my own party. The number of Democrats in the Congress had been increased during each and every congressional election commencing with 1932. They had each time been elected on a platform which expressly called for the adoption of liberal legislation. But, in spite of this, that type of legislation had begun to be repudiated by several of them; so that if the process were not checked the whole liberal program might eventually become jeopardized.

I believe it to be my sworn duty, as President, to take all steps necessary to insure the continuance of liberalism in our government. I believe, at the same time, that it is my duty as the head of the Democratic party to see to it that my party remains the truly liberal party in the political life of America.

There had been many periods in American history, unfortunately, when one major political party was no different from the other major party—except only in name. In a system of party government such as ours, however, elections become meaningless when the two major parties have no differences other than their labels. For such elections do not give the people of the United States an opportunity to decide upon the type of government which they prefer for themselves for the next two or the next four years, as the case may be. I do not mean necessarily that expression of choice at the polls should concern itself with details or with particular methods. But it is essential that the general trend and direction of government should be left to the determination of a majority of the people; and the only way that they can express their will is by voting for the candidates of the party which espouses the particular trend in government which they prefer.

Liberal vs. Conservative

Generally speaking, in a representative form of government there are usually two general schools of political belief—liberal and conservative. The system of party responsibility in America requires that one of its parties be the liberal party and the other be the conservative party. This has been the division by which the major parties in American history have identified themselves whenever crises have developed which required definite choice of direction. In Jefferson's day, in Jackson's day, and in Lincoln's and Theodore Roosevelt's and Wilson's day one group emerged clearly as liberals, opposed to the other—the conservatives.

One great difference which has characterized this division has been that the liberal party—no matter what its particular name was at the time—believed in the wisdom and efficacy of the will of the great majority of the people, as distinguished from the judgment of a small

minority of either education or wealth. The liberal group has always believed that control by a few—political control or economic control—if exercised for a long period of time, would be destructive of a sound representative democracy. For this reason, for example, it has always advocated the extension of the right of suffrage to as many people as possible, trusting the combined judgment of all the people in political matters rather than the judgment of a small minority.

The other great difference between the two parties has been this: The liberal party is a party which believes that, as new conditions and problems arise beyond the power of men and women to meet as individuals, it becomes the duty of government itself to find new remedies with which to meet them. The liberal party insists that government has the definite duty to use all its power and resources to meet new social problems with new social controls—to insure to the average person the right to his own economic and political life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That theory of the role of government was expressed by Abraham Lincoln when he said, "The legitimate object of government is to do for a community of people whatever they need to have done, but cannot do at all, or cannot do so well, for themselves, in their separate and individual capacities."

The Conservative Viewpoint

The conservative party in government honestly and conscientiously believes the contrary. It believes that there is no necessity for the government to step in, even when new conditions and new problems arise. It believes that, in the long run, individual initiative and private philanthropy can take care of all situations. The test of allegiance to one or the other of these schools of political and economic thought cannot be based on a person's views with respect to one particular measure of policy or even several of them. The test is rather whether a person adheres to the broad general objectives of the particular party as expressed in its fundamental principles.

The clear and undisputed fact is that in these later years, at least since 1932, the Democratic party has been the liberal party, and the Republican party has been the conservative party.

There can, of course, be no quarrel by anybody with anyone who sincerely subscribes either to the principles of liberalism or conservatism. The quarrel in 1938 was with those who said they were liberals, but who, nevertheless, proceeded to stand in the way of all social progress by objecting to any measure to carry out liberal objectives. The usual procedure of this type of liberal is to say that he believes in the objective, but that he does not like the details of the particular method proposed to carry out the objective. He says, "Yes"—that he is in favor of the end; but he objects to the means—at the same time offering no alternative method, and seldom, if ever, raising a finger of his own to try to obtain the ultimate objective. I have frequently referred to this type as a "yes, but—" fellow.

The true liberal does not claim, of course, that the remedies with which he proposes to attain his objectives are perfect. But he is willing to start with something less than perfect in this imperfect world. The conservative, on the other hand, believes generally that all remedies proposed by the government itself are usually unnecessary, and that perfection can be obtained more readily and more quickly through private initiative.

It is a comparatively simple thing for a nation to determine, by its votes,

New-smart-distinguished! BORN FOR LEADERSHIP



10K natural gold filled. No. 5011A. \$39.75

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"My Elgin DeLuxe continues the tradition started by my grandfather"

says **CAPT. FRED DAVIS**
EASTERN AIR LINES

DESIGNED for young Americans of '41... hustling and on the go... conscious that minutes mean so much!

The brilliant new Elgin DeLuxe watches for men are sturdy, companionable. They have that sincere, depend-on-me look about them. And happy indeed is the girl who receives a dainty, feminine Elgin DeLuxe!

All styles are highly original. Cases are natural, rose or white gold-filled—many with the gleaming new mirror-finish. There are high-curved crystals and unique two-tone dials.

Each watch has Elgin's latest technical advances: the rustproof, non-magnetic Elginium hairspring* and Beryl-X balance.

Unlike many other watches, Elgins are not foreign made, or assembled from foreign parts. All parts are designed and created in the Elgin factory. Elgin produces the world's largest-selling fine watches made in America. Prices on 17-jewel Elgin DeLuxe watches from \$37.50, subject to change without notice. Slightly higher in Canada.

*Patent Nos. 1,974,695 and 2,072,489.



2 MILLION MILER with "The Great Silver Fleet", and a 3rd generation Elgin owner! Capt. Davis, formerly of the Marine Corps, holds one of aviation's most responsible jobs. He is Superintendent of Flight Training for Eastern Air Lines. On duty—all flight personnel of this famous line wear star-timed Elgin service watches.

★ **ELGIN DeLUXE** ★

17 JEWELS

WORTHY COMPANIONS TO THE DISTINGUISHED 21-JEWEL LORD ELGINS
AND 19-JEWEL LADY ELGINS



In no other autumn has the life of America reached such a tremendous tempo—with national defense setting the pace, and with every other activity racing to keep in tune.

Greyhound is part of this picture, vital to it, made to order for it! Streamlined Super-Coaches carry thousands of workers who are building America's defense—soldiers, sailors, and marines traveling between their homes and military camps and bases—millions of other Americans in their every-day pursuit of livelihood and happiness.

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS • FORT WORTH,	WASHINGTON, D. C. • DETROIT,	RICHMOND, VIRGINIA • MEMPHIS,
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whether it chooses the liberal or the conservative form of government. On the other hand, a nation can never intelligently determine its policy if it has to go through the confusion of voting for candidates who pretend to be one thing but who act the other.

I have always believed, and I have frequently stated, that my own party can succeed at the polls only so long as it continues to be the party of militant liberalism. I do not mean to imply that only enrolled Democrats are liberal voters, or even that all enrolled Democrats are liberal voters. I do not mean to imply, on the other hand, that only enrolled Republicans are conservative voters, or that all enrolled Republicans are conservative voters. There is a vast number of independent voters who are unwilling to become affiliated with either party, but whose social and political outlook is definitely liberal, and whose votes have been cast for liberal candidates. On the other hand, millions of enrolled Republican voters—affiliated under the conservative Republican leadership for one reason or another—have nevertheless consistently voted for the type of government and candidates who appear under the liberal banner.

But, as the head of the Democratic party, I think that it is nothing more nor less than political consistency for the candidates standing for election on the liberal program of my party to act like liberals after the election is over.

It was in that belief, and the complete realization of the fact that some Democratic candidates had acted in repudiation of progressive and liberal government, that I took an active part in some of the primary elections of 1938—in an effort to keep liberalism in the foreground in the councils of my own party, as well as in the legislative and executive branches of the government itself.

My participation in these primary campaigns was slurringly referred to, by those who were opposed to liberalism, as a "purge." The word became a slogan for those who tried to misrepresent my conduct to make it appear to be an effort to defeat certain senators and congressmen who had voted against one measure or another recommended by me—particularly those who had voted against the Supreme Court bill of 1937. Nothing could be further from the truth. I was not interested in personalities. Nor was I interested in particular measures—because most of the liberal measures I had recommended had already been passed. I was, however, primarily interested in seeing to it that the Democratic party and the Republican party should not be merely Tweedledum and Tweedledee to each other. I was chiefly interested in continuing the Democratic party as the liberal, forward-looking, progressive party in the United States.

The primary campaigns in which I

actively spoke consisted of one congressional campaign in my own home state, one senatorial campaign in my other home state of Georgia, one in Kentucky (where the choice was not between a conservative and a liberal, but between two liberals, one of whom was the experienced Democratic leader of the Senate), and one senatorial campaign in the State of Maryland, where I was accompanied by the chairman of the Democratic National Committee. It must be remembered, also, that in some of these states, and in some other states, a definite misuse was being made of my name by one candidate or the other, falsely claiming that I favored his election. Under such circumstances I exercised my clear right to speak out in the interest of truth.

In these primary campaign speeches, I made it clear that I was not trying to dictate to the people of any state as to how they should vote. What I was trying to do was to impress upon them the necessity of voting for liberal candidates—if they wanted a continuation of the liberal kind of government which they had had since 1933.

Looking back on the domestic issues of 1937 and 1938, there is much satisfaction in realizing that the American people, as a whole, were not taken in by the bitter accusations and dire predictions of those who cried "dictatorship," "imminent bankruptcy," or "strangulation of business." The determination of the people to continue the same liberal program of progressive reform was clearly expressed at the polls in 1938. As was to be expected, after the steady and continued increase in Democratic representation in the Congress in 1932, 1934, and 1936, the Democratic majority fell off somewhat in 1938. But the fact that, after the elections of 1938, there were 69 Democratic senators and 262 Democratic congressmen, as against 23 Republican senators and 169 Republican congressmen, shows that the cause of progressive government had found definite approval with the people, and had met with their determination that it be continued.

The political struggle of 1938 had not been in vain. Liberalism in government was still triumphant.

The President's article next week tells why Congress failed to act in early 1939 on the approaching war. Read:

WAR ... And Neutrality

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S



"Let's go over and give the sergeant a hot-foot!"

FRED BALK

Ever Hear of CLOPAY?

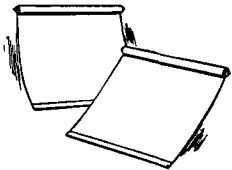
A Company That Has Saved American Housewives 10 Million Dollars in the Past 10 Years

*Add to Your List of Famous American Industrial Names
That of CLOPAY Corporation, Cincinnati, Ohio*

What Has CLOPAY Done? Here is the Interesting Story:

WHAT PRICE WINDOW SHADES?

\$1.00 to \$3.00—or 10c?



Not many years ago, you'll remember that when you wanted new window shades, you expected to pay from \$1 to \$3 each.

Even the cheapest cloth shades, known as "water colors," cost about 69c. As the name indicated, they were made with "water colors" and spotted at the touch of rain. So—\$1 to \$3 was the price usually paid—pretty expensive for a homeowner with 20 to 30 windows and an income of less than \$3,000 per year (which includes 91% of all American families).

A NEW WAY FOUND

Then in 1930, a Cincinnati man popped up with a revolutionary idea. He found that a certain type of paper, made of tough, durable kraft fibres and colored with fine pigments, had the strength and fade-resistance to make a good window shade. But it was stiff; rattled and didn't roll smoothly. So he worked out a process that gave this material a "crepe" finish, making it flexible and cloth-like—yet retaining its strength. Now the material hung straight and rolled smoothly. (An U. S. patent was granted on this creping process as applied to window shades.)

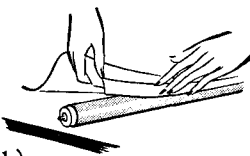


WHY THROW THE LAMP AWAY?



Then came another idea: Shades had always been sold only mounted on rollers. Why? Rollers would usually outlast 3 to 5 shades. You didn't throw a lamp away when the bulb burned out. There must be some way, he reasoned, to get the benefit of that extra usefulness in rollers after shades wore out.

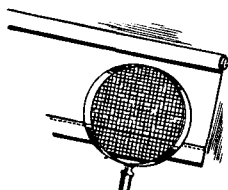
So he attached to each shade a sturdy piece of gummed tape. The shade could be attached to the old roller in a jiffy, without tacks or tools—by any housewife. (Another U. S. patent granted.)



And the price? Here was the amazing thing: the shade could be made to retail for 10c—about one-tenth of the usual former price for a window shade.

The result was obvious: millions were sold—millions of smart American housewives got "ten shades for the price of one."

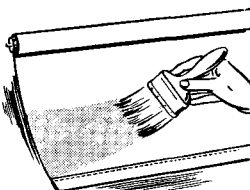
LINTONE—"LOOKS LIKE LINEN"



A few years later came the "Lintone" process. To both sides of this material was applied, by modern rotogravure process, a "linen" appearance that was amazingly realistic. In an actual test, when viewing this "Lintone" shade alongside a \$1.50 "linen" shade, 3 out of 4 women could not tell which was which—or thought the Lintone shade was the more expensive! Yet this improved fibre shade could sell for only 15c. Result? More millions sold; more millions of dollars saved by housewives.

A DISCOVERY IN PAINT

This was good going, but it wasn't all. In 1934 came another improvement—a process for coating both sides of the fibre material with oil-paint. The result was a completely washable material, one which could be actually scrubbed with soap and water.



Price? Again an astonishing triumph of American manufacturing ingenuity. This shade could be retailed at 25c for full 36 inch by 6 foot size, ready to attach to roller. And here the Lintone process was cleverly applied under the oil-paint, so that the shade hanging at a window looked exactly as if thousands of fine threads were embedded in the material. (Another U. S. patent granted.)

THEN CAME THE "5 & 10"

Following this remarkable manufacturing development came a great improvement in distribution. How could these shades be most conveniently, most economically brought to the buyer?

ANSWER: Through the more than 10,000 conveniently located 5c and 10c stores, 5c to \$1 stores and variety stores of the country. There was a "5 & 10" in almost every city of 5,000 or more. In each large city there were a dozen or more.

And in these stores the housewife found no "sales-pressure," no complications. Just an ample supply of window shades, at 10c, 15c, 25c each, in all popular colors, ready to pick up and take home.



"CUT TO SIZE FREE"



Thousands of "5 and 10's" installed shade-cutting machines, to trim shades to desired widths—right on the spot. In 2 out of 3 of these 5c and 10c stores today, you will see signs reading "CLOPAY Shades Cut to Size FREE."

The collaboration of CLOPAY and the "5 and 10's" has brought the cost of good window shades down from \$1-\$3 to 10c-25c. It has saved at least \$10,000,000 for housewives—and continues to save them millions more every year.

A GOOD NAME TO REMEMBER



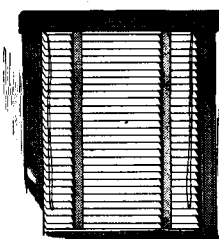
The name CLOPAY comes from CLOth and PAPER—because in so many ways CLOPAY has made inexpensive paper do the work of expensive cloth. CLOPAY stands for ingenuity, inventiveness, progress. It's a name that stands for money-saving. And it's a name that stands for quality, too—unlimited guarantee against defective merchandise has always been a part of CLOPAY's policy.

So, the next time you are numbering over the companies that have contributed to American progress—to better living at lower cost—remember CLOPAY, miracle workers in paper and fibre.

CLOPAY CORPORATION

WINDOW SHADES ARE THE MOST IMPORTANT, BUT NOT THE ONLY CLOPAY PRODUCTS . . . HERE ARE A FEW OTHERS:

CLOPAY VENETIAN BLINDS



Another outstanding development in money saving: cost less than \$2 for the average window. Slats of compressed fibre with washable baked-enamel finish. Easy to install.

CLOPAY GARMENT STORAGE BAGS



—for protecting your out-of-use garments against moths and dirt. Sturdily built to CLOPAY standards. Yet cost only 15c, 25c, 29c each, depending on size and weight.

CLOPAY JIFFY SEALS



—an ingenious new way of sealing jam and jelly jars. Transparent cellulose seals that attach in a jiffy—eliminate messy hot wax, save time and work, cost less—25 seals for only 10c.

CLOPAY'S COVERAY



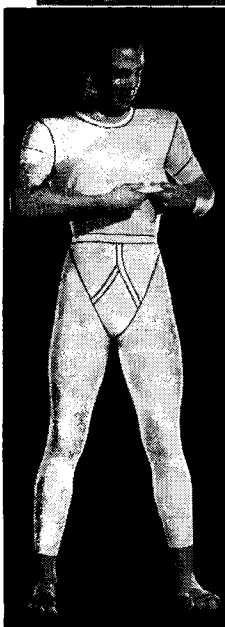
—a washable, paint-on fibre material for covering counters, shelves, tables, etc. in stores. Looks like leather or fine wood. Costs less than half as much as material of the same appearance.

STORE OPERATORS:
Send for free swatch book.

If You Would Like Free Color Swatches of Shades, or Other Information, Write CLOPAY, 1272 Cloday Square, Cincinnati, Ohio

Keep Fit

THIS WINTER



Two-piece construction
—85c each and up.

"Quality Corner"

Better stores offer Jockey in Rayon, mercerized cotton, linen and cotton, wool and cotton mixtures and the new super-textile, Coopreme. Shorts and Midways, 75c to \$1.25; Longs, \$1.25 to \$3.00.



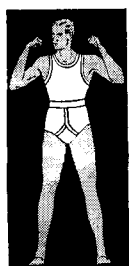
It's good for you to get *Dog-tired* outdoors in Jockey Longs

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

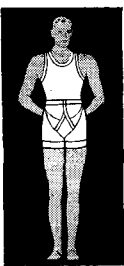
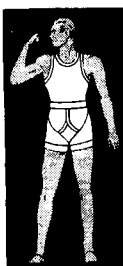
How long is it since you spent a grand day, outdoors in the crisp air with a dog at your heels and a good companion at your side? Occasions like that and the physical well-being they bring are yours to take . . . if you dress for them. And that means, starting with Jockey Longs! For Jockey Longs form the foundation of all active men's winter wardrobes. Made by Coopers, they're buttonless, smooth, warm and snug but not bulky. Give complete freedom of action and incorporate Jockey's famous inverted *Y-front which makes for a perfect fit, mild support and a non-gap masculine opening. In all weights, Jockey Longs are styled for looks as well as comfort and action. At dealers everywhere who identify themselves by displaying the Jockey statue in their stores. Cost 85c and up. Contoured shirts to match, same prices. Also children's sizes down to four years. * —The Source of Support.

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN

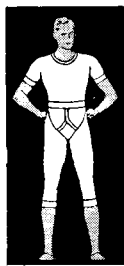
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; In Australia by MacRae Knitting Mills, Sydney; In British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; In New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S 1



Left
**JOCKEY
SHORT**
For summer
sports; 55¢ up
•
Right
**JOCKEY
MIDWAY**
Squirm-free
comfort for or-
dinary wear;
55¢ up



Left
**JOCKEY
BELLIN**
A trim, youthful
waistline for
dress-up occa-
sions; \$1.25
•
Right
**JOCKEY
OVER-KNEE**
For scratchy
tweeds; 85¢ up



How to Train a Hunting Dog

Continued from page 16

in a wooden blind, with the Chessy be- side him and the Labrador staked out a few feet away, trembling nervously to be at work.

A helper with a couple of dead ducks shoves off in a rowboat and paddles out a couple of hundred yards. He tosses a duck overboard. Back in the blind the Chessy's nose quivers, but he doesn't move. Then, as Billy calls the dog's name, the Chessy bounds out of the blind, heaves himself through the shallows and soon is swimming with steady strokes toward the duck. He catches the bird deftly and softly by the back and swims home, climbing the bank to the trainer. Here he sits until Gladwin takes the duck from his mouth.

Patience Above All

"Training," says Billy. "You notice he gave me the duck first and then shook himself. All dog instinct is to shake first and let everything else go. You'd be surprised the amount of patience it takes to make a dog do something against his instinct."

The duck, incidentally, isn't hurt a bit, so soft is the Chessy's grip. That's training, too.

"Good dog'll go half a mile for a duck," explains Gladwin. "Furthermore, if you shoot down three, he'll mark where each floats and bring them in, one after another. That's pretty clever, especially on a rough lake where it's hard to see and the ducks drift fast. Partly eyesight and partly smell. And some sort of a memory test, too."

You can spoil a bird dog fairly easily, making him do tricks out of his routine, or tiring him by repetition of actions that don't make sense to him.

Training of pointers, setters and spaniels proceeds along much the same lines: First you show the dog what you want him to do; you couple this with a signal; and you insist patiently that at the signal the dog *must* obey. . . . But if you lose your temper, you might as well give up; you'll never well train a dog.

Many hunters, old trainers grin, never get the best out of a dog because they don't give the animal a chance to train *them*. This may sound goofy, but it seems to be true.

"Watch your dog while you're training and working him," is the advice, "and let him, by his reactions, instruct you in the best way to handle yourself to bring out the best in him. Some dogs are stubborn, some flighty-minded, some impetuous, some stolid and easygoing. Let your dog tell you what sort of person he is and learn to handle him accordingly. He can't change his nature any more than you can change yours. If you know your dog's character you'll be surprised how much more game you'll get—and how much less temper you'll lose."

First thing a novice hunter wants to know is: How much does it cost to get and train a dog? Well, some hunters go out with a mutt rescued for a license fee from the pound, a \$10 gun and a pocketful of shells and bring home the limit. Others spend \$500 or more on a pedigreed dog, intensively trained to show up well at bench shows and field trials; they board him out at a kennel fifty weeks a year to use him for two—and get maybe only a brace of birds.

As a rule, it's poor economy to buy a cheap dog—and in dogs, as in other things, you get what you pay for. A trained dog represents months of expert workmanship on the part of a trainer

who has spent years in learning how—and you can't get all that for nothing. A fair price for training a bird dog ranges from \$100 to \$150.

A good many shots train their own dogs. The trouble with educating a dog in a home is that while you're trying to make a bird dog out of him, your wife wants him for a watchdog, Junior wants him for a companion and the baby looks on him as an animated toy. No dog, especially a young one, is versatile enough to be all things to a family and the probability is he'll turn out badly as a field dog.

After a dog is trained for the field, he can be trained to live around a home—but don't try to make an "all-round" dog out of him while he's a pup.

But, if you are the boss of your home and can enforce a rule that you alone handle the puppy, the first thing to do is discard all the romantic and poetical notions about the superintelligence of dogs and their "uncanny instinct." You should do this in fairness to the dog, who very often has little more sense than you have. If you expect miracles and, failing to get them, punish the dog unjustly, you'll never make a good hunter out of him.

Most trainers will tell you, from experience, that dogs are really not very bright; seldom think for themselves; require enormous tact and patience to train and even then are usually far from perfect in performance. The trainers, a whimsical, taciturn breed, usually add: "Just like humans." This they consider a compliment—to humans.

There are a few major and several thousand minor rules to dog training. A professional can take a six months' old pup and make a good working dog out of him in half a year or eight months, by patient day-by-day education that the average owner has neither time nor "savvy" enough to give.

Doggy Kindergarten

However, if you want to train your puppy, the first thing you teach him is his name. This means that, if there are several pups around, yours won't respond unless he hears his own private call.

The next thing taught usually is the word No and its meaning. You have to teach the pup that on hearing this sound he must stop what he's doing. Since, in his working life, he'll be expected to do a lot of "unnatural" things, this lesson is important.

Later, the pup is taught to "come to heel"—which is a misnomer, because a dog with his nose on his master's heel wouldn't be much help. Most hunters like their dogs to walk beside them, the dog's nose near their knee, on the side opposite the gun. You teach "heeling" with a lead and a switch, making the lessons short, being firm and patient, never tiring the dog and rewarding him for learning.

It may take you two months, but it's worth it.

Having taught the dog its name, the meaning of No, and how to walk beside you, you have to teach it to stop and stay stopped until you give the word to move. First, decide on one word—Stop, Whoa or Hup!—and never vary it, to make the dog stand or sit. Pointers and setters stand; spaniels sit. (Don't ask why; it's part of the ritual.) You place the dog in the position you wish him to maintain and repeat the command word several times, handing out punishment or reward as necessary. Then you have to go on to making the dog stay put,

while you walk away, until you give the word to move. This is where you have to overcome "instinct," and where you can break a dog's spirit by harshness or impatience. It is a spot, too, where you must let the dog do a little master training.

A lot of sloppy affection can spoil a dog, too. Dogs, like people, respect justice and prefer it to overaffection one minute and a bawling out the next. You have to teach your dog that, while he *must* do what he's told, he'll never be called on for anything unreasonable or punished for not doing something of which he's incapable.

Most trainers emphasize the need for giving your dog all the freedom it wants when not working. This keeps up its initiative and good spirits. A dog kept constantly under discipline soon degenerates into a dull sort of mechanical object. In the field, half a day is usually thought to be enough for the average dog, though many hunters work their dogs overtime.

Men keep bird dogs for one of three purposes: For hunting, for field trials, for bench shows. It's a pretty safe bet that no one dog is going to be champion at all three. Dyed-in-the-wool bird hunters jeer at bench hounds, which are bred to conform to certain physical standards—or peculiarities—and usually aren't well adapted to the rough and tumble of field work.

Gun Dogs vs. Field Trial Dogs

In field trials, the dogs are judged on form—their ability to carry out orders swiftly and accurately. The backwoods boys again chime in with the charge that this tends to make automatons out of dogs and destroys their initiative, which isn't quite true, because initiative counts in the judging. General opinion among bird-dog men is: "You can make a good gun dog of a good field trial dog, but you can't win field trials with a good gun dog."

The third sort of dog—far in the majority—is the gun dog. He isn't bred for looks, or trained like a circus pony. He's bred for intelligence and endurance, cheerfulness and willingness; he's trained to use his head with a minimum of direction, so that his individual personality is unchanged.

The human system of education may be to take fifty mine-run kids, put them all through the same course of training and trust to luck. This horrifies a dog trainer, who knows that each dog is an individual problem, and has to be studied and trained individually to make him amount to anything.

Like everything else, dog training has its systems. One of them, worked out for newcomers, is to make a list of the various things the dog is supposed to do: walk to heel, range ahead to smell out birds, move to left or right, stand rigid on point, retrieve one or more

dead birds and deliver them properly.

When the list has been made, a specific sound or motion is settled on for each desired action—a word, a whistle blast, a wave of the hand. It is a good idea to avoid words that sound alike—No and Whoa, for example. The whistle used should always be of the same pitch, because there may be other hunters around and the dog is supposed to obey only one whistle. The hand motion should always be the same. And the fewer orders you have to give, the more easily they will be understood by your dog who, remember, has a mind not much better than yours.

One great essential for a successful bird dog, trainers say, is that he shall have confidence in his master. When a dog is ranging ahead of the gun, seeking birds, he knows more about what he is doing, usually, than the man back of him. If the gunner constantly tells the dog to go here or go there and no birds result, the dog inevitably gets the notion that the hunter doesn't know what it's all about—which is true. Thereafter, the dog will have no respect for the hunter's ability and, if he is a headstrong animal, will start to ignore orders and go about his business in his own way. This ends up by making the hunter mad and the dog a lawless rebel.

As a rule, the less a dog is ordered around—especially if the hunter isn't dead sure his judgment is better than the dog's—the better the hunting is likely to be. The average dog knows ten times as much about finding birds as the average novice hunter; overcontrol by the guntoter merely demonstrates his ignorance to the dog—and that's the end of a beautiful friendship.

There is some argument about it, as about everything in dogdom, but the consensus seems to be that a mother dog can't or won't train her pups to become hunting dogs, no matter how good she may be herself. Some romantics affect to believe she will, but trainers deny it, from experience. In fact, after she stops feeding him, a pup has no more interest in his mother than in any other bitch. To him she is a feeding station and protective device and nothing more.

Starting out with bird dogs, the average hunter runs into a flock of questions: Are males better than females? Is an Irish Setter better than a cocker spaniel? . . . And a thousand more. To most of these there is no positive answer—although you can get positive answers from any dog owner at the drop of a grouse.

This fall, dogs and men are roaming the hills in forty-eight states in search of everything from tiny grouse to big bears; they are matching their dogs against others in field trials and on the benches. The choice of a dog boils down to this: Any dog is a good hunting dog if he does what you want him to do, and does it cheerfully and well.

DISCOVER HOW GAINES CAN CUT DOG FOOD BILLS AS MUCH AS 50%



Test Gaines in your own home *Free!*

Compare Gaines with a moist dog food! ANY moist dog food!

You'll discover this: Gaines is a DRY food, 92% moisture-free. You pay for practically no moisture. This can mean savings as high as 50% to about 7 out of 10 dog owners.

And best of all, in addition to giving these happy dog owners the chance to save money, Gaines offers their dogs a mighty big bonus in health-values!

Contains Vitamins

Gaines contains Vitamins A, B₁, B₂ (G), D, E, proteins, cereals, minerals. In fact it contains *everything* normal dogs are known to need to help them develop glossy coats, clear eyes, sound bones and plenty of pep!

And how dogs do go for Gaines! Little dogs—big dogs—bluebloods—"just plain dogs"—all like Gaines. They eat *millions* of pounds every year. Besides, scores of America's best-known breeders have been feeding Gaines every day for more than a decade!

In fact, for two long years Gaines was the mainstay of the diet of the U. S. Antarctic Expedition's dogs! And though these dogs were



OFFICIAL PHOTO U. S. ANTARCTIC SERVICE—A dog team meets the Expedition's Supply Ship "U. S. S. Bear" as it arrives at West Base, Antarctica with the first mail of the year.

taken through the sweltering tropics, then put to work in the 60° below zero temperatures of Antarctica, they suffered no nutritional illnesses!

Send For Free Sample

Discover—at our expense—what savings and other great benefits this *proved* dog food may bring you! Mail the coupon below and get liberal samples of Gaines, together with color-illustrated booklet. Better yet, try Gaines now without losing another minute! Just ask your nearest dealer for anywhere from a day's to many weeks' supply. You'll risk nothing. The Gaines he sells in 2- and 5-lb. sealed paper bags is backed by a money-back guarantee!



Back from Little America, the dogs of the U. S. Antarctic Expedition have been found to be in sound health and soon will be put to work in the U. S. Army. Gaines continues to be their food!

**GAINES FOOD CO., INC., Box C-9
Sherburne, N. Y.**

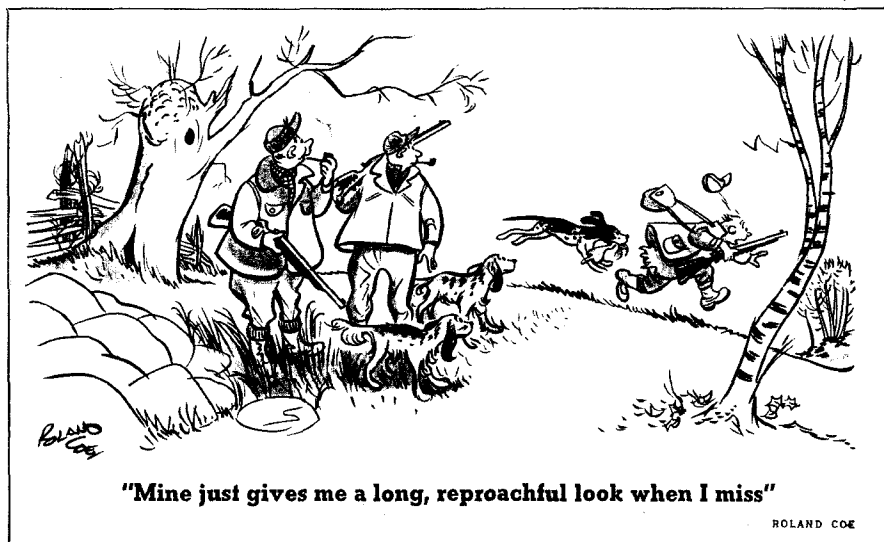
Please rush free samples of Gaines Dog Food, together with illustrated booklet, "Health for Your Dog." I have Puppies (No.) Old Dogs (No.)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

Canadian Representative, Wear Food Company
2114 Queen Street, East, Toronto, Canada





Open: Come in!

By Meyer Levin

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

The pursuit and capture of a businessman. He was a long time learning about women

Sybil laughed. "So many Northerners are still timid of us," she said. He wondered if she could mean something more by her remark

would expertly appraise the design of a catalogue on which, he might have ascertained from Elwood, she had done some work, and insist that Cross ought to give her greater opportunities. They would discuss the various personalities among the leading typographers, the little cliques that formed as in any organization, manipulating for office, and for control of the annual prize awards.

Paul Willett never had anything malicious to say about anyone, but he possessed a peculiar gift for ticking people off, with a penetrating word and a shrewd little smile that proved he was nobody's fool. There was a kind of intimacy, in permitting himself these liberties of comment, with her. And often she added to his observations; such as when, as a child, he'd make a mischievous drawing of Auntie, and his sister would add a comical curlicue. Only people who understood each other could share their little jokes. Paul and Miss Richey were friends, like that.

AND yet it was a kind of unopened friendship. It was as though they carried a box between them, and knew it held something very nice, but never pulled the string. But they were secure in having it. And some year it would open, perhaps of itself.

Paul could not bring himself to talk to Miss Richey of personal matters because, first of all, he knew about her. Everybody called her Miss Richey, as she was such a young, handsome woman, but, of course, everybody knew she was Mrs. This, Paul was certain she knew he knew. What use would there be in discussing it? Only pain.

At his very first convention, he had heard some of the men talking about her. It was in Philadelphia that year, and after the first evening session the boys gathered at the end of the hall and Greg Guthrie of Chicago who had a prize collection of stories told a few, and naturally the talk generally turned to women, who were not easy to meet in Philadelphia. Someone made a crack about a honey available right on the spot, alluding to Miss Richey, but instantly there was a drawing together of the older members, and a kind of brotherly correction—no monkeying around, in those quarters. Sybil's a good sport, but—

"Tough," Tony Fortunato of Jersey City said, "a swell girl like that should have the breaks she's had."

"It's always the best ones get the rotten breaks," philosophized Elwood Cross, her chief.

"She ought to get divorced," Fortunato declared. "No sense of a girl ruining her life over a bum like that."

"Would you want your wife to divorce

EVERY year they met. The first couple of years Paul Willett, doubtful whether anyone could remember him from one convention to the next, would wait to be reintroduced. Seeing her, he would shy away, circulate among the groups of men, until he fixed himself to the group where her chief, Elwood Cross, held forth. Usually this would be at the bar. Willett would drink a beer; he had no moral objections to the hard stuff, just didn't care for it. Eventually, Miss Richey would come to consult Elwood Cross

about something, and that was how Paul would get reintroduced.

"Why, yes, we met last year," she'd say. "Don't you remember?"

Paul's elfin face would color, and he would drag his eyes from her mouth, which held them as though he were a lip reader. "Of course, I remember, Miss Richey. I thought you wouldn't remember me."

After the third convention she eased his shyness by making a little joking ceremony of their reintroduction. As soon as she spotted Paul Willett, Miss

Richey would take Elwood Cross by the arm and steer him to Paul and insist on being introduced.

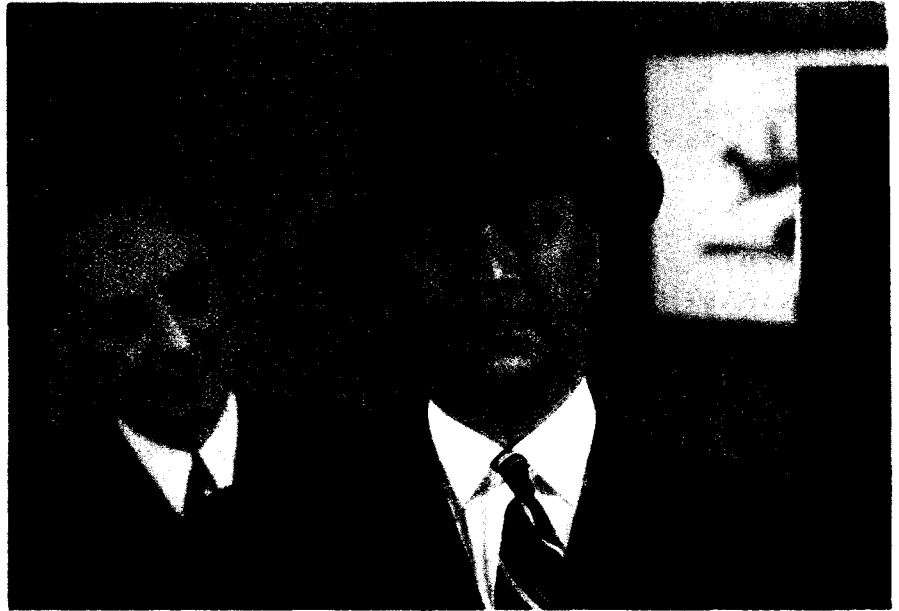
Once, during the three-day meeting each year, Paul would take her to dinner. They would go to a restaurant outside the hotel, never seeking an especially tony or famous food place, but just somewhere with a booth or an uncrowded look. And they would talk entirely shop talk.

Paul would tell her about the new monotype he had installed, and how soon he would have it paid for. He

How to Pick Out a Hat By Bob ("Best-Dressed") Benchley*



1. "Now this shape brings out the Benchley you all know...the man among men; busy, affable...dominating his circle and his affairs...the captain of his ship, master of his soul...Benchley, the successful, the envied, the admired!"



2. "Now here's a shape that brings out the old Benchley buccaneering blood...the sportsman, the dare-devil...quick to resent a slur, or to compliment a pretty woman...Buck Benchley, and will he head them off at Eagle Pass!"



3. "Now this shape emphasizes the Benchley nobody knows...scion of the banking Benchleys...cool, far-sighted...a man with a flair for figures and telephone numbers...a man of integrity...definitely a high-class guy."



4. "I like all three shapes...but can't decide...don't want a hat anyway...just...er...dropped in...*what!!!!*...it's the same hat!...the Stetson 'Three-Way'...one hat with three shapes?...why, certainly, I'll take all three of it!"



5. "And look at this three-sided, Stetson-stamped box!...Why, the simon-pure, true-blue Benchley, lover of the beautiful, would carry the hat and wear the box...and by golly, as soon as I get out of sight of that hat store, I will!"

ANOTHER STETSON ORIGINAL

New Stetson design, specially constructed to look equally smart, no matter which of these three ways you choose to wear it:

1 Snap Brim 2 Brim Down All Around 3 Brim Up All Around

STETSON

"Three-Way"

\$750

OTHER STETSONS FROM \$5. STETSON HATS ARE ALSO MADE IN CANADA

* Author and Star of the Current Series of Paramount Shorts

1/2 PRICE SALE

79¢
TRANSPARENT
PLASTIC BACK
Pro-phy-lac-tic
HAIR BRUSH

\$1.00 SIZE
WILDROOT
WITH OIL
OR REGULAR FORMULA

WILDROOT
WITH OIL
for the hair

3-ACTION

89¢

Limited time only!

Bargain Combination Offer includes 79¢ Pro-phy-lac-tic Hair Brush and \$1 size Wildroot-with-Oil or Wildroot Regular Formula (non-oily)...a \$1.79 value. Both for 89¢! Genuine Pro-phy-lac-tic Hair Brush has gleaming transparent plastic back and handle. Famous 3-Action Wildroot-with-Oil grooms the hair...relieves dryness...removes loose dandruff. Get both brush and Wildroot from your drug store today at special 89¢ price! If dealer's stock is exhausted, send 89¢ to Wildroot Co., Buffalo, New York.

PROFESSIONAL APPLICATIONS AT YOUR BARBER

you if you hit the skids?" Cross asked. "If I ever get that bad I hope she does!" Fortunato vowed.

As several of the group joined the argument, Paul put together Sybil Richey's story. She was supporting an afflicted husband. Alcoholic. Spent most of his life in sanitariums and hospitals.

"It's her own fault; what'd she want to tie up with a guy like that for?"

"Oh, she was just a kid. He's a nice guy, when he's sober. Comes from a good family, too."

"She must've run into him in his one sober minute in five years," Fortunato said.

So Paul never let the talk take a personal turn when he was with Miss Richey.

THE fourth year, the Typographers' convention was in Chicago, and that was the year Paul Willett won the gold medal in the advertising setup division, for his New England Industries series. So Paul asked Miss Richey if she would accompany him on a little celebration. Elwood Cross had brought his wife along; Paul invited them, too, so there couldn't be any talk about Sybil.

Upon inquiry, he heard that Colosimo's was not too fast a place, so that was where they went.

Sybil seemed a little surprised that the Crosses were coming. "I thought this was going to be our party, Paul," she twitted him.

This was the first time they danced together. Paul liked to dance. At home, in New Bedford, he often danced with his sisters, though both were now married: the youngest, this year. He danced with an individual, almost formal grace. Sybil seemed to understand his manner at once, though he could tell Mrs. Cross found his dancing dull.

That evening, Paul found it very difficult to talk with Sybil. He kept wanting to speak of other things than shop, and this prevented him from even talking shop, and silences fell between them. Once, while dancing, she remarked that the prize should bring him a great deal of business. Perhaps now, he could do things he had always wanted to do.

Yes, he said. First of all he would install the new type of lighting fixtures—the daylight kind. "I'd like you to see my place," he said.

"I'd love to," she responded.

He felt, perhaps, he could ask her to visit New Bedford. Instead, suddenly, after a long moment of silence, Paul blurted, "And how is your husband?"

He knew how her husband was. Paul Willett made it a point to inquire, circuitously, at each convention—before he saw her, if possible—about Miss Richey's husband. And this year there was news. Elwood Cross had remarked that Sybil's husband was being psycho-analyzed. It was a very costly business and Sybil was practically in rags. But things looked hopeful. The dipsomania spells were decidedly on the decrease. Richey hadn't been in a sanitarium for several months.

"My husband?" Sybil repeated. "Oh, he's going to be all right, I think. Analysis seems to be really helping him." She looked directly into his eyes, strangely, deeply, and smiled with one corner of her mouth.

BEFORE convention time, the following year, Paul heard the really big news. He was on the arrangements committee, with Elwood Cross, and had, in fact, helped Elwood get the convention for his home city, New Orleans. While corresponding with Cross on matters pertaining to the convention, Paul would naturally include his greetings to Miss Richey, and ask, how is she getting along?

"By the way, Sybil is getting divorced," Cross said in one of his letters

about hotel prices. "Her husband got all cured and decided to divorce her, the first decent thing he's done in seven years. Now's your chance, old boy!"

Paul colored, reading that last remark. But then, he decided, his feelings could really not have been so apparent as all that. Elwood Cross probably cracked that same joke with everybody.

As usual, Paul made the convention his vacation, and made an automobile trip of the journey. Business had been excellent—all he could handle. He owned a new car. Though he figured three days for the drive, he found himself clipping off miles, far into the first night, because he felt lonesome, and excited. He was going to her city. He arrived a full day early.

Elwood and Sybil met him at the hotel, where they had already opened headquarters. By afternoon all the preconvention business was settled; there was nothing more to do. Elwood chased him out, with Sybil. "Show our friend here the Vieux Carre," he directed. "He's just a tourist."

They walked down an entire, long street of curio shops. He rather liked the tumultuous heaps of relics of the past, offered for sale in the narrow, old-worldish shop windows. There was a frankness about the desire to attract tourists. He got a smile out of the little printed cards that hung on the doors. "Open: Come In," they said.

"That"—Sybil laughed—"is because so many Northerners are still timid of us." She gave him her wise, slantwise look. He wondered if she could mean something more by her remark. He hadn't brought up the matter of her divorce, for she didn't seem changed. Paul was surprised and yet kind of glad she hadn't put flags of freedom all over herself. He would wait for the right moment to tell her he was glad her long ordeal was over.

THEY had dinner at the Crosses'. When Elwood asked, "How's business?" Paul thought he saw an opportunity to test out a little plan he had been nurturing. A delicate way, he thought, to cope with a certain situation. So he replied that business was fine. In fact, he was thinking of enlarging. Bringing in another designer.

"Why, no!" Elwood Cross said at once. "You don't want to do that! Your whole business, Paul, is founded on the distinction of your typography. Soon as you start to expand you're just a factory, like the rest of us!"

"That's right!" Sybil concurred. Paul had his eyes fixed on her face, on her mouth, whose full contour never ceased to fascinate him. "Besides, Paul, even though business may have been good, it's not good enough to warrant another designer. People want you, Paul, not your shop. Put up your prices. That's the way to go. Instead of enlarging and cheapening."

He guessed she hadn't realized what he was driving at. Or if she had, this meant her answer was no.

"Go on, Sybil, show Paul the night spots," Mrs. Cross said, after dinner. "We're getting old, we're tired. Take Paul around and show him the sights."

The night spots, Paul found, were right on the next street to the day spots. But instead of a series of curio shops, there was a series of bars on this street.

They had gone from bar to bar and then to a place called Pat's and then way down to the dark end of the street to a slant-walled old house with a huge fireplace in the center; this was called Lafitte's. Paul had deserted beer for the traditional Sazaracs and at last the effect was mounting to the point where he knew he would speak.

"I heard about your divorce," he said suddenly. "I'm glad, very glad."

"So am I," she said.

"You're free now," he said. "To do anything you like. To start life over." She nodded, smiling.

BUT now he was afraid. After such a long, bad experience of marriage, she would be in no mood to think of it again. Like a man about to order an exotic dish, but losing nerve and settling on the usual pot roast, Paul said, "Elwood Cross has a nice shop. But he'll never give you a chance to do anything on your own. Too much production there."

"Oh, I'm in my little groove," she said, her smile fading. "Perhaps you give me credit for more ambition than I really have—about my work."

"No. You're good. I know you are!" Paul declared. "Listen, when I said that about taking on another designer, I meant you. Come work in my place. You need a change of environment."

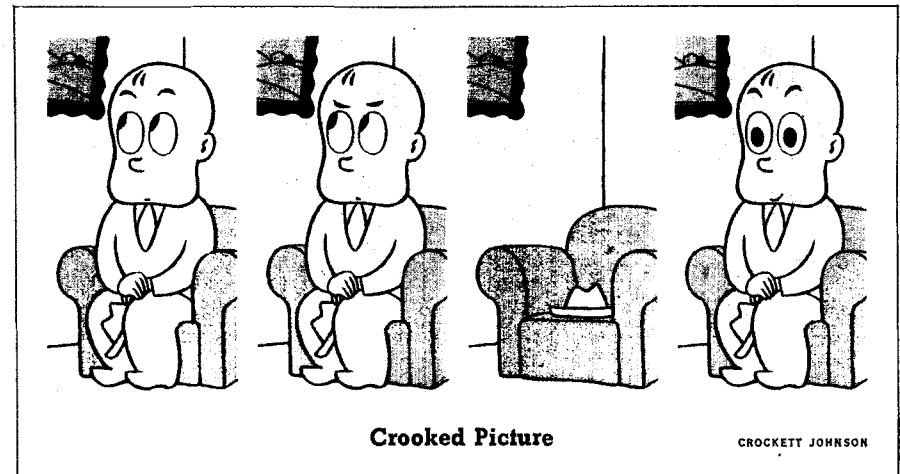
In the amber dim glow he couldn't quite identify her smile. But she shook her head slowly. "Not interested," she said.

It was nearly two o'clock when they emerged from Lafitte's. He had parked his car around the corner, in a dim lane. "And you won't come to New Bedford to work for me?" he asked, with forlorn finality. She shook her head, still laughing at some tender joke she had on him. Paul reached for the door handle, but as he turned it, he noticed that it wobbled. He lit a match. A hole had been chipped around the lock.

"Oh!" Sybil was chagrined. "I should have warned you. There are lots of little vandals down here. It's really terrible. Did they steal anything?"

"No, there was nothing in the car. But look," he said, "I left it unlocked. It was unlocked all the time. Whoever did this—why did he think he had to break in, when it was already open? Can you imagine anyone being so silly? He could at least have tried the door!"

"Why, yes," she said, and the smile on her face became something he knew. She broke into warm, loving laughter. "There are people like that. They insist on breaking the lock. They never realize the door is open. I know someone, just like that!" She was looking full into his eyes, mischievously. And this time he knew what she meant.



Crooked Picture

CROCKETT JOHNSON

\$100 Down

Continued from page 43

head for the big-league game. I was a member of the Knothole Gang and didn't have to pay to get in. That is, except on Saturdays and Sundays. Those days I'd play ball all day."

That was 1934, a one-year Golden Age of St. Louis Baseball. Those were the days of Frank Frisch and his Gas House Gang. Durocher was great that year, Medwick forging his way to stardom and the Deans in their flashing prime.

And out in the distant bleachers, a small boy clutched a lunch box and his fielder's glove, and watched.

In the spring of his sophomore year, an infected throat kept Pete out of school for three weeks. He never went back. He got a job. He was sixteen now. He worked for the printing firm that employed his father. All day he took masses of paper labels and wired them into bundles. He worked a five-day, forty-hour week. Every Friday they gave him sixteen dollars.

One Play—One Contract

Fifteen months rolled by. In the autumn of 1936, the Cardinals held try-outs in the Public School Stadium at St. Louis. They enticingly termed it a baseball school. Actually it was an extremely brief mass tryout of players.

"I don't know whether to go out for pitcher or catcher," Pete told his father.

"Better go out for shortstop, then," said his father. Pete didn't quite see the logic to this. But he had a lot of faith in his father's judgment. So he went out for shortstop.

An army of young men thronged the stadium that Monday afternoon. There were long minutes of nervous waiting. Finally they got around to Pete. From a group of three shortstops, Pete stepped forth onto the infield dirt. Over by the first-base line stood veteran Card Scout Charles Barrett, casually watching. Up by the batter's box was Scout Joe Sugden with a bat in his hand. He pounded a grounder to Pete's left.

Pete stabbed the ball and rifled it to first base.

"Do you want to play pro baseball?" the Card scout asked.

Pete wondered if the man was kidding. "Sure, I'd like to," he replied to Barrett. "I'd love to," he muttered to himself.

Barrett reached in his pocket. "Here, take this contract. Take it home with you, and talk it over with your dad."

Pete went home with his heart turning cartwheels. "Let them come after you," Pete's father said that night. So great was the excitement in the Reiser household that that was all he had a chance to say. Then nothing happened for four months.

Early one evening in January, Barrett appeared at Pete's house. When he came through the door, both Barrett and Pete's father let out yelps of surprise. For they had played together thirty-nine years before in the old Trolley League in St. Louis. Pete's father had left to pitch for Winnipeg in the Northern League. Barrett had gone to the Southern League. They had not seen each other since.

"They sat and talked for four hours," Pete recalls. "And they didn't pay any attention at all to me."

At eleven o'clock, Barrett got up. "Let me take care of Pete," he said.

"I'll leave him in your hands," Pete's father replied.

So Pete, at seventeen, signed a pro baseball contract. It was to pay him

\$50 a month. His eighteenth birthday came in March. In April, the Cards sent him to their baseball camp at Springfield, Missouri.

He then played successively in New Iberia, Louisiana; Union Springs, Alabama; Albany, Georgia; Newport, Arkansas. Finally he was assigned to practice with the Cardinals for the rest of the season.

During games he sat on the bench, watching every move of Durocher, the regular shortstop.

Just after the season closed, Durocher was traded to Brooklyn. And wild dreams surged through the mind of the eighteen-year-old rookie.

But the Cards decided to shift their regular third baseman, Don Gutteridge, to shortstop. Pete was signed to their farm in Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Pete never played shortstop for St. Louis—nor Cedar Rapids either. Judge Landis, baseball's one-man supreme court, found the Cards guilty of controlling two teams in the same minor league. So Landis slashed all bonds between the Cards and the players they had placed in the league. One of them was Pete.

Pete's dreams of becoming a Cardinal shortstop came to an abrupt end. He was stranded 1,500 miles from home with \$2.70 in his pocket. He felt like swallowing a hooker of arsenic.

Then he recalled some recent advice by Barrett. "If anything goes wrong with the Cards," Barrett had said, "get in touch with Ted McGrew at Greensboro, North Carolina. Ted's a friend of mine. He's also a scout for the Dodgers."

Pete telephoned McGrew—collect—and received a hundred-dollar bonus for signing to play on a Dodger farm. There followed a prolonged trek around the Dodger farm circuit. It started in the Carolinas and wound up in Superior, Wisconsin. He landed there during a late April snowstorm. He played the rest of the season, stealing 32 bases, hitting 18 homers and batting over .300. They paid him a hundred a month.

Reward: Back to Elmira

Then came the spring of '39 and with it the amazing hitting streak that gained Pete national renown. Pete grabbed more headlines than Winston Churchill. He showed big-leaguers the Baseball of Tomorrow. The Dodgers rewarded Pete by ordering him back to Elmira.

Pete squawked. Larry MacPhail, Dodger president, told him he'd play at Elmira or nowhere.

Pete had shown the world he was a star ballplayer. Yet he was being sent to a bush-league team that paid him less per year than his \$16-a-week job packing labels.

Then the Fates drew back and socked him with everything but the center-field fence. Making a throw from deep shortstop one day, he heard a loud snap in his elbow. It was his right arm, his throwing arm, and it began to hurt. He kept on playing. At bat a couple of days later, he reached for a wide pitch and his elbow again emitted a sharp crackle.

He found he couldn't throw the ball at all. So they moved him to the outfield. Pete hauled down flies, then he'd girl-toss them to another player and they'd be relayed to the infield. At bat all he could do was poke at the ball, but he still got a lot of singles.

One night he was writing a letter. Suddenly his fingers clenched, and he couldn't straighten them. They stayed

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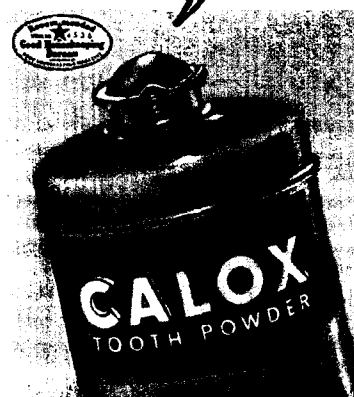
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that way for days. His arm pained so severely he went several nights without sleep.

In the dinky bedroom of his small-town hotel, Pete pondered his glimmering hopes. His baseball career apparently was ended.

Clyde Sukeforth, Elmira manager, entered the room. "I've just talked by long distance with MacPhail," Clyde said, "and he's arranged to have you go to the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore."

"Pieces of bone have been chipped off your elbow in three places," Dr. George Bennett told him at Baltimore. "One of them is wedged against a nerve. We'll have to operate."

The next three weeks he remained in the hospital, two of them flat on his back. Five weeks after the operation, he took his throwing arm out of the cast. The arm was shriveled. The cast had held his arm in front of his chest, and it took four days to straighten it.

Elmira was engaged in a close fight for the pennant. Pete knew the team needed him badly. So a few days later, he went to Sukeforth and offered to play.

"But you can't throw," Sukeforth declared.

"I'll throw left-handed," the kid replied.

"You can't bat," countered the manager.

"I'll do it with one hand," said Pete.

The One-Armed Wonder

For the next few games, the Eastern League witnessed a rare exhibition of grit. Covering an outfield patrol for Elmira was a kid with his right elbow stuck out at right angles. His right forearm pointed back under his neck. When a fly ball was hit into his territory, Pete would gallop after it and catch it under his chin, pinning the ball to the glove with his free left hand.

Pete's throwing with his left hand amazed fans and players alike. Most persons can't throw a ball a hundred feet with their wrong arm. When he wasn't playing deep, Pete could peg the ball to the plate.

There's one thing the fans didn't know. Every time Pete caught a fly against that glove on his right hand, he thought his elbow would break. Also he batted practically one-handed. Hitting left-handed, he made all the swing with his left arm. He used the right only to steady it a trifle. Actually he was punching out one-base hits with one hand.

One night at Binghamton, a fat pitch came up to the plate. "That's a homer," said Pete to himself. He yielded to temptation, took a grip with both hands—and swung.

He got his hit—a line single to center. But his right arm dropped, helpless, to his side. From the forearm down, he had no control over it at all.

"That's the end of it," thought Pete. "I wonder what a one-armed guy can do for a living."

This time they sent him to Brooklyn. He saw the Dodger team physician, Dr. D. A. McAteer. "After your arm was taken out of the cast, how long did you wait before playing ball?" asked Dr. McAteer.

"Oh, a few days," said Pete.

"I should examine your brain—not your arm," declared the doctor.

Dr. McAteer told Pete his only possible chance lay in giving the arm complete rest. So Pete went home to St. Louis. Four months later, in November, the arm got a little better. Pete then gave it mild exercise. After a while, he got back his old job as a packer in the printing plant.

By February he could throw again. He went South, trained for a while with

the Dodgers and then received two demotions. The first was to Montreal and the second, against Pete's violent protests, down to Elmira again.

Elmira was Pete's jinx town. On this visit, he feared, he might break his neck. Instead, he played half the season and batted .381.

One humid noontime in mid-July, Pete's team left Elmira by bus for Springfield, Massachusetts. The bus broke down and didn't get there until 2:30 A.M. At Springfield, Pete received orders to leave immediately for Brooklyn and report to the Dodgers in the morning.

No airplane or Pullman reservations could be had. So Pete sat up the rest of the night in a day coach. He reached New York at 8:30 A.M., after twenty and a half hours of traveling without a wink of sleep. Another long stretch in the subway and he was in Brooklyn. MacPhail signed him to a Dodger contract at a fat raise, and told him he'd play right field against Cincinnati that afternoon.

In baseball, condition is vital. Big-league teams order their players to bed by midnight. Yet here was a rookie about to play his first National League game with no sleep at all.

Pete, bleary-eyed, knew sleep had two strikes on him, and he was trying too hard. First time up, he grounded out. The next time at bat, he fouled out. The third time he grounded into a double play. Trying desperately to beat out the grounder, he severely pulled a leg muscle. He had to be taken out of the game.

After a few days, he was used as a pinch-hitter. Then he played a few complete games. But his hitting was pitiful. He went to bat thirteen times before he got his first hit in the National League.

Late in August, Harry Lavagetto, crack third baseman of the Dodgers, had appendicitis. The Dodgers had no one for the job. "Let me try it," volunteered Pete.

"Ever play it before?" asked the manager.

"No," answered Pete, "but I'd like a shot at it."

Throughout the final month of 1940, Pete played third base for the Dodgers—and starred. In late August, his batting average consisted of a decimal point and a flock of zeros. At the sea-

son's end, he was hitting .293. To get it that high, he must have clouted around .400 during September.

When the '41 training season started, they shifted Pete to the outfield. Near the start, he grabbed the league lead in batting. For a while he hovered near the .400 mark. At times in the first few months, \$100 Pete was more than a hundred points ahead of \$135,000 Medwick. And as the months sped on into the heat of late July, Pete was still king hitter of the league.

Who's Bat-Shy?

On April 23d, Pete went to bat against Ike Pearson of the Phillies. Pearson's first pitch struck Pete on the right side of the head. Pete dropped to the ground as if he'd been pole-axed. They carted him off on a stretcher. He was out for more than a week.

Many a player has been ruined by becoming bat-shy after a beaming. That has happened to players more famous than Pete. The next time Pete faced Pearson, they got their answer. Against Pearson—if not against other pitchers—the boy wonder might be bat-shy. With bitter fury, Pete lashed into one of Pearson's pitches. Bat-shy, hell. It was a home run.

Between his two meetings with Pearson, Pete got injured again. Racing deep for a 400-foot smash by Country Slaughter of the Cards, Pete leaped high against Brooklyn's center-field exit gate and made a miraculous one-handed catch.

In making the catch, he pivoted in mid-air and crashed against the gate. A piece of corrugated iron dug a surprising hole near the base of his spine. Off they carted him once more. But in a few days he was patrolling the outfield again, plucking flies off the fence.

When National League managers picked the All-Star team to face the American League at mid-season, Pete was selected. He became the youngest All-Star player in National League history, even younger than Arky Vaughan in '34.

As this is written, the Dodgers probably could get \$150,000 in the open market for Pete. Actually MacPhail wouldn't take \$200,000. That's quite a return on an investment of \$100 handed to a jobless kid in a Florida hamlet three years ago.



"Junior, did you forget you have a night game to pitch?"

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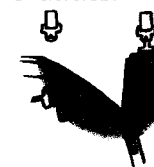
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Pygmalion the Kid

Continued from page 14

little self-possession she had possessed abandoned her. That this is true can be shown by the fact that at about the same time she had appeared on the radio for several guest shots with Eddie Cantor and had acquitted herself well. Singing was decent; acting was a horror.

After Deanna's success in the films there was the usual discussion about who had discovered her, all of which is beside the point. That she could sing was always well known; that had been the reason for movie interest in her. What matters is that Koster and Pasternak rescued her for pictures. It was a monumental task and for a long time they didn't think it could be done. She didn't want to work in the films and fought against it.

Pasternak and Koster were really desperate. Shooting was about to start, there was no other young actress available who could also sing and it was either a case of using Durbin or surrendering. Koster begged Rogers for two extra weeks so he could work on Durbin. She couldn't walk, she couldn't talk, she had no faintest idea of acting. But she could sing and they needed that above everything.

She Had to Be Convinced

He asked her to come to his house, just as a visitor. For five days he talked to her as a friend and made no mention of acting or a movie career. He told her about his life in Europe, made little jokes and read passages out of books. "On the third day she smiled for the first time," says Koster. "You can't imagine what a triumph that was for us."

But she was still stubborn about acting. She wanted to be a singer and was terrified of a camera. The point is that she still doesn't want to act, has no love for it, wants babies and will some day stop at the end of a film and never return to the studio. But when they did convince her that only by her help could they do Three Smart Girls, she tried her best and that turned out to be wonderful. Even now she is extremely sensitive and has to be treated tenderly, but she was a smart girl, learned her lines quickly and developed a remarkable poise almost overnight.

"I don't believe there has ever been anything comparable to it in pictures," says Koster. "From being utterly hopeless she became one of the most accomplished actresses in Hollywood. And right to this minute, she doesn't care a thing about it."

Three Smart Girls was such a fantastic success that it saved Universal from dissolution. Bankruptcy was an easy thing and other companies were going through 77B with perfect aplomb, but in the case of Universal it was desperate; they either had to produce a success or fold. Durbin's triumph supplied that. The number of people kept at work because of that feat runs into the hundreds. Koster was immediately established and received the customary rewards. He had been getting \$400 a week, an insulting salary for a director, and was boosted into respectability overnight.

As for Pasternak, he became one of the big figures in the industry. The Durbin pictures continued to be sensations and Pasternak entered other fields, bringing Marlene Dietrich back in roughhouse dramas after her star seemed to have set. According to Hollywood rumors, his move to M-G-M was brought about by a feeling at Universal that the Pasternak pictures were costing too much. This dispute between pro-

ducers and financiers is always current, the producers wanting to do better pictures and the money men wanting returns rather than flattering reviews. Pasternak has been taken over at M-G-M with the thought that he will do for Catherine Grayson what he originally did for Deanna Durbin. Miss Grayson complicated matters at the outset by eloping and getting married, thus rather disillusioning the millions who thought of her as a promising infant, but the problem is being worked out and if the Pasternak touch isn't successful at a studio where cost is no object there will be surprise in the amazing colony.

For Koster the world-shaking Durbin episode had another meaning. He hates the star system and is frank in saying that a good director can make an actress out of any intelligent person. His work with Miss Durbin would seem to prove it. His hope is that some day he will be allowed to do a picture with people taken from the streets. No stars, no featured players, no skilled bit-players, no glamor girls, no sterling he-men... Just the types one sees every day in the busses or subways. He is convinced that the camera can do things that would be impossible for even the most accomplished actor.

In one of his European pictures Koster had a scene where an old woman sits peeling potatoes. A neighbor rushes in to tell her that her son has been killed in battle. It was in the days of silent pictures and Koster could direct the scene as it progressed.

"Just keep on peeling," he cried to the old woman. "Now look up at me steadily and don't blink. Don't try to show any emotion!"

The camera got that and then focused on her hands.

"Keep peeling!" shouted Koster. "Now drop the knife!"

The knife dropped from the old woman's hands, and the camera focused to the knife lying on the floor. The critics raved over the scene.

"The greatest scene in years," they cried. "Who is that great actress?"

She was a cleaning woman who worked in the studio and it was her first appearance before a camera.

Color to Heighten Effects

Koster also has revolutionary ideas on the use of color in pictures. Having studied the dramatic effects of color, he believes it is a mistake to make an all-technicolor film. He wants to do a movie in which color is used only at certain points to heighten the effect.

"Color has the same emotional impact as music," he explains. "Used sparingly and at a critical moment, it would have a shattering effect on an audience."

But Koster would not be thinking of color or camera angles or anything else in Hollywood if it had not been for Deanna Durbin. Pasternak, who had started as a waiter in a studio commissary, might have been back on his old job if that same awkward girl hadn't come into their lives.

"Bernard Shaw created the modern character of Pygmalion, the individual who is formed from nothing," says Koster, "and Deanna brought her to life."

So if you hear that Miss Durbin has retired from pictures, the grief will have to be all your own. It is hardly likely that she will share it.

Sic transit gloria mundi.

Which means that some girls would rather be married.

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Murder in Retrospect

Continued from page 23

wanted. He was no use to her dead. She wanted Mrs. Crale hanged all right—but that was because death had snatched her man away from her. Like a balked tigress she was! But, as I say, it was Mr. Crale alive she'd wanted. Mr. Philip Blake, he was against Mrs. Crale too. Prejudiced. Got his knife into her whenever he could. But I'd say he was honest according to his lights. He'd been Mr. Crale's great friend. His brother, Mr. Meredith Blake, a bad witness he was—vague, hesitating, never seemed sure of his answers.

"I've seen many witnesses like that. Look as though they're lying when all the time they're telling the truth. Didn't want to say anything more than he could help, Mr. Meredith Blake didn't. Counsel got all the more out of him on that account. One of those quiet gentlemen who get easily flustered. The governess now, she stood up well to them. Didn't waste words and answered pat and to the point. You couldn't have told, listening to her, which side she was on. Got all her wits about her, she had. The brisk kind." He paused. "Knew a lot more than she ever let on about the whole thing, I shouldn't wonder."

"I, too, should not wonder," said Hercule Poirot.

He looked sharply at the wrinkled, shrewd face of Mr. Alfred Edmunds. It was quite bland and impassive. But Hercule Poirot wondered if he had been vouchsafed a hint.

MR. CALEB JOHNATHAN lived in Essex. After a courteous exchange of letters, Hercule Poirot received an invitation, almost royal in its character, to dine and sleep. The old gentleman was decidedly a character. After the insipidity of young George Mayhew, Mr. Johnathan was like a glass of his own vintage port.

He had his own methods of approach to a subject, and it was not until well on toward midnight, when sipping a glass of fragrant old brandy, that Mr. Johnathan really unbent. In Oriental fashion he had appreciated Hercule Poirot's courteous refusal to rush him in any way. Now, in his own good time, he was willing to elaborate the theme of the Crale family:

"Our firm, of course, has known many generations of the Crales. I knew Amyas Crale and his father, Richard Crale, and I can remember Enoch Crale—the grandfather. Country squires, all of them, thought more of horses than human beings. They rode straight, liked women, and had no truck with ideas. They distrusted ideas. But Richard Crale's wife was cram full of ideas—more ideas than sense. She was poetical and musical—she played the harp, you know. She enjoyed poor health and looked very picturesque on her sofa. She was an admirer of Kingsley. That's why she called her son Amyas. His father scoffed at the name—but he gave in.

"Amyas Crale profited by his mixed inheritance. He got his artistic trend from his weakly mother, and his driving power and ruthless egoism from his father. All the Crales were egoists. They never by any chance saw any point of view but their own."

Tapping with a delicate finger on the arm of his chair, the old man shot a shrewd glance at Poirot. "Correct me if I am wrong, M. Poirot, but I think you are interested in—character, shall we say?"

"That, to me," Poirot replied, "is the principal interest of all my cases."

"I can conceive of it. To get under

the skin, as it were, of your criminal. How interesting! How absorbing! Our firm, of course, has never had a criminal practice. We should not have been competent to act for Mrs. Crale, even if taste had allowed. Mayhews, however, were a very adequate firm. They briefed Depleach—they didn't perhaps show much imagination there—still, he was very expensive, and, of course, exceedingly dramatic! What they hadn't the wits to see was that Caroline would never play up in the way he wanted her to. She wasn't a very dramatic woman."

"**WHAT** was she?" asked Poirot. "It is that that I am chiefly anxious to know."

"Yes, yes—of course. How did she come to do what she did? That is the really vital question. I knew her, you know, before she married. Caroline Spalding, she was. A turbulent, unhappy creature. Very alive. Her mother was left a widow early in life and Caroline was devoted to her mother. Then the mother married again—there was another child. Yes—yes, very sad, very painful. These young, ardent, adolescent jealousies."

"She was jealous?"

"Passionately so. There was a regrettable incident. Poor child, she blamed herself bitterly afterward. But you know, M. Poirot, these things happen. There is an inability to put on the brakes. It comes—it comes with maturity."

"But what really happened?" asked Poirot.

"She struck the child—the baby—flung a paperweight at her. The child lost the sight of one eye and was permanently disfigured."

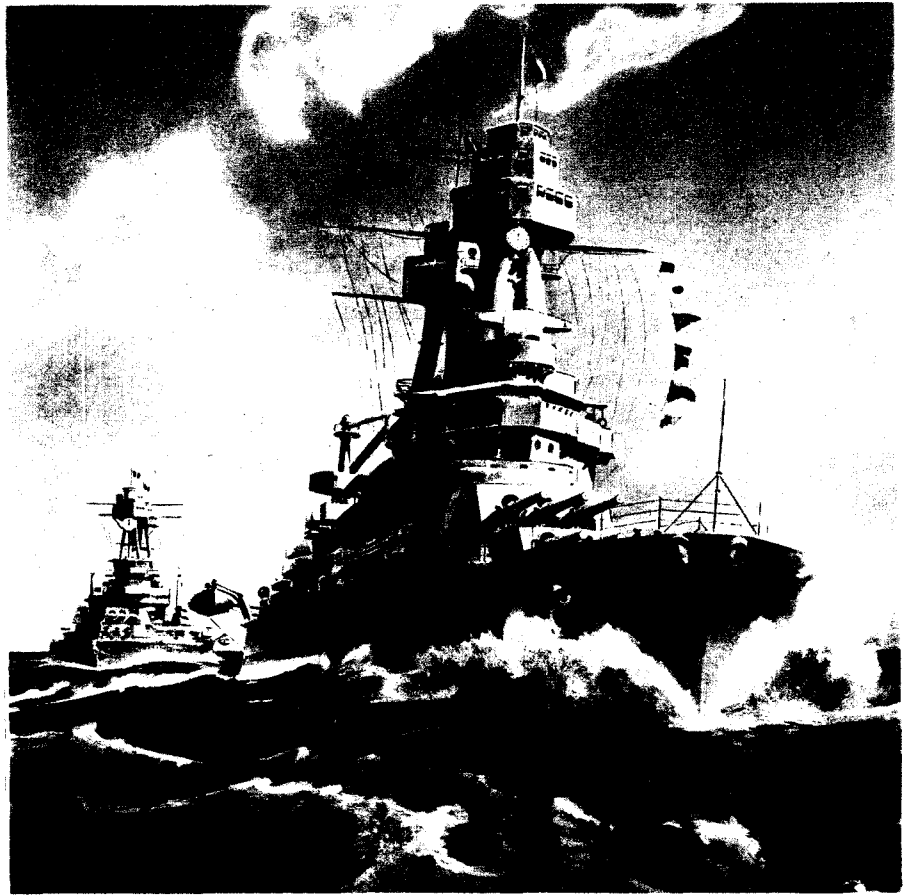
Mr. Johnathan sighed. He said, "You can imagine the effect a simple question on that point had at the trial." He shook his head. "It gave the impression that Caroline Crale was a woman of ungovernable temper. That was not true. No, that was not true."

He paused and then resumed:

"Caroline Spalding came often to stay at Alderbury. She rode well, and was keen. Richard Crale was fond of her. She waited on Mrs. Crale and was deft and gentle—Mrs. Crale also liked her. The girl was not happy at home. She was happy at Alderbury. Diana Crale, Amyas' sister, and she were by way of being friends. Philip and Meredith Blake, boys from the adjoining estate, were frequently at Alderbury. Philip was always a nasty, money-grubbing little brute. I must confess I have always had a distaste for him. But I am told that he tells a very good story and that he has the reputation of being a stanch friend.

"Meredith was what my contemporaries used to call namby-pamby. Liked botany and butterflies and observing birds and beasts. Nature study, they call it nowadays. Ah, dear—all the young people were a disappointment to their parents. None of them ran true to type—huntin', shootin', fishin'. Meredith preferred watching birds and animals to shootin' or huntin' them. Philip definitely preferred town to country and went into the business of money-making. Diana married a fellow who wasn't a gentleman—one of the temporary officers in the war. And Amyas, strong, handsome, virile Amyas, blossomed into being a painter, of all things in the world. It's my opinion that Richard Crale died of the shock.

"And in due course Amyas married Caroline Spalding. They'd always fought and sparred, but it was a love match all right. They were both crazy



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about each other. And they continued to care. But Amyas was like all the Crales, a ruthless egoist. He loved Caroline but he never once considered her in any way. He did as he pleased. It's my opinion that he was as fond of her as he could be of anybody—but she came a long way behind his art. That came first. And I should say at no time did his art give place to a woman.

"He had affairs with women—they stimulated him—but he left them high and dry when he'd finished with them. He wasn't a sentimental man, nor a romantic one. And he wasn't entirely a sensualist, either. The only woman he cared a button for was his own wife. And because she knew that, she put up with a lot. He was a very fine painter, you know. She realized that, and respected it. He chased off on his amorous pursuits and came back again—usually with a picture to show for it. "It might have gone on like that if it hadn't come to Elsa Greer. Elsa Greer—"

Mr. Johnathan shook his head.

Poirot said, "What of Elsa Greer?"

"She was, I believe, a crude young woman—with a crude outlook on life. Not, I think, an interesting character. Rose-white youth, passionate, pale, etc. Take that away and what remains? Only a somewhat mediocre young woman seeking for another life-sized hero to put on an empty pedestal."

Poirot said, "If Amyas Crale had not been a famous painter—"

Mr. Johnathan agreed quickly:

"Quite—quite. You have taken the point admirably. The Elsas of this world are hero worshipers. A man must have done something, must be somebody. . . . Caroline Crale, now, could have recognized quality in a bank clerk or an insurance agent! Caroline loved Amyas Crale the man, not Amyas Crale the painter. Caroline Crale was not crude—Elsa Greer was." He added, "But she was young and beautiful and to my mind infinitely pathetic."

EX-SUPERINTENDENT HALE pulled thoughtfully at his pipe. He said, "This is a funny fancy of yours, M. Poirot."

"It is, perhaps, a little unusual," Poirot agreed cautiously.

"You see," said Hale, "it's all such a long time ago."

Hercule Poirot foresaw that he was going to get a little tired of that particular phrase. He said mildly, "That adds to the difficulty, of course."

"Raking up the past," mused the other. "If there were an object in it, now . . ."

"There is an object."

"What is it?"

"One can enjoy the pursuit of truth for its own sake. I do. And you must not forget the young lady."

Hale nodded.

"Yes, I see her side of it. But—you'll excuse me, M. Poirot—you're an ingenious man. You could cook her up a tale."

Poirot replied, "You do not know the young lady."

"Oh, come now—a man of your experience!"

Poirot drew himself up. "I may be, *mon cher*, an artistic and competent liar—you seem to think so. But it is not my idea of ethical conduct. I have my standards."

"Sorry, M. Poirot. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. But it would be all in a good cause, so to speak."

"Oh, I wonder, would it really?"

Hale said slowly:

"It's tough luck on a happy, innocent girl who's just going to get married to find that her mother was a murderess. If I were you I'd go to her and say that, after all, suicide was what it was. Say the case was mishandled by Depleach.

Say that there's no doubt in your mind that Crale killed himself."

"But there is every doubt in my mind! I do not believe for one minute that Crale killed himself. Do you consider it even reasonably possible yourself?"

Slowly Hale shook his head.

"You see? No, it is the truth I must have—not a plausible or not very plausible lie."

Hale turned and looked at Poirot. He said, "You talk about the *truth*. I'd like to make it plain to you that we think we got the truth in the Crale case."

"That pronouncement from you means a great deal," Poirot said quickly. "I know you for what you are—an honest and capable man. Now tell me this, was there no doubt at any time in your mind as to the guilt of Mrs. Crale?"

THE superintendent's answer came promptly: "No doubt at all, M. Poirot. The circumstances pointed to her straight away and every single fact that we uncovered supported that view."

"You can give me an outline of the evidence against her?"

"I can. When I received your letter I looked up the case." He picked up a small notebook. "I've jotted down all the salient facts here."

"Thank you, my friend. I am all eagerness to hear."

Hale cleared his throat. A slight official intonation made itself heard in his voice. He said:

"At two-forty-five on the afternoon of September 18th, Inspector Conway was rung up by Dr. Andrew Faussett. Dr. Faussett stated that Mr. Amyas Crale of Alderbury had died suddenly and that in consequence of the circumstances of that death and also of a statement made to him by a Mr. Blake, a guest staying in the house, he considered that it was a case for the police.

"Inspector Conway, in company with a sergeant and the police surgeon, came over to Alderbury straight away. Dr. Faussett was there and took him to where the body of Mr. Crale had not been disturbed.

"Mr. Crale had been painting in a small enclosed garden, known as the battery garden, from the fact that it overlooked the sea, and had some miniature cannon placed in embattlements. It was situated at about four minutes' walk from the house. Mr. Crale had not come up to the house for lunch, as he wanted to get certain effects of light on the stone—and the sun would have been wrong for this later. He had therefore remained alone in the battery garden painting. This was stated not to be an unusual occurrence. Mr. Crale took very little notice of mealtimes. Sometimes a sandwich would be sent down to him, but more often he preferred to remain undisturbed.

"The last people to see him alive were Miss Elsa Greer (staying in the house) and Mr. Meredith Blake (a near neighbor). These two went up together to the house and went with the rest of the household into lunch. After lunch, coffee was served on the terrace. Mrs. Crale finished drinking her coffee and then observed that she would 'go down and see how Amyas was getting on.' Miss Cecilia Williams, governess, got up and accompanied her. She was looking for a pull-over belonging to her pupil, Miss Angela Warren, sister of Mrs. Crale, which the latter had mislaid, and she thought it possible it might have been left down on the beach.

"These two started off together. The path led downward, through some woods until it emerged at the door leading into the battery garden. You could either go into the battery garden or you could continue on the same path which led down to the seashore.

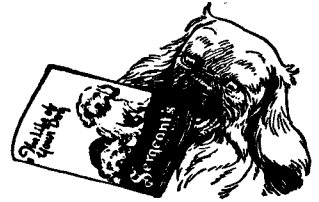
"Miss Williams continued on down and Mrs. Crale went into the battery



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garden. Almost at once, however, Mrs. Crale screamed and Miss Williams hurried back. Mr. Crale was reclining on a seat and he was dead.

"At Mrs. Crale's urgent request Miss Williams left the battery garden and hurried up to the house to telephone for a doctor. On her way, however, she met Mr. Meredith Blake and entrusted her errand to him, herself returning to Mrs. Crale, who she felt might be in need of someone. Dr. Faussett arrived on the scene a quarter of an hour later. He saw at once that Mr. Crale had been dead for some time—he placed the probable time of death at between one and two o'clock. There was nothing to show what had caused death. There was no sign of any wound and Mr. Crale's attitude was a perfectly natural one. Nevertheless, Dr. Faussett, who was well acquainted with Mr. Crale's state of health, and who knew positively that there was no disease or weakness of any kind, was inclined to take a grave view of the situation. It was at this point that Mr. Philip Blake made a certain statement to Dr. Faussett."

INSPECTOR HALE paused, drew a deep breath and passed, as it were, to Chapter Two:

"Subsequently Mr. Blake repeated this statement to Inspector Conway. It was to this effect: He had that morning received a telephone message from his brother, Mr. Meredith Blake (who lived at Handcross Manor, a mile and a half away). Mr. Meredith Blake was an amateur chemist—or perhaps herbalist would describe it best. On entering his laboratory that morning, Mr. Meredith Blake had been startled to note that a bottle containing a distillation of hemlock, which had been quite full the day before, was now nearly empty.

"Worried and alarmed by this fact he had rung up his brother to ask his advice as to what he should do about it. Mr. Philip Blake had urged his brother to come over to Alderbury at once and they would talk the matter over. He himself walked part way to meet his brother and they had come up to the house together. They had come to no decision as to what course to adopt and had left the matter in order to consult again after lunch.

"As a result of further inquiries, Inspector Conway ascertained the following facts: On the preceding afternoon, five people had walked over from Alderbury to tea at Handcross Manor. There were Mr. and Mrs. Crale, Miss Angela Warren, Miss Elsa Greer and Mr. Philip Blake. During the time spent there, Mr. Meredith Blake had given quite a dissertation on his hobby and had taken the party into his little laboratory and shown them around. In the course of this tour, he had mentioned certain specific drugs—one of which was coniine, the active principle of the spotted hemlock. He had explained its properties, had lamented the fact that it had now disappeared from the pharmacopoeia and boasted that he had known small doses of it to be very efficacious in whooping cough and asthma. Later he had mentioned its lethal properties and had actually read to his guests some passage from a Greek author describing its effects."

Superintendent Hale paused, refilled his pipe and passed on to Chapter Three:

"Colonel Frere, the chief constable, put the case into my hands. The result of the autopsy put the matter beyond any doubt. Coniine, I understand, leaves no definite post-mortem appearances, but the doctors knew what to look for and an ample amount of the drug was recovered. The doctor was of the opinion that it had been administered two or three hours before death. In front of Mr. Crale, on the table, there had

been an empty glass and an empty beer bottle. The dregs of both were analyzed. There was no coniine in the bottle, but there was in the glass. I made inquiries and learned that, although a case of beer and glasses were kept in a small summerhouse in the battery garden in case Mr. Crale should feel thirsty when painting, on this particular morning Mrs. Crale had brought down from the house a bottle of freshly iced beer. Mr. Crale was busy painting when she arrived and Miss Greer was posing for him, sitting on one of the battlements.

"Mrs. Crale opened the beer, poured it out and put the glass into her husband's hand as he was standing before the easel. He tossed it off in one draught—a habit of his, I learned. Then he made a grimace, set down the glass on the table and said, 'Everything tastes foul to me today!' Miss Greer upon that laughed and said, 'Liver!' Mr. Crale said, 'Well, at any rate it was cold.'"

Hale paused.

"At what time did this take place?" Poirot asked.

"At about a quarter past eleven. Mr. Crale continued to paint. According to Miss Greer, he later complained of stiffness in the limbs and grumbled that he must have got a touch of rheumatism. But he was the type of man who hates to admit to illness of any kind and he undoubtedly tried not to admit that he was feeling ill. His irritable demand that he should be left alone and the others go up to lunch was quite characteristic of the man, I should say."

Poirot nodded.

Hale continued:

"So Crale was left alone in the battery garden. No doubt he dropped down on the seat and relaxed as soon as he was alone. Muscular paralysis would then set in. No help was at hand, and death supervened."

Again Poirot nodded.

Hale said:

"Well, I proceeded according to routine. There wasn't much difficulty in getting down to the facts. On the preceding day there had been a set-to between Mrs. Crale and Miss Greer. The latter had pretty insolently described some change in the arrangement of the furniture 'when I am living here.' Mrs. Crale took her up and said, 'What do you mean? When you are living here.' Miss Greer replied, 'Don't pretend you don't know what I mean, Caroline. You're just like an ostrich that buries its head in the sand. You know perfectly well that Amyas and I care for each other and are going to be married.' Mrs. Crale said, 'I know nothing of the kind.' Miss Greer then said, 'Well, you know it now.' Whereupon, it seems, Mrs. Crale turned to her husband, who had just come into the room, and said, 'Is it true, Amyas, that you are going to marry Elsa?'"

POIROT said with interest, "And what did Mr. Crale say to that?"

"Apparently he turned on Miss Greer and shouted at her, 'What the devil do you mean by blurting that out? Haven't you got the sense to hold your tongue?'"

"Miss Greer said, 'I think Caroline ought to recognize the truth.'"

"Mrs. Crale said to her husband, 'Is it true, Amyas?'"

"He wouldn't look at her, it seems, turned his face away and mumbled something."

"She said, 'Speak out. I've got to know.' Whereupon he said, 'Oh, it's true enough—but I don't want to discuss it now.'"

"Then he flounced out of the room again and Miss Greer said:

"'You see!' and went on with something about its being no good for Mrs. Crale to adopt a dog-in-the-manger attitude about it. They must all behave

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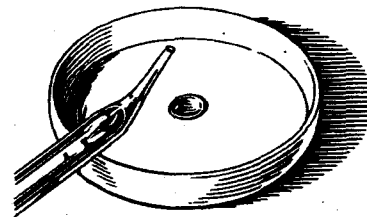
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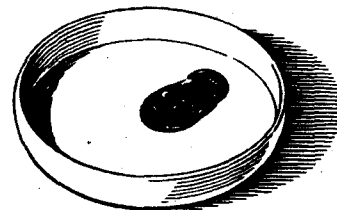
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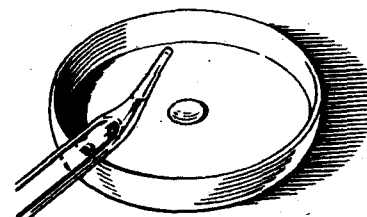
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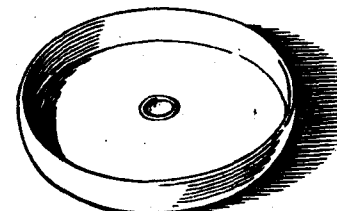
Heat an evaporating dish to engine temperature. Put 2 drops of a competitive oil in the hot dish.



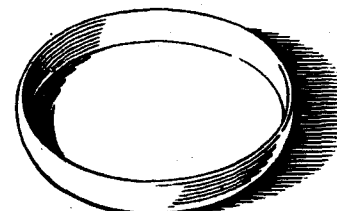
See how it cooks down to a hard black deposit of carbon. That's what happens in your pistons when this competitive oil gets hot.



Now heat a clean dish and put in 2 drops of Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil.

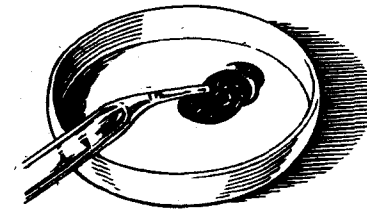


First, see how RING-FREE cooks down to a small brown spot, but—

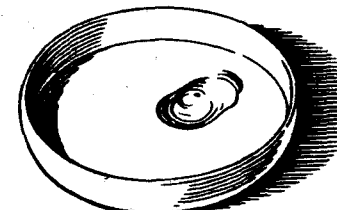


—in a few seconds the spot completely disappears, leaving the dish clean and entirely free from CARBON.

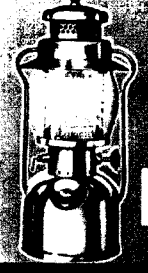
AND—if that isn't proof enough—go back to the first dish where the competitive oil left that hard, black deposit of carbon.



Put 1 drop of RING-FREE on the carbon deposit.



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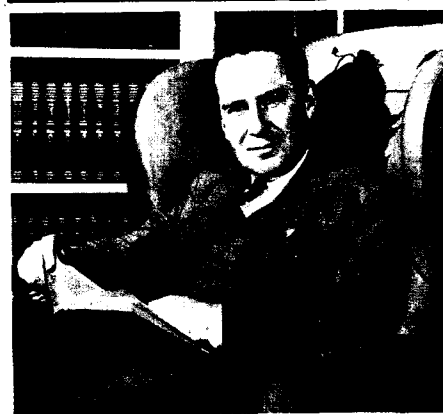
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like rational people. She herself hoped that Caroline and Amyas would always remain good friends."

"And what did Mrs. Crale say to that?" asked Poirot curiously.

"According to the witnesses she laughed. She said, 'Over my dead body, Elsa.'"

"She went to the door and Miss Greer called after her, 'What do you mean?'"

"Mrs. Crale looked back and said, 'I'll kill Amyas before I give him up to you.'"

Hale paused.

"Pretty damning—eh?"

"Yes." Poirot seemed thoughtful.

"Who overheard this scene?"

"Miss Williams was in the room, and Philip Blake. Very awkward for them."

"Their accounts of the scene agree?"

"Near enough—you never get two witnesses to remember a thing exactly alike. You know that as well as I do, M. Poirot."

Poirot nodded. He said thoughtfully, "Yes, it will be interesting to see—" He stopped with the sentence unfinished.

HALE went on: "I instituted a search of the house. In Mrs. Crale's bedroom I found in a bottom drawer, tucked away underneath some winter stockings, a small bottle labeled jasmine scent. It was empty. I fingerprinted it. The only prints on it were those of Mrs. Crale. On analysis it was found to contain faint traces of oil of jasmine and a strong solution of coniine."

"I cautioned Mrs. Crale and showed her the bottle. She replied readily. She had, she said, been in a very unhappy state of mind. After listening to Mr. Meredith Blake's description of the drug she had slipped back to the laboratory, had emptied out a bottle of jasmine scent which was in her bag and had filled the bottle up with coniine solution. I asked her why she had done this and she said, 'I don't want to speak of certain things more than I can help, but I had received a bad shock. My husband was proposing to leave me for another woman. If that was so, I didn't want to live. That is why I took it.'"

Hale paused.

Poirot said, "After all, it is likely enough."

"Perhaps, M. Poirot. But it doesn't square with what she was overheard to say. And then there was a further scene on the following morning. Mr. Philip Blake overheard a portion of it. Miss Greer overheard a different portion of it. It took place in the library between Mr. and Mrs. Crale. Mr. Blake was in the hall and caught a fragment or two. Miss Greer was sitting outside near the open library window and heard a good deal more."

"And what did they hear?"

"Mr. Blake heard Mrs. Crale say, 'You and your women. I'd like to kill you. Some day I will kill you.'"

"No mention of suicide?"

"Exactly. None at all. No words like 'If you do this thing, I'll kill myself.' Miss Greer's evidence was much the same. According to her, Mr. Crale said, 'Do try and be reasonable about this, Caroline. I'm fond of you and will always wish you well—you and the child. But I'm going to marry Elsa. We've always agreed to leave each other free.' Mrs. Crale answered to that, 'Very well, don't say I haven't warned you.' He said, 'What do you mean?' And she said, 'I mean that I love you and I'm not going to lose you. I'd rather kill you than let you go to that girl.'"

Poirot made a slight gesture. "It occurs to me," he murmured, "that Miss Greer was singularly unwise to raise this issue. Mrs. Crale could easily have refused her husband a divorce."

"We had some evidence bearing on that point," said Hale. "Mrs. Crale, it

seems, confided partly in Mr. Meredith Blake. He was an old and trusted friend. He was very distressed and managed to get a word with Mr. Crale about it. This, I may say, was on the preceding afternoon. Mr. Blake remonstrated delicately with his friend, said how distressed he would be if the marriage between Mr. and Mrs. Crale was to break up so disastrously. He also stressed the point that Miss Greer was a very young girl and that it was a very serious thing to drag a young girl through the divorce court. To this Mr. Crale replied, with a chuckle (callous sort of brute he must have been), 'That isn't Elsa's idea at all. She isn't going to appear. We shall fix it up in the usual way.'"

"Therefore," Poirot said, "even more imprudent of Miss Greer to have broken out the way she did."

Superintendent Hale said, "Oh, you know what women are! Have to get at one another's throats. It must have been a difficult situation anyhow. I can't understand Mr. Crale allowing it to happen. According to Mr. Meredith Blake he wanted to finish his picture. Does that make sense to you?"

"Yes, my friend, I think it does."

"It doesn't to me. The man was asking for trouble!"

"He was probably seriously annoyed with his young woman for breaking out the way she did."

"Oh, he was. Meredith Blake said so. If he had to finish the picture I don't see why he couldn't have taken some photographs and worked from them. I know a chap—does water colors of places—he does that."

Poirot shook his head. "No—I can understand Crale the artist. You must realize, my friend, that at that moment, probably, his picture was all that mattered to Crale. However much he wanted to marry the girl, the picture came first. That's why he hoped to get through her visit without its coming to an open issue. The girl, of course, didn't see it that way. With women, love always comes first."

"Don't I know it," said Superintendent Hale with feeling.

"Men," continued Poirot, "and especially artists, are different."

"Art!" said the superintendent with scorn. "All this talk about art! I never have understood it and I never shall! You should have seen that picture Crale was painting. All lopsided. He'd made the girl look as though she had a toothache and the battlements were all cockeyed. Unpleasant-looking, the whole thing. I couldn't get it out of my mind for a long time afterward. I even dreamed about it. And, what's more, it affected my eyesight—I began to see battlements and walls and things all out of drawing. Yes, and women too!"

POIROT smiled. He said, "Although you do not know it, you are paying a tribute to the greatness of Amyas Crale's art."

"Nonsense. Why can't a painter paint something nice and cheerful to look at? Why go out of your way to look for ugliness?"

"Some of us, *mon cher*, see beauty in curious places."

"The girl was a good-looker, all right," said Hale. "Lots of make-up and next to no clothes on. It isn't decent the way these girls go about. And that was six, seven years ago, mind you. Nowadays one wouldn't think anything of it. But then—well, it shocked me. Trousers and one of those sports shirts, open at the neck—and not another thing, I should say!"

"You seem to remember these points very well," murmured Poirot slyly.

Superintendent Hale blushed. "I'm just passing on the impression I got," he said austere.

"Quite—quite," said Poirot soothingly. He went on: "So it would seem that the principal witnesses against Mrs. Crale were Philip Blake and Elsa Greer?"

"Yes. Vehement, they were, both of them. But the governess was called by the prosecution too, and what she said carried more weight than the other two. She was on Mrs. Crale's side entirely, you see. Up in arms for her. But she was an honest woman and gave her evidence truthfully, without trying to minimize it in any way."

"And Meredith Blake?"

"He was very distressed by the whole thing, poor gentleman. As well he might be! Blamed himself for his drug brewing—and the chief constable blamed him for it too. Coniine, I understand, was in Schedule I of the Poison Act. He was a friend of both parties, and it hit him very hard—besides being the kind of country gentleman who shrinks from notoriety and being in the public eye."

"DID not Mrs. Crale's young sister give evidence?"

"No. It wasn't necessary. She wasn't there when Mrs. Crale threatened her husband, and there was nothing she could tell us that we couldn't get from someone else equally well. She saw Mrs. Crale go to the refrigerator and get the iced beer out and, of course, the defense could have subpoenaed her to say that Mrs. Crale took it straight down without tampering with it in any way. But that point wasn't relevant because we never claimed that the conicine was in the beer bottle."

"How did she manage to put it in the glass with those two looking on?"

"Well, first of all, they weren't looking on. That is to say, Mr. Crale was painting—looking at his canvas and at the sitter. And Miss Greer was posed, sitting with her back almost to where Mrs. Crale was standing, and her eyes looking over Mr. Crale's shoulder."

Poirot nodded.

"As I say, neither of the two was look-

ing at Mrs. Crale. She had the stuff in one of those pipette things—one used to fill fountain pens with them. We found it crushed to splinters on the path up to the house."

"You have an answer to everything," Poirot murmured.

"Well, come now, M. Poirot! Without prejudice. She threatens to kill him. She takes the stuff from the laboratory. The empty bottle is found in her room and nobody has handled it but her. She deliberately takes down iced beer to him—a funny thing, anyway, when you realize that they weren't on speaking terms—"

"A very curious thing. I had already remarked on it."

"Yes. Bit of a giveaway. Why was she so amiable all of a sudden? He complains of the taste of the stuff—and conicine has a nasty taste. She arranges to find the body and sends the other woman off to telephone. Why? So that she can wipe that bottle and glass and then press his fingers on it. After that she can pipe up and say that it was remorse and that he committed suicide. A likely story."

"It was certainly not very well imagined."

"No. If you ask me, she didn't take the trouble to think. She was so eaten up with hate and jealousy. All she thought of was doing him in. And then, when it's over, when she sees him there dead—well, then, I should say, she suddenly comes to herself and realizes that what she's done is murder—and that you get hanged for murder. And desperately she goes bald-headed for the only thing she can think of—which is suicide."

Poirot said, "It is very sound what you say there—yes. Her mind might work that way."

"In a way it was a premeditated crime and in a way it wasn't," said Superintendent Hale. "I don't believe she really thought it out, you know. Just went on with it blindly."

Poirot murmured, "I wonder . . ."

(To be continued next week)



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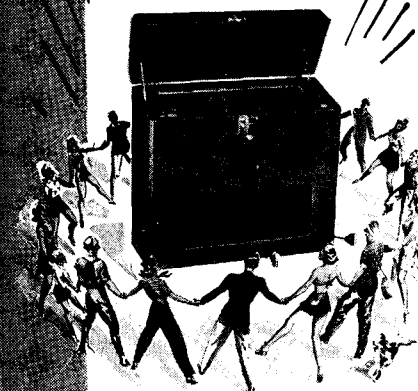
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GENERAL ELECTRIC

Courage to Burn

Continued from page 24

recaptured a certain zone, the band went behind the enemy lines, wrecking railroad tracks, blowing up four bridges and capturing ammunition supply trains on the way. They then attacked the enemy staff headquarters and seized important documents which they turned over to the Red Army. Once they got far back of the lines and had a dozen or so skirmishes with Nazis in which they destroyed eighteen tanks and captured fifty motorcycles and some ammunition for their own use.

Every day the newspapers publish new stories about partisan activities which make it clear that this time the Nazis have encountered a population that is not willing to accept defeat. In a village near Zhitomir when the Germans ordered the inhabitants to assemble in the square they gathered meekly enough, but while they were being inspected a peasant threw a hand grenade and killed one officer. He was shot on the spot, but that night a band of guerrillas attacked the village and took revenge by killing all the officers and twenty-seven soldiers.

Axes Don't Make Noise

The Germans have been given orders to keep out of woods because that is where they most easily fall prey to the partisans. However, once in a while they have no choice but to go through the forest to reach an objective. Recently a column faced with that necessity was advancing and just as it reached the forest found it on fire. The column had to turn around and was met by a guerrilla band which had been lying in wait for just that to happen. The narrow road made it impossible to turn so many men quickly and they were trapped and slaughtered.

The partisans keep watch for tanks which have halted for refueling. In those cases they take a position several kilometers away to catch the gasoline supply as it is brought up. After that they take their time putting the immobilized tanks out of action. When they come upon an enemy detachment resting for the night they don't use guns for fear of waking all the men. Quickly and silently they put the guards out of the way with axes to finish off the rest with the same weapons.

Pieces of wood spiked with nails strewn along the roads are useful for blowing out tires and slowing up cars and trucks, which then make good stationary targets.

Even the old people and children left behind the villages present a menace. They not only keep the guerrillas informed of German troop movements and the locations of their depots but whenever possible they go in for sabotaging, burning and killing on their own. There was an old woman left in her house on a collective farm with two small grandchildren after her son, his wife and grown daughter had gone off to join the partisans. When a scouting party of Germans arrived in the village she hastily hid the children in the attic and was ready to receive the officers who had selected her house to spend the night. She cooked dinner for them and spread straw on the floors for beds. After the officers had gone to sleep she slipped the children out of the attic, told them to run and find their parents in the woods and went to work dipping handfuls of straw in kerosene, setting them afire and throwing them into the house. The soldiers on guard in the garden rushed up when they smelled smoke and tried to get in the house to save their

officers. At that the old woman, leaping on a high pile of straw, poured a pail full of kerosene over the house, setting herself aflame at the same time. The place burned so fast no Germans got out alive.

I have found that same fighting spirit shown by everyone I talked with. A few days ago when I went to spend the night with friends in a house several miles out in the country I took a walk with my host. We came upon an old man in a white peasant blouse chopping wood. During our conversation with him I asked: "What would you do if the Germans got this far?" "This ax," he replied, "is good for other things besides chopping wood. I'd make good use of it while waiting for the Red Army to recapture this section."

Three factory workers with whom I had supper yesterday would not even admit the possibility of the Germans advancing much farther. "Don't you worry," they cried with one voice, "our army will stop the dirty bandits, but if worse comes to worst there are always plenty of us here to do it."

They were referring to the People's Army, which corresponds to the home guard, for which men, women and young boys have volunteered. They devote their free time to military training, learning to handle machine guns and shoot rifles, to become snipers and studying how to deal with bombs and fight poison gas. Every town and city in the Soviet Union has its People's Army. Even from as far east as Alma-Ata on the border of free China accounts come in of how workers, women and youths are training for every possible method of defense.

The oldest volunteer in the People's Army in Moscow is a man called Artiom who is sixty years old. His great-grandfather was famous during the war against Napoleon when he, also aged sixty, called the entire village of Bukhlova (ninety kilometers from Moscow) to arms against the French. He made a speech which is still remembered and which began: "Farmers, we will not sit by with folded hands at this moment. There can be no question of giving up everything to the enemy in the way of straw, hay and livestock." He went on to give his orders. The women and children were sent to the woods with provisions, all portable household effects, cattle, horses and chickens. Roosters, however, were killed first so their crowing would not give away the women's hiding place. Artiom led the men forth, armed with pitchforks and axes, to watch for small detachments of French troops and annihilate them. The present-day Artiom is a sharpshooter and machine gunner. When he volunteered for the People's Army he said: "I have strong hands and my feet are still up to carrying me on long marches. Just as Grandpappy licked the French I am going to help destroy Hitler's Nazi regiments."

Fear is an Ally

The united-front will to win shown by the Russians has no doubt come as a great surprise to the Germans, who were counting on internal trouble to help them wage a particularly rapid blitzkrieg. The theory was that as soon as the invasion took place there would be panic among the population, followed by revolution.

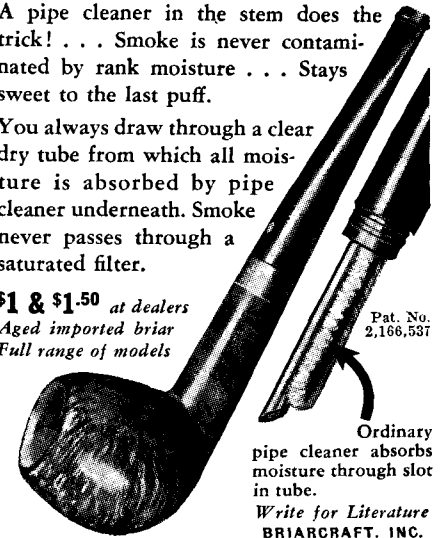
I know this was the case, for although the Nazi attack caught the Soviet nation off base it did not come as a complete surprise to foreign diplomats stationed in Moscow. When I arrived—the mid-

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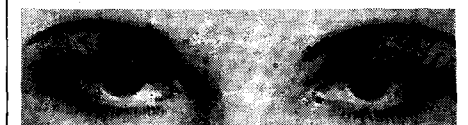
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dle of May—rumors were already flying thick and fast and, I gathered, had started some weeks before. They were based on such concrete bits of news as the arrival of German troops in Finland and the concentration of Nazi troops along the Russian frontier.

Some of the diplomats firmly believed that the invasion would take place; others were sure the rumors had been started by the Germans themselves with the intention of frightening the Soviet government into acceding to their exorbitant demands. A few had it all figured out that the Germans had massed some two hundred divisions in the east because they intended to invade England in the west. But nearly all agreed that if the Nazis did attack, the war would be over quickly. The most conservative estimated it would take the Nazis a minimum of six weeks and a maximum of eight weeks to gain complete victory. These same people were equally certain that transportation would come to a standstill, with consequent famine, owing to the impossibility of distributing foodstuffs; that communications would be disrupted and that there would be mob violence.

The Rumors That Failed

All these factors were mentioned when attempts were made to persuade me to leave. I was told there was food enough in Moscow for only five days, that there would be no sense in my staying on anyway because I wouldn't be able to send off cable stories and that if I didn't leave immediately I would be trapped with no way of getting out of the country because the trains would long have ceased running. As a foreigner I would be certain to be a victim of mob violence. There is still plenty of food in Moscow, for even though ration cards have been issued for certain staples it is still possible to buy any amount; the telegraph is working and I know a woman who telephoned Leningrad yesterday. Another friend has received several calls from his wife in Vladivostok. The Trans-Siberian railroad is still running; trains go to Alma-Ata and to the Turkish frontier. There is no sign of antiforeign feeling; in fact the Russians are more friendly and open with foreigners than they have been in many years.

These were ideas implanted by the Germans. It was easy enough to trace the stories because they were always started by embassies and legations representing nations more or less under Nazi domination. Aside from that I myself had several conversations with members of the German embassy who, while never admitting there was any

possibility of war between their country and the Soviet Union, did assert that if some imaginary strong army were to attack Russia it could conquer within two months and that the whole nation would come unstuck. The Germans are well behind schedule. There is no denying that they have been advancing steadily. As I write they are at Kingissep on the road to Leningrad and fighting in the direction of Odessa, but none of these objectives have been reached with the speed they expected. The three-week halt at Smolensk took the war right out of the blitz category.

That the Germans themselves are not entirely satisfied with their progress is shown in the Berlin broadcasts which announced that Budenny's army had been defeated, but the only trouble was that the Russians understood so little of the rules of warfare they kept on fighting.

The Germans are putting them in the same class with the British, who have won so many wars because of their irritating habit of never knowing when they were beaten.

The news in the last days has not been good, but the Russian morale shows no weakening. I was surprised at how little effect the announcement of the fall of Smolensk had on the population which continues to believe in ultimate victory. When Harry Hopkins (written up in the newspapers here as Garry Gopkins, owing to the vagaries of the Russian alphabet) was here he remarked how very much he had been impressed by the calm, confident attitude of the Soviet officials. There is still hope of a stabilized front, but in any event nobody doubts that even if the worst were to happen and the principal cities fell the fight would still be carried on. Vice Commissar for Foreign Affairs Lozovsky, who presides at Soviet information-bureau press conferences, has repeated again and again that loss of territory and cities is not as important as it seems. Russia has plenty of territory. The principal thing is to keep the Red Army from being encircled, and so far that has been achieved.

In the meantime, every day gained by the Russians is more than a day lost for the Germans. Seventy-five per cent of the bumper crop has already been brought in and each week more is harvested. The grain has been transported to depots and safe places. What can't be got out of the enemy's way will be burned. With the guerrillas doing such a good job of destroying and sabotaging in all occupied regions, it means that the Nazis cannot get hold of the raw materials and products that brought them into the Soviet Union.

Wing Talk

Continued from page 6

from the manufacturer. The restriction is lifted. In less urgent matters, registered mail notification goes out from the C.A.A. In relatively minor cases, a service bulletin is sent by the builder, and the local C.A.A. inspector sees that you make the correction.

THE airplane-passenger public and the airport-visiting public probably will never have any use for this information but it might clear up a little confusion when they learn that the ship about to land had been instructed by the tower to come in on runway No. 36. The airport with 36 runways hasn't been built yet, but there will be many airports in the country with such runway numbers and also with such numbers as 27, 9, 18 and so on. It's a new C.A.A.

and pilot-approved method of identifying them and the number represents the magnetic compass bearing of the runway. Hence Runway No. 36 means the pilot is to approach from the south and land in a northerly direction on the north-south runway, corresponding to his compass reading of 360 degrees. Runway No. 18 means he is to approach from the north and land on the north-south runway in a southerly direction, corresponding to the 180 degrees on his compass. If the runway happens to have a magnetic bearing of 137 degrees it will be numbered 14 under the system which uses the nearest even 10-degree division. The new Washington National Airport was the first to adopt this new runway number method.

F. R. N.

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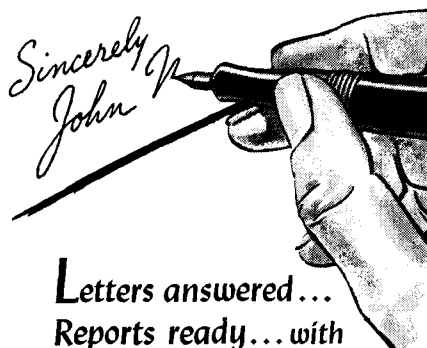
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MEET A REAL THIRST QUENCHER

...the natural tart-sweet citrus drink

Squirt




5¢ 6 BOTTLE 25¢
PLUS DEPOSIT

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Our New Army

Continued from page 39

EX-LAX MOVIES

COLD LOGIC



JIM: Gosh, this cold's got me down. I'd better have that prescription filled.

MARY: Yes, and remember, the doctor said to take a laxative if you need one.



JIM: A laxative! You know how I hate to take that awful stuff.

MARY: You won't hate this, Jim. It's Ex-Lax! It tastes just like chocolate.



LATER

JIM: Boy, that Ex-Lax sure did the trick! It worked like a charm!

MARY: That's the nice thing about Ex-Lax. It gets results — without upsetting you!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable movement that brings blessed relief. Ex-Lax is not too strong—not too mild—just right. Take Ex-Lax according to the directions on the label. It's good for every member of the family. 10c and 25c at all drug stores.

EX-LAX The Original Chocolate Laxative

"GAS"? HEARTBURN? For fast, longer relief from acid indigestion, heartburn and other discomforts, due to excess stomach acid, try JESTS! Mint-flavored. Contain no bicarbonate of soda. Guaranteed by the makers of Ex-Lax. 10c A ROLL—3 for 25c

See WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER

"WHO SAID GOOD BLADES HAVE TO BE HIGH PRICED?"

Marlin shavers say: "We get more and better shaves for less money!"

Marlin HIGH SPEED BLADES

DOUBLE EDGE **20 FOR 25c**
Single Edge 15 for 25c

Guaranteed by Marlin Firearms Co.—Fine Guns Since 1870

that the lady recently received still another note reading: "We could use some magazines. Could you accommodate us the way it said you would in Collier's? Signed, The Guardhouse Boys." The lady could—and did.

CALIFORNIA



3d ARMY CORPS

CAMP HAAN, Riverside. The general idea seems to be to see how the other half lives. Nearly 100 antiaircraft gunners here spend their week ends taking flying lessons, at their own expense, over a near-by civilian airport. Says one: "Even if we don't end up with the better-paying jobs as flying cadets, it's great for the neck. Five days a week we get cricks from looking up at planes; the other two days we uncrick them by looking down from planes. And whenever I cut loose at a target with an antiaircraft gun I think: 'With what I know about flying I wouldn't—if that was me up there—be running the slightest risk of being caught in the barrage I'm sending up from down here, unless I didn't know that down here is a guy who knows as much about shooting as I do about flying.' See what I mean? Good training. Works both ways." Maybe it does.

INCIDENTALLY, the boys in the 78th Coast (antiaircraft) Artillery are wondering about that motto, Keep 'Em Flying, which the War Department has been plugging. The motto of the 78th is, We Sweep the Skies.

HAMILTON FIELD, San Rafael. For eight years now, Master Sgt. J. A. Kerr has been looking for something he hopes he'll never find. A moth. He's in charge of a specially designed refrigerator for the storage of fur jackets and trousers used in winter flying. In a vault kept at a temperature of ten degrees, moths can't take it. "I've done my best to find one," says the sergeant. "Had no luck, so far. Never expect to have any."

CAMP ROBERTS. They've organized a Keep 'Em Happy Club (Collier's, Aug. 23d) for the 20,000 guys at this replacement training center, but there's a bug in the machinery. Idea of the club, in case you've forgotten, is that a soldier sends his girl an application blank asking her to pledge she won't tell him about other dates at home, that she won't two-time him, etc. To arouse interest in the club, names of charter members and their soldier sponsors were published in the camp paper. Now some of the Keep 'Em, etc., organizers are gnashing their molars. Every guy in their battalion, they yell, is writing to their girls, trying to frame blind dates for the next week-end liberty days.

WYOMING

FORT FRANCIS E. WARREN, Cheyenne. Two colored selectees were about to clash in an elimination bout at this quartermaster replacement training center when a doubtful supporter of one hurled a threat. "You lose this fight, boy," he yapped, "and you be doin' K.P. so long you think you is a mess sergeant." The boy won.

PUERTO RICO

BORINQUEN FIELD. There's talk going around here that it isn't the red dust that finally wears a man down;

it's the cheap cigars he has to smoke every time one of his pals is promoted. To remedy this, squadron operations officers do all sorts of finagling to schedule cross-country flights to Havana, where stocks of aromatic combustibles may be purchased in anticipation of future promotions.

LOUISIANA



5th ARMY CORPS

CAMP POLK, Leesville. Some strategists in the Third Armored (Bayou Blitz) Division believe that faster vehicles would answer the need for more speed; others believe it's up to the men to get more out of the present machinery. In the latter group is Intelligence Officer Major John L. DeWitt, Jr., of the 40th Armored Regiment, who is instructor for the Reconnaissance School. One of the major's recent problems was a night scouting trip, in preparation for which the class went over the course in daylight. The first group covered the ground in about forty-five minutes; the last group never even finished. Came night and Major DeWitt offered two bottles of beer to each of the first twelve men to complete the jaunt. The result was about what you'd expect. The first group to finish covered the two-mile, swamp-dotted, stump-strewn layout in half the daylight time; and every man in the class was back at camp within an hour.

FLORIDA

JACKSONVILLE NAVAL AIR STATION. The thirty R.A.F. boys in training at the radio school here still can't get over all the food that comes their way. They're served cafeteria style and there's a sign with boxcar letters informing interested parties that they can have all the chow they want. The Britishers hadn't been at the station two days before one of them, finding two slices of butter on his tray, tried to return one of them "so some other chap wouldn't be deprived of his share." About a month ago hot tea replaced, for the R.A.F. lads, the customary American coffee and iced tea. The switch was made when Station Commandant Capt. Charles P. Mason got word that the R.A.F. students preferred the hot brew. It took several days to get things straight in the kitchen, though. The captain's verbal order went down the line until it reached the man in charge of the mess hall, who, perspiring freely in the summer heat, wanted to know who was trying to be funny.

NORTH CAROLINA

FORT BRAGG. Personal Items: For some time now the dead-letter office here has held in its racks a letter addressed to a Colonel Dumb. To date the Army Directory Service has been unable to locate the Colonel but suggestions as to his identity pour in daily from various buck privates. . . . Second Lt. Robert Heine of the replacement center has been warned by his local draft board in Indiana that he'd better fill in and mail back his questionnaire. . . . Pvt. Ivan Skinner, graduate of Harvard's Art School and a muralist of note, sat around the reception center for two weeks before somebody found out what he could do. Rushed to the camouflage school at Fort Belvoir, Va., for an extensive course, Pvt. Skinner was graduated in fifteen minutes. . . . This post boasts a private who has met both Hit-

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ler and Mussolini. He's Pvt. Vittorio Sullam, a former second loogie in the Blackshirt legions and interpreter for Hitler. He wasn't impressed, he says.

THE Army isn't too subtle about winning friends but it gets things done. For instance, the housing situation around the fort is pretty bad. We know a major who's first on the list for officers' quarters in the Main Post but who'll have to wait three months, unless the whole shebang moves out in the meantime. Realizing this, a lot of local landlords have been taking the market for all they can get and the brass hats finally got sore about the whole thing and appointed a board of officers to meet now and then and hear statements from property owners in support of their contentions as to what is a reasonable rental value. If the board considers the rental too high they declare the property "off limits" for all military personnel. The rents usually come down.

This "off limits" business sometimes kicks back in another direction. The command clamped down on two roadside hot spots within camp range, but they named the places, so the proprietors merely changed the names and went on operating full blast.

SO YOU'RE a hungry soldier at Fort Bragg and you hear you're going to have beans again for chow. So what? So you mooch down to the Cooks and Bakers School at the Main Post, where a lot of wonderful food is being cooked and baked, ease into the chow hall, mumble something about "looking for my friend Ludwig, who's a cook," and grab yourself some fried chicken, or something. Better hurry—there are 64,000 other guys there—and whatever you do, ask for somebody besides Ludwig.

MARYLAND

FORT GEO. G. MEADE. Lt. Douglas W. Finlayson of the 121st Engineers may not be a psychologist but he understands the nostalgic yearnings of his men for their kid brothers. What he did about it was visit a Baltimore institution and select an underprivileged boy to be the honor guest of the 121st HQ and Service Co. An Army truck picked up the lad in time for mess, after which he was taken on a tour of the post. The soldiers went for the idea and are having a similar guest each week.

MEMBERS of the 104th Medical Regiment's band got set to play an overture. Warrant Officer Warren

Schafer gave the downbeat. The boys gave—and sounded like a German band with acute indigestion. Somebody with a Marx brothers mind had slipped two different editions of the score, in two different keys, among the music. Some fun, eh, kid?

MASSACHUSETTS

1 FORT DEVENS, Ayer. For the sake of brevity, and other things we'll keep names out of this. Seems a guard was detailed to look after a prisoner who was working in the supply office. Pretty soon the sergeant of the guard, back at the hoosegow, got a phone call. The prisoner was on the wire. "Look, sergeant," said he, "will you send down another sentinel? The lug who has been guarding me has fallen asleep three times and I'll be damned if I'm going to spend all my time waking him up."

GENERAL

"WHO," this department asked under date of Aug. 23d, "is the youngest first sergeant in the Army? Camp Langdon, N. H., claims Sgt. Paul Rutkovsky, aged twenty-one." It appears there are younger ones. All top kicks and all twenty years old are: Claude S. Sprowls, F Battery, 138th F. A., Camp Shelby, Miss.; Floyd C. Melby, H Battery, 217th C. A. (AA), Camp Haan, Cal.; Norman J. Furth, E Battery, 183d F. A., Ft. Francis E. Warren, Wyo.; H. K. Grizzle, 330th School Squadron, Luke Field, Ariz.; and probably many others who haven't been reported. Fort Bragg, N. C., has nineteen-year-old First Sergeant Leon H. Scott, Co. B, 96th Engineers; First Sergeant Charles Wagner, Co. H, 53d QM at Camp Stewart, Ga., hasn't seen twenty yet; and Top Kick Welton E. McGuire, 725th Ord. Co., Savannah Army Air Base, was eighteen last year when he got his stripes.

MISS JANE NASON writes from Fort Benning to tell us in a nice way that our "new term" for draftees reported August 23d is part of an old Army song composed during the Civil War and included in a book called Sergeant Eadie, written by her father, L. H. Nason, in 1928. The verse goes:

*They issue us soap and a wire brush
To scrub behind our ears.
We ain't gonna fight, by a hell of a sight,
We're the handcuff volunteers.*

THANKS, Miss Nason. We seem to be making a collection of Civil War jokes. G. W.



"Just between us Comptometer operators..."

"Just between us Comptometer-operating girls, I think we ought to do something about poor Sally. She's a nervous wreck!"

"And, my dear, you can't blame her! She's continually being bawled out by the Big Shot for errors in figure work, and for not being able to work as fast as I do!"

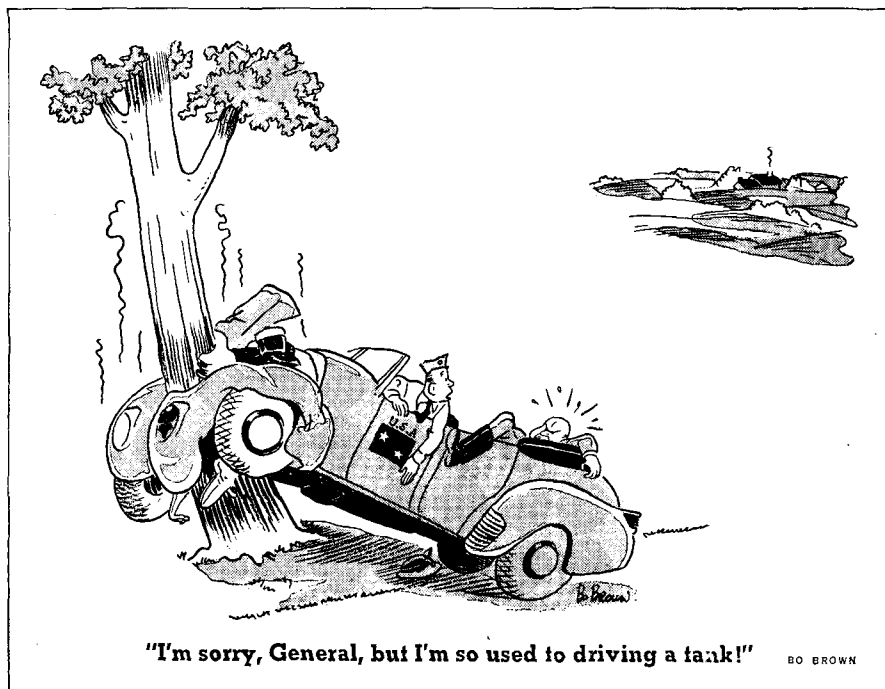
But, of course, Sally wouldn't dream of telling him the truth—that the only reason I get my work done faster and hardly ever show an error isn't so much to my credit as to the operating protection the Comptometer gives me!

"Well, if it happens again (and it will!), I'm going to tell him! I'm going to say, 'Look, T. J., it isn't fair to compare Sally's work with mine—not until you get her a Comptometer too! Because I can't make operating errors—the minute I fumble a key stroke, the Comptometer's exclusive Controlled-Key safeguard locks the keyboard! And in less than a second I've corrected the error and resumed the calculation!'"

"I'll say, 'Another thing, T. J., it's lots easier for me to read answers correctly—because all zeros have been eliminated from my Model M Comptometer answer-dial unless they're actually part of the answer! Not to mention the no-glare windows on the dials! And the feather-light, mouse-quiet key stroke, and loads of other features that Sally's machine hasn't got!'"

"I'll tell him, 'T. J., instead of blaming Sally for errors that the Controlled-Key would have prevented, or for being slow, why don't you just telephone the local Comptometer Co. man for a demonstration... or write to Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co.,★ 1714 North Paulina Street, Chicago, Ill.?'"

★ MAKERS OF COMPTOMETER ADDING-CALCULATING MACHINES



"I'm sorry, General, but I'm so used to driving a tank!"

BO BROWN

VICTORY without Hate



SAY what you please about the Roosevelt-Churchill "eight points," we think they were conceived in the right and the sensible spirit.

We think this because Messrs. Churchill and Roosevelt seem to have grasped the biggest lesson of the previous war; namely, that hatred at the peace table can only breed more wars, and cannot lay the groundwork for a constructive, enduring peace. This lesson Roosevelt and Churchill evidently intend to apply if they dominate the peace conference following this war.

It can hardly be reiterated too often, we think, in these times when memories of the other war are dimmed by the glare and blare of this one, that it was implacable hate of Georges Clemenceau, and to somewhat lesser degree of David Lloyd George, that wrecked Woodrow Wilson's high-minded plans for genuine world reconstruction.

Hence the long occupation of the Rhineland, the inter-Allied blockade of Germany after the war, the astronomical reparations bill presented to Germany, and the other seeds of this war

carefully planted by the treaty makers of Versailles, St. Germain, Trianon.

Winston Churchill opposed these revenges at the time. It has been his lifelong belief that you should fight like a wildcat while you are in a war, but should be decent and generous from the moment you win.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, whatever criticisms may justly be heaved at him, has most of the instincts of a gentleman. Further, he was a key man in the Wilson administration, and saw at firsthand how the European *revanche* clique frustrated Wilson's hopes.

These two men seem determined, this time, to write a peace without hate.

Prosecute the fight without faltering, certainly—draw the blockade cordon tighter and tighter; bomb German factories, rails, fortifications and harbors mercilessly, and if women and children happen to be hit remind Hitler of Coventry and inner London and go on bombing; pour in materials from the United States; fight the war of nerves by every discoverable device. Disarm Germany in event of Allied victory if that has to be done.

But as soon as peace is declared, start piling on the good will and decency, and meaning it. Open up German (and Italian and Japanese) trade channels with the rest of the world as far as may be. Fight the almost inevitable post war depression in the Axis countries as well as in the Allied countries.

Maybe this is an impossible dream. The war may go on so long, and churn up so many hatreds, that the politicians who write the peace will have to write hate and revenge into it to save their political heads.

But there is at least one encouraging fact: There is as yet no vindictiveness in England, after more than a year of the most brutal miseries that country has endured since the Black Plague. The common people of England, though deadly determined to win the war, are at this time also determined that the peace shall be a just and generous peace. And Churchill is with them in that determination.

If this attitude can be preserved for the duration throughout the Allied nations, there should be good hope for a good peace, and one that will last a while.

Dictators vs. Masons

EVERY time some new dictator blossoms into power, one of his first moves customarily is to declare war on the Masonic fraternity. Why? Is there some mystic magic about the Masons that makes them dangerous to a totalitarian society?

We're afraid there is. To a tyrant, the Masons are a very subversive bunch. So is any other fraternal order, Catholic or Protestant or nonsectarian. The Masons, being the biggest of such orders, are the most dangerous.

Their trouble is that they practice human brotherhood and democracy.

To so high an eminence (says an ancient Masonic charge) has its (Freemasonry's) credit been advanced that in every age monarchs themselves have been promoters of the art, have not thought it derogatory from their dignity to exchange the scepter for the trowel, have patronized our mysteries and joined in our assemblies.

A present-day All Highest could never do that. He must pretend to a wisdom and an infallibility such as even few medieval popes ever claimed. The Masonic ideal of mutual help among the members, too, flies in the face of the totalitarian state's assumption that it

can take care of every phase of every citizen's life.

Plenty of Masons have their faults. But by and large, the big totalitarian complaint against them and other fraternal orders is simply that they are decent, democratic, co-operative people.

We have a notion that the Masonic fraternity, having outlasted all the storms since, by some accounts, ancient Egyptian times, will outlive this one. Meanwhile, here's wishing the order well. This writer, incidentally, is neither a Mason nor trying to become one.

How About the USO?

JONATHAN DANIELS, son of the eminent Josephus and himself a newspaperman of note, writes in a recent issue of the Nation that the USO (United Service Organizations) in some of the Army camps is showing the same symptoms as some of its member groups showed in France during the previous war.

Instead of trying to spend the American pub-

lic's contribution of \$10,000,000-plus to make life pleasanter for the soldiers, Mr. Daniels says, some of the USO components are going in for advertising themselves and pushing their own particular beliefs and ideals. Duplication of effort, too many jobs with too little work, attempts at proselyting—all these are charged by a reputable reporter on the basis of on-the-

spot investigations that, he says, he has made.

Hadn't these accusations better be aired, preferably by Congress? The USO's basic idea is indispensable. The USO will be coming around next year to ask for more money from all of us. All doubts about the USO had better be cleared up by that time, or its second appeal will have tough going.

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Actual color photograph—F. H. Lewis looks over some fine, light tobacco, before aging.

"Want this in your cigarette?"

"Then smoke Luckies!" says F. H. Lewis, independent tobacco warehouseman of Stoneville, N. C., "because Luckies pay the price to get milder, better-tastin' leaf like this."

"BELIEVE me—fine, mild, light tobacco like this costs real money. But that's the kind Luckies go after... and pay the price to get.

"I've seen 'em do it at one market after the other, all through the Tobacco Country... so you can bet your boots I smoke Luckies!"

Smokers, that's a pretty good cue—from a man who knows what he's talking about—a man who has spent his life

buying, selling and handling tobacco.

Of course you want milder, better-tasting tobaccos in your cigarette—the kind that bring higher prices at the auctions. Next time you step up to a cigarette counter, why not be sure you *get* these finer tobaccos? Ask for Lucky Strike.

Remember: independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers, warehousemen—smoke Luckies by an overwhelming majority...

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1



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